TWO SHILLINGS

the BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Important Announcement

The House of Soane & Smith have decided to offer to the general public their well-known Kang H'si Reproduction China, as illustrated, at prices approximately 25 per cent. below those at which it has been sold to the aristocracy of every country in the world.

Dinner Service, 29 pieces, for 6 persons, **£7 : 0 : 0**
Tea Service, 21 pieces, for 6 persons - **£3 : 17 : 6**
Any quantity supplied.

This policy is inspired by their desire to demonstrate that the finest china can be offered at prices comparable with those charged by the big stores for ordinary china, and it is only made possible by the anticipation of the enormous demand that must thus ensue.

There is now no reason why even those of moderate means should not make a present to their friends which will mark the donor as a man or woman of taste, shopping in one of the most exclusive fine art centres.

You are invited to apply for illustrated catalogue of this and other designs, sent post free.

SOANE & SMITH, LTD., 27, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.3.

Two minutes in the morning—
—set all day

Give your hair a little Anzora and a little time in the morning, and all day long it will stay as you want it. But be sure to get Anzora—there are so many substitutes.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

ANZORA
Masters the Hair!

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

CELES
Latest Models

CELES
NEW MODEL

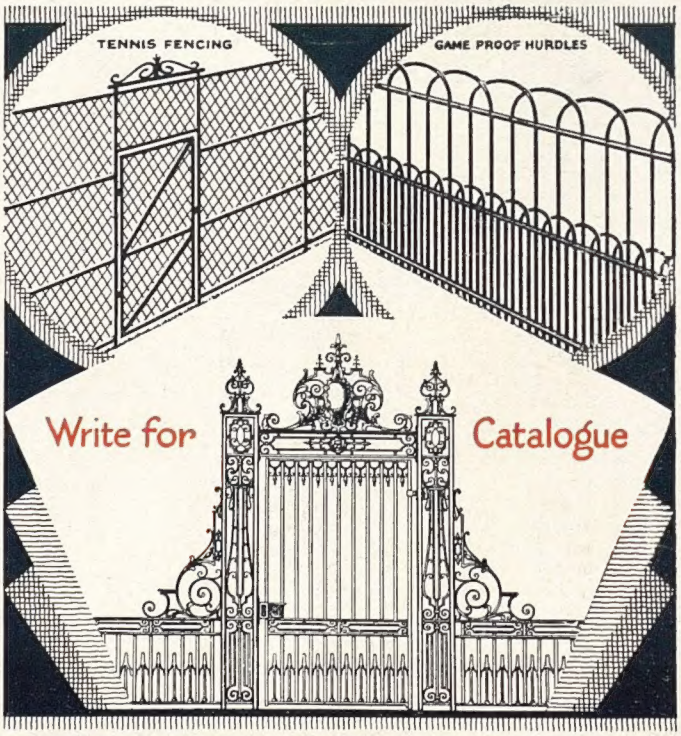
Celes registered name is on every garment—a guarantee that it is a genuine Celes Model.

Obtainable at the Leading Houses.

PURE SILK

Overblouse with stitched front and finished with glass buttons. Made in a variety of two toned effects.

IRON & STEEL FENCING & GATES



BAYLISS, JONES & BAYLISS, LTD
WOLVERHAMPTON & 139-141 CANNON ST, LONDON, E.C.4.

the BYSTANDER

The Cause of all His Trouble

In Airtight Tins of 50 ... 2/6

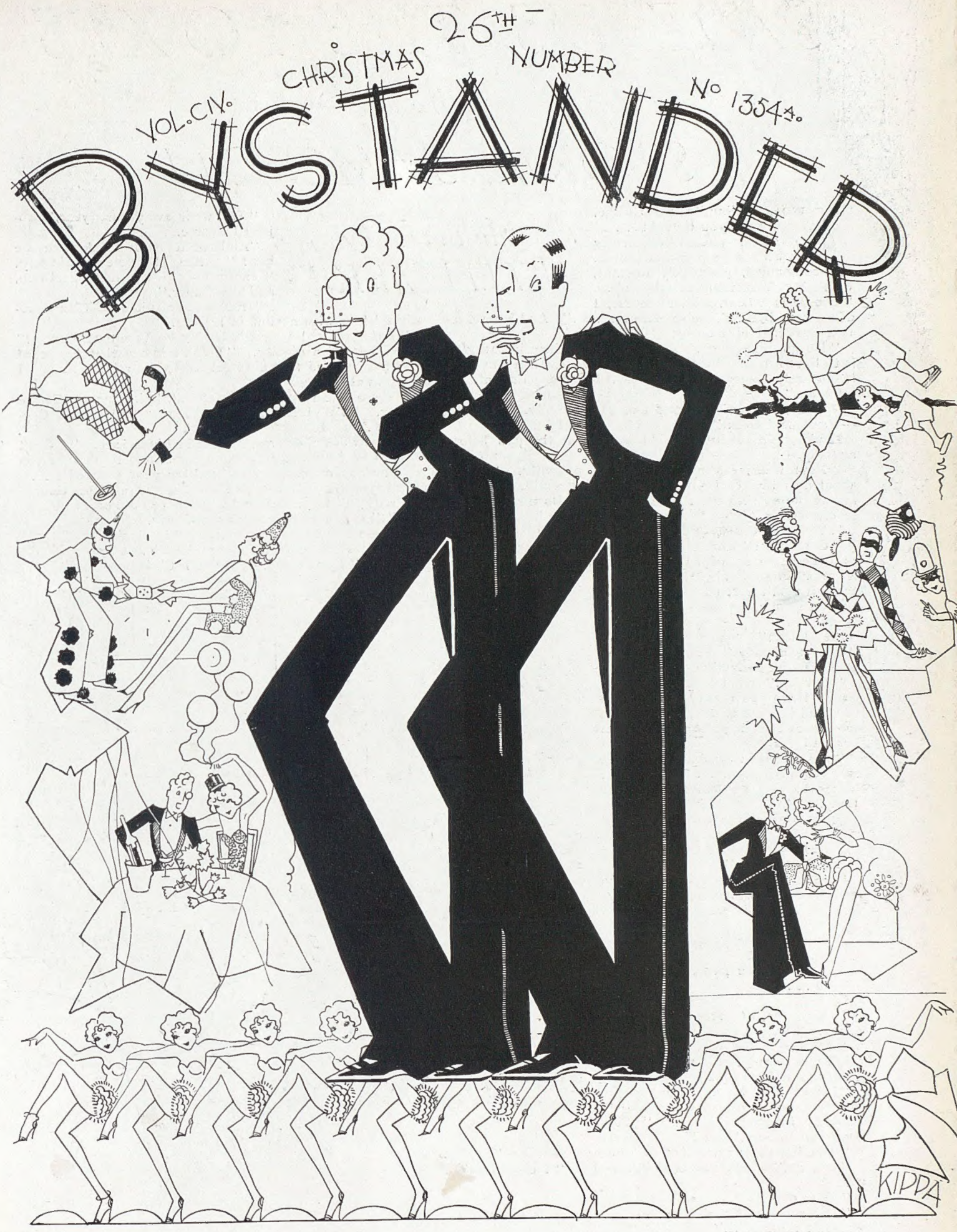
Yours Always

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

Always Cool—Always Fresh


26TH —
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
VOL. CIV.
No 1354.
BYSTANDER
KIPPA

SAVE US THE FOXES

By

STORM JAMESON

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"LINDA, darling," said George, "have you thought . . ." Linda paused obediently with the powder-puff poised. She communed, plaintively tolerant, with her reflection in the glass. "George is a dear, and, of course, I adore him, but *isn't* he sometimes? . . ." And her reflection answered obediently: "Yes, he *is*."

"Do go on, George. You don't know how irritating it is to have a man asking me if I've thought, when I'm most importantly engaged. Of course, I have. I'm always thinking."

"Sorry, darling," returned George penitently. "I mean —about next week."

Linda finished intricate business with the puff before replying.

"Next week, darling?" she asked patiently. "What about next week? It isn't the end of the world, is it? Or are we dining with the Prince of Wales? Do try not to be so mysterious."

"Well, it's Christmas," explained George laboriously.

"Christmas!" said Linda, opening her eyes very wide, as if she had heard of it for the first time. "There, I knew it was lurking about somewhere. Well, it won't hurt us, George. And, by the way, there's the most lovely . . ."

"I know," George interrupted. "Got it already." He patted his pocket with satisfaction.

"*Darling,*" cried Linda. "Have you? Have you *really?* Come over here and kiss me at once . . . George, sometimes I think you *are* the perfect husband."

". . . Got it in Paris last week . . . suit you perfectly . . . Darling . . . by Jove, you do look ripping like that . . ."

Order having been restored, George returned to the attack.

"Well, what about it?"

"About what?"

"Why, Christmas. What are we going to do? Festive occasion, an' all that, what? Jolly old Yuletide."

A pye sat on a partridge. Yo-ho-ho.
A pye sat on a partridge. Oh-ho-ho . . .

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" screamed Linda. "I've told you a dozen times not to sing in the flat. People will think you're murdering me, or biting me, or something equally indelicate."

"Sorry, old thing. I got rather carried away. Well, what'll we do?"

Linda frowned slightly. "Why should we do anything?"

"But it's Christmas. Let's go away somewhere."

"Oh, *no*," Linda answered decisively. "I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"It's so domestic, darling, so . . . so *matrimonial*. I wouldn't think of it."

"We went away last year," objected George.

"And what a dreadful time we had!" She shuddered delicately. "Those children, and that awful tree, and the dinner."

"And the mistletoe," George reminded her, with a glint in his eye.

"I thought at least you'd have spared me that, George," said Linda with dignity. "I don't know what happened between you and that dreadful red-haired minx . . . and I don't want to."

"There wasn't anything at all," interposed George hastily. "An' besides, I was referring to you and Captain . . ."

"That will do, George," broke in Linda icily. "I don't wish to hear anything more. I sometimes think that you seize on any opportunity of insulting your poor wife . . . and, anyhow, I didn't know there was any mistletoe there."

"Wouldn't have mattered whether you did or didn't," remarked George unrepentantly.

Linda returned to her mirror with dignity. "Let's leave it at that," she said with deadly courtesy. "By the way, what day is Christmas?

"Raising the pæan the little Foxes sprang upon him and he disappeared beneath a wave of active childhood"

"Thursday."

"Thursday? Let me see. There now, I'd promised to dine with that nice Mr. Bellamy on Thursday."

"Who's Bellamy?"

"A man I met at the Carnadines last week, dear. Such a pathetic, lonely creature, on leave from India . . . or was it Africa? Anyhow, he rather took to me. He said I was his ideal type."

It is a commonplace among the Garrys' friends that anything with two trouser legs and half an eye thinks Linda his ideal type. Linda's mop of fair hair coupled with a perfect skin and an appealing air go down with the *homme moyen sensuel* like "Stop-me-and-buy-ones" on the slopes of Avernus. Besides, Linda has a way of inviting confidences; so, when a man emerges rather breathlessly from telling her the story of his life (they *will* do it), and finds her large eyes looking at him with mothering sympathy, he promptly blurts out that Linda is the only woman who ever understood him, and announces the fact that he is hers for ever. And Linda responds at once. It's not vice; it's purely mechanical action. The only thing that saves her from getting into worse scrapes (men are so persistent, you know) is the fact that she fortunately meets a new man on the next day and forgets all about the first. Her life is therefore rather like "The-Heroes-of-All-Nations—in fortnightly parts," and among the jetsam of Linda's desk will be found stacks of photographs, inscribed with the passionate handwriting of her many admirers. George, you ask? George used to get rather worried at first, seemed to think he had acquired an option on Linda, which, as all his friends pointed out, was

manifestly unfair, rank profiteering, in fact. But experience had taught him that, whatever happens, he is invariably in the wrong, and that it is only after he has abased himself that he is permitted to receive absolution from a tearful and dishevelled Linda.

So when Linda remarked that a new and unknown man had found her his ideal type, he knew what he was in for.

"Still—Christmas Day," he said woefully. "What about your both dining with me?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do. He doesn't know you, George. In fact, I don't think he knows you even exist."

"He's bound to find out some time."

"I suppose so, but not all at once, like that. It would be a shock to him. You would spoil his evening, poor man. I'm always so sorry for these men who come home from *native* parts and have no one to cling to."

"What about me? I like Christmas," urged George.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what a helpless creature you are. Can't you go to your club and have fun with men? I'm sure you'd have a very jolly time."

"Shut for Christmas," said George gloomily.

"Well — oh, I know, what about the Foxes? They're sure to be having a party, with all those children. You like children."

"Little beasts," grunted George sourly.

"You've always said they were so jolly."

"At a distance," George amended.

"I'll ring Herbert Fox up now," said Linda helpfully.

"Oh, well. . . ."

"The butler . . placed a decanter reverently before him. The '64! Ah! Then he remembered his beard"

GEORGE started for the Foxes on Christmas night in the worst of moods. It was all very well, y'know, Linda had to have her amusements and so on, and you couldn't expect, could you, her always to go about with a poor, ignorant commonplace chump like George, not a really smart-looking girl like Linda. Still it was Christmas. Christmas is Christmas, y'know, all the world over, at least not precisely all, but you take my meaning, and George liked festivities. Give George a paper cap and the smell of a blood orange on Christmas night and the Schneider Trophy favourite was a lame duck compared with George. Hadn't he been found dead drunk under the family dinner table at the age of four, owing to his having injudiciously sampled the dregs of his elders' glasses? Hadn't he drunk port with A Company, beer with B, rum punch with C, brandy toddy with D, and a bottle of something spumy with the transport in Belgium on Christmas night, 1918, and been led to bed by the one sober subaltern at midnight? That was George's idea of Christmas. And here he was pushing along in the old Bentley to a children's party, when he ought to be taking a pretty girl—Linda—out to dinner

He entered Grosvenor Square, and, submerged in a wave of melancholy, trod heavily on the accelerator. The car shot forward, and George went thrice round the garden at a level 50. On the third circuit, two policemen opposite Seafield House held up large hands. George pulled up.

"Driving to the danger of the public, sir," said the first.

"Seventy-five miles an hour," remarked the second.

"You'll 'ave your licence endorsed for this, sir," said the first.

"If it 'asn't been done already," the second took up with gloomy relish.

"If you 'ave one at all, that is."

"Look here, you chaps," said George savagely. "Don't be so beastly antiphonal. If your wife had gone off to dinner with another bloke, leaving you to a children's party on Christmas night, what 'ud you do?"

"Murder," said the first policeman.

"They'd bring it in justifiable 'omicide," comforted the second.

"Then I'm justified in letting my feelings go on the gas," said George. "Now what about it? I'm a subscriber to the Police Orphanage. I tell you if you stop me to-night, there'll be a raid on the fund to-morrow. What about it?"

"Well," said the first policeman, "seeing you're in trouble like . . ."

"And seeing that it's Christmas time," chimed in Number Two.

"Thank you very much, sir. Good-night, sir, and a Merry Christmas."

"Merry," echoed George bitterly. He drove up to Herbert Fox's door, blowing lugubriously on the klaxon. As he drew up the door sprang open and a flood of childhood cascaded down the steps. The seven little Foxes swarmed on the car shrieking, "Uncle George, Uncle Georgie, Merry Christmas, Uncle Georgie. Daddy's gone away. Mummy's gone away, an' we're so happy."

"What's that?" cried George aghast. "Here, get off my neck, Belinda; you're strangling me. An' leave that horn alone, Dickon. An' don't switch those lights on an' off, Margaret Ann; I've told you a score of times. You'll have the police on me. An' come out of that dickey, Joyce. Now, what's all this?"

He swept the shrieking

cubs in front of him up the steps. A demure parlour-maid met him at the front door, and handed him a note with a hint of amusement behind her eyes. George tore it open. It was from Herbert Fox, and it ran:—

"Dear Old Bean,—Frightfully sorry and all that. An aunt has developed croup in Wiltshire, and Polly insists on our being in at the death. She has her eye on a walnut tall-boy. So we're tottering down for the funeral bake-meats. I know you'll be a sport and look after the kids for us. See they don't over-eat, and be particularly careful that Sim isn't sick on the drawing-room carpet. He has a weak stomach, and I value it—the carpet, I mean. And, by the way, you won't mind subbing for me as Father Christmas, will you? I left out the rig, and the hair, and the spirit-gum. Markham will show you.

"Yours till hell freezes,
"HERBERT."

"Well, I'm . . ." Nothing save aposiopesis met the situation. He glanced wildly round. The seven little Foxes were gathered in a circle about him, and now broke into

"Georgy, Porgy, puddin' an' pie,
Kissed the girls an' made 'em cry."

George met Markham's sedate twinkle.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, sir. Mr. Fox said you were to have a bottle of the '64, and as much of the Krug as you . . . as you could *carry*, he *said*, sir. I've laid out the — er — things in the dressing-room."

"Oh, well," muttered George. Herbert's forethought was consoling. The '64! A bottle! Almost he forgave Herbert.

"And I have a cocktail ready, sir." Markham at least was sympathetic. George met her eye, wavered, and fell.

"Markham, you're the noblest of your sex, if not of the species. Bring out your cocktail; and, if ever you're thinking of marrying, just mention it, will you? I'm a bigamist."

A Christmas Legend

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FOLK SONG

IT was Christmas Day in the Mansion
And the guests they all were there
Observing with marked disfavour
The sumptuous Christmas fare,
For old Lord A. was so gouty
One glance at the port made him twinge,
Whilst the Honourable B. and his aunt, Lady C.,
Voted lemonade "it" for a binge.

The guests who were there in the Mansion
Were a livery, crochety lot
Who lived on bicarbonate tabloids
And quaffed glasses of malted milk hot.
Then in strode the host bright and cheery
And cried, "Shall the Wassail pass?"
But they said, "We don't want your Wassail,
You can put it out, you ass!"

They shuddered at Christmas pudding,
They groaned at the rich mince pie;
"If we ate all this stuff," they murmured,
"We'd be terribly ill or die;
So send for the Workhouse Master
And tell him to take the lot,
We don't care two hoots for Christmas
And feasting is all damn rot!"

It was Christmas Day in the Workhouse
And the paupers all were there
Waiting with marked impatience
The sight of their Christmas fare;
Then entered the Workhouse Master,
"Although you speak rudely now,
You've got to have Christmas pudding!"—
And did they? Oh, boy! Wow=wow!

HE made his way to Herbert's dressing-room. On the bed lay a scarlet padded dressing-gown, a white wig and a packet of false hair. George shed his dress suit and slipped into the scarlet robe. Quite a comfortable rig this, suitable for the proper appreciation of '64 port. Not at all a bad fellow, Herbert, and the kids were very jolly. Absently he tilted half the spirit-gum into his palm and slapped it on his face. Of that fiery and disgusting liquid he had no prior experience. A bellow shook the house. George clawed madly at his face, then thrust it into a basin of cold water. The spirit gum was stiffened into a tight mask. He groaned, and a chuckle from the landing warned him that Margaret Ann, aged 11, was peering through the crack. He rushed across the room, slammed the door and turned the key.

The handling of false hair is an art, and George was no Clarkson. At the end of ten minutes his face resembled the nest of some strange Arctic fowl during the ice-cracking season. One eye glared like a wild animal's in a thicket; his mouth had disappeared, but his nose gleamed like a tail-light through the foliage.

The seven little Foxes greeted his dramatic entry of the drawing-room with cold reprobation. As one child they disapproved of dressing-up on the part of their elders; they thought it foolish, but politeness towards an honoured guest forbade derision. George took a seat awkwardly, and said in a falsetto voice, "I'm Father Christmas."

"You're not," proclaimed Sim, aged four, solemnly. "You're Uncle George."

"Hush, silly," put in Joyce (*æt.* 7). "It's a pretend."

"What's Uncle George done to his face?" asked five-year-old Dickon.

"He's conjured it," from Belinda. "Can you turn it back again, Uncle George. I like your other one better."

"I hope so," said George solemnly. His private opinion, from the sensation of his skin, was that he had curried it.

The children continued to stare at him with cold, unwinking eyes. George wished he had stayed at home. He felt like bursting into tears, and only the announcement of dinner prevented this breakdown. Margaret Ann insisted on taking his arm and heading the procession, but the balustrade was too much for the others, who swooped down it with shrieks of joy and cat-calls.

Flanked by Joyce and Belinda, George did not enjoy his dinner. The appetite of the little Foxes was swift and sure; the rapidity of their fork and mouth work unexampled. By the time that George had filled seven plates with turkey, Sim was passing up his plate for more. George, remembering Sim's weak stomach, refused to help him again, whereupon Sim broke into such a roar that the carver hastily capitulated, reflecting that it was better that Herbert's carpet should suffer than his guest be driven mad.

AT last able to sit down to the turkey's drumstick, George for the first time realised the folly of masquerade. His lips were literally sealed; the spirit-gum had closed them. When he tore them asunder he found that it was impossible to convey any food into his mouth without a large bonus of false hair. To hole out a piece of meat into the intended place demanded heavy niblick work in the furze bush on his face. In his misery he seized his glass of foaming Krug (it was only later that he discovered that his glass had been used as a loving cup by the little Foxes). In ancient Rome it was the custom to add snow to your Falernian; in Queen Elizabeth's day one ladled sugar into one's sack; George, the modern, added spirit-gum. This new flavour, combined with hair and the champagne bubbles, was too much. There was an explosion. Through his agony George could hear the shrill laughter of his small hosts. When he recovered: "Do it again, Uncle George," piped a small voice.

"He's funny," proclaimed Joyce, with that cool and loathly patronage that children know so well how to adopt.

"Where's my glass?" suddenly shouted George. He looked down the table to see Sim finishing it with every appearance of gratification. "Put that down," George thundered. Sim gazed reproachfully at George with a glazed look and hiccoughed. "Lord, he's drunk!" thought George.

The rest of dinner was a rapid crescendo of ghostliness, "confused noise and garments rolled in blood." There was a *mêlée* during the Christmas pudding act, and the scrum settled over Dickon's plate when it was found that he had secured two threepenny-bits in his share. Dessert resembled a noisy day in the Salient. Carlsbad plums, crystallised apricots, figs hummed through the air. An orange spread its grisly entrails on the mirror above the mantelpiece. A melon, ricochetting off the wall, was skilfully fielded by George in his one available eye; and while he was trying to brush the pips from his beard he heard the unmistakable signal, the minute gun at sea, of little Sim casting all before him beneath the table.

"Markham," shrieked George, "Markham." Like Lord Byron, when confronted with the Leigh Hunt family, he felt a clinging sympathy with King Herod. "Take 'em away. Take 'em upstairs—and don't let 'em have anything they can throw."

Markham shepherded the children out, and the butler returning placed a decanter reverently before him. The '64! Ah! Then he remembered his beard.

"OH, and by the way, if there is such a thing as a straw in the house, I'll borrow it. Tantalus didn't know the meaning of the word parched. And how Father Christmas got his nose that colour is beyond me."

Solemnly sucking, George gloomily meditated on his position. Above his head little feet thundered to and fro with angels' tread that threatened to bring down the ceiling. He thought morbidly of his wasted life. He ought by rights to be dancing with Linda, the fair, lovely, long-legged Linda, his wife, swaying in perfect harmony to the plaintive lay of the saxophone; and here he was—hot, dirty, miserable, sucking port through a straw amid the wreckage of the Foxes' dining-room. Linda was in the arms of one Bellamy. He imagined a tall, seductive, subtle, exotic creature, dark —"all handsome men are slightly sunburnt": George invariably went scarlet in the sun and his nose peeled—Bellamy was dancing backward and forward with Linda, looking unutterable things, saying them, too, no doubt. And Linda would be listening with that soft, greedy smile of hers. The demons of jealousy assailed poor George. He went down into the pit. The port was nearly finished. He poured out the last glass, and sniffed it luxuriously. By Jove! what stuff it was—stuff for heroes. The blood of the old Garrys warmed in him. Not thus had they wassailed in days of yore. Linda must be borne off at the saddle-bow, by gum! An idea came to him; as he meditatively pumped up the bottom of his glass a plan matured. He strode to the door. The thunder and the shouting were still at their height as he entered the drawing-room. The little Foxes turned and made for him in a yelling mob.

"Hush!" shouted George, waving his arms. "Children, have you ever been to a night club?"

"No!" they shrieked, tugging at his arms, his skirts, his legs.

"Then you shall." Little Sim perched on his shoulder, the new St. Christopher strode down the stairs, the pack howling in his wake, out to the waiting Bentley.

LINDA was not enjoying herself. As she gazed round the Casca, the dance club to which she and George belonged, she reflected that Mr. Bellamy was a mistake—yes, a definite mistake. At the Carnadines he had appeared so calm, so self-effacing, just the type to make an admirable *cavalier servant*, and being due to return to India—or was it Africa?—at the end of his leave, not likely to be unduly complicating. But this appearance had been deceitful; Mr. Bellamy had been deceitful, Linda concluded. It was a very different person who had called for her in a large and handsome coupé to take her out to dinner that night. Almost from the moment she was seated beside him Mr. Bellamy had, to use an expressive phrase of the Americans, began to make passes at her. It was fortunate that a cautioning by a policeman at Hyde Park Corner had condemned her host to concentrate on the wheel. She hardly dared tremble to the brink of imagining what would otherwise have happened.

They had dined at the Polyanthus, a cheerful joint, where the tables are so closely placed together that any overt or indiscreet demonstration of affection communicates itself not only to one's neighbours, but through them to the next, and so on round the room, until the whole place seems to be rocking to the Spring Song. Ecstasy is therefore discouraged. This phenomenon had not, however, deterred Mr. Bellamy from declaring his passion. Owing to the fact that everyone else was talking he had had to raise his ardent, urgent voice above its normal pitch; and in one awful pause, when all the other diners had simultaneously turned to their plates, he was heard declaiming in a voice hoarse with emotion, "The Venus Callipyge has nothing on you." Linda almost fainted with horror.

Since then he had remorselessly been pressing Linda to fly with him to the remote part of the world where he insisted he was a kind of uncrowned king. In Africa—or was it India? Linda couldn't remember. She looked pathetically at him and said that nothing would please her better, but—there were impediments.

"Impediments?" challenged Mr. Bellamy hotly. "Show them to me! Is it a man? No living man shall stand between me and the woman I love."

"Not exactly a man," said Linda, "only my *couturier*."

"You won't need a tailor in my country," declared Mr. Bellamy romantically; "my silkworms shall spin for you."

Since then he had been plying Linda with petitions, and, as she afterwards admitted, had become almost uncontrollable—"even for me, dear."

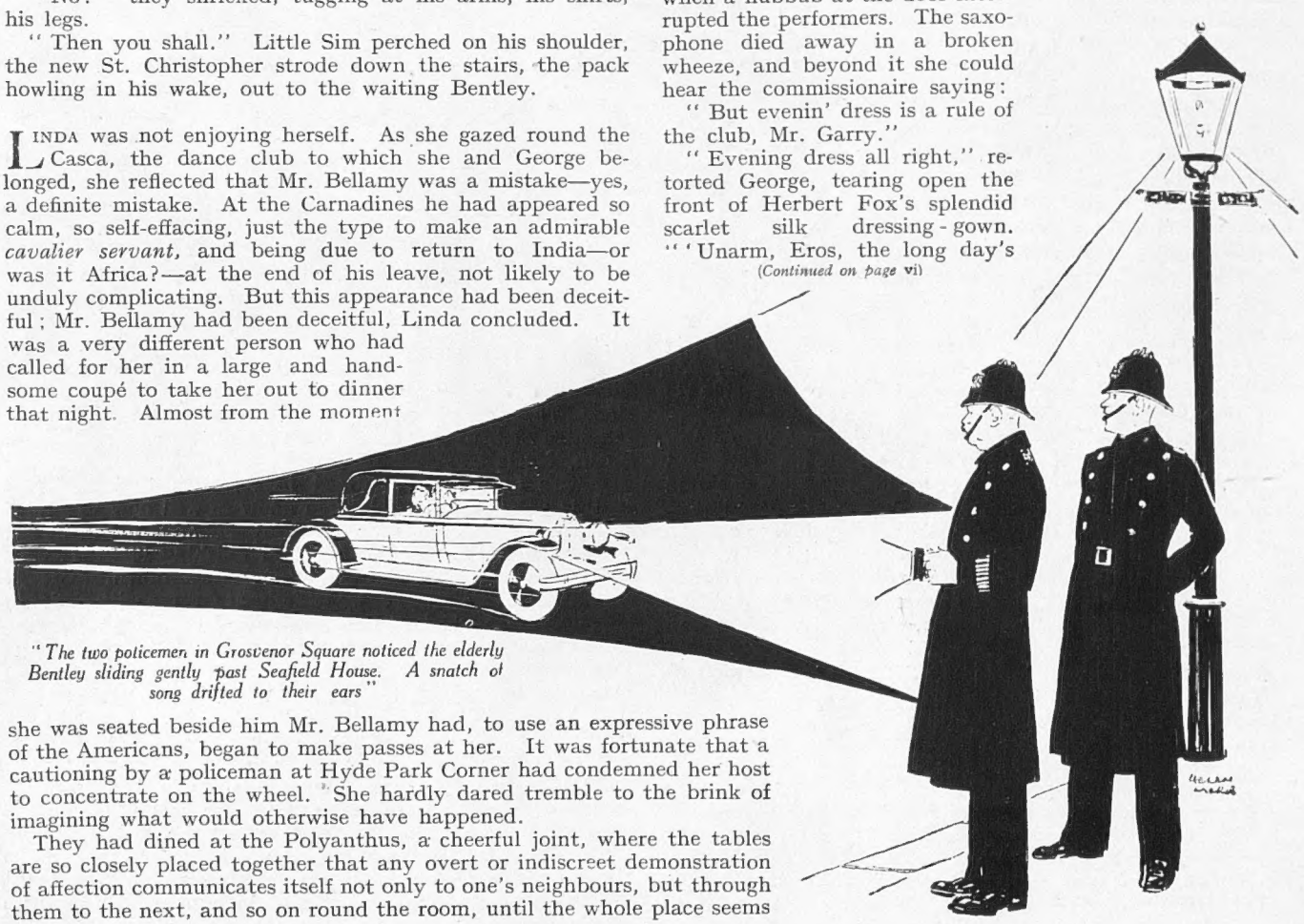
FROM the Polyanthus she had taken him to the Casca, and they had danced. "I don't know where he learned his steps; in India, I suppose—or was it Africa? positively *tribal*." She realised that this evening Mr. Bellamy intended to stick to her closer than a sick kitten to a hot brick, and how she was going to shed him she had no idea. Regretfully she hankered for the calm, prosaic stolidity of George, who would look down and mutter a rapturous "Darling" as if he meant it, instead of bursting into explosive torrents of completely unintelligible laudations of her figure and other parts of her anatomy with a lack of self-consciousness that positively made her blush.

The band broke out once more and Linda, resolute to endure further mangling of her feet and frock rather than suffer Mr. Bellamy's ardours a moment longer, rose to her feet. The music had got no farther than the sixth bar when a hubbub at the door interrupted the performers. The saxophone died away in a broken wheeze, and beyond it she could hear the commissionaire saying:

"But evenin' dress is a rule of the club, Mr. Garry."

"Evening dress all right," retorted George, tearing open the front of Herbert Fox's splendid scarlet silk dressing-gown. "'Unarm, Eros, the long day's

(*Continued on page* vi)



"The two policemen in Grosvenor Square noticed the elderly Bentley sliding gently past Seafield House. A snatch of song drifted to their ears"

The Gulf of Gruyère

by

D·B·WYNDHAM LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUBREY HAMMOND

I SET down these words in the full realisation of what they mean—not simply to me, and such as me, but to the malicious world, which has ostracised us in its uncomprehending scorn, which draws quickly aside when I, and such as I, pass by, which flays and sears us with its malignant whispering! I shall conceal nothing. The time has come to be fearless, to take up the challenge of what (forsooth!) is called "society," to be brave. After writing this article I rang up the Editor of THE BYSTANDER and said to him: "I have been fearless! I have been brave!" He thought I said "shaved."

As I look back across the years I remember only too well the day when the old family physician looked me squarely in the eyes and said:

"You are addicted to cheese."

I think I cried out. I was overstrung, and I had not imagined that he had discovered the secret I had carried about with me for twenty years. I flushed bright red and flung back my head, biting back the tears. He looked at me for a few moments, and added significantly: "Gruyère."

AND then, I know, I uttered a sharp cry and ran from the room. I did not then know that my case was not isolated. As I lay on my bed, gnawing the pillow and fighting with my agony, I thought I was alone in the world, a lonely target for the jeers and mocks of my fellow-creatures. I know better now. I know now that we are a little brave band, scattered here and there, unaware, perhaps, of each other's proximity, but united in our unhappiness, persecuted by society (forsooth!), misunderstood, misjudged. Not till I met Eric Deedles did I understand that he, too, was such as I. He was lunching at the next table to mine at the Saveloy. I heard him ask for cheese. His voice had a curious, longing, stealthy note. The waiter brought him a tray of Roquefort, Cantal, Camembert, Roblichon, Brie, Parmesan, Wensleydale, Gorgonzola, Canadian Cheddar, Bel-Paese, Port Salut, and Edam. Eric, his eyes glittering, his hands shaking, his cheekbones red, glanced swiftly over the tray, shook his head, and began to cry.

"Gruyère," he said hysterically.

At an adjacent table there was suppressed laughter. I jumped up furiously from my seat and faced them, clenching my fists. I think it shamed them. I ran across to Eric and took his hand, and then, turning upon the mockers, I said in a high, strained voice:

"Yes! Laugh at such as us!"

There was a silence.

"I heard him ask for cheese. His voice had a curious, longing, stealthy note"

"Such as *we*," suggested a mild voice.

"Don't be an ass, Wilbraham," said another voice. "'Such as us' is right."

"What rot!" said a louder voice. "You can't say 'Such as us be,' can you? I mean to say, if you can say 'Such as I were' ——."

A general argument followed, during which Eric and I, oblivous of all else, made friends and poured out to each other our story. His was very similar to mine. His parents, finding him addicted to Gruyère at the age of five, had wantonly encouraged his fancy. He grew up a lonely, sensitive child, aloof, delicate.

AT his public school, when his sturdy little playmates ran gaily to the playing-fields, flourishing a cricket bat, a pair of bails, a pencil, or a scoring-book, Eric would creep to a corner, grasping a slice of Gruyère from home, alone with his daydreams. Until the time of his going up to Oxbridge he had imagined that he was alone in his oddness; but at Oxbridge he discovered there was a small handful of kindred souls. They banded themselves together instinctively against the raised eyebrows and shrugs of their fellows, defiantly flaunting their addiction in the world's face, walking arm-in-arm down the High with a slice of Gruyère in their button-holes, from time to time ostentatiously offering each other a bite. It was after coming down that Eric, deprived of the old comradeship, first began to feel the stark isolation of his position. The world's whisperings became suddenly more sibilant, more significant. In the grillroom of the Magnifique one day a prominent cricketer pointed at

"The psycho-analyst looked at him with narrowed eyes and said suddenly: 'Underground!'"

him with his fork as he entered and said in a grating voice:

"Doesn't play the game."

The position in modern England of a cricketer who plays constantly for Suffolk and the Gentlemen need not be dwelt on here: everybody knows the unquestioned supremacy of such a personage as a moral leader, and a representative of the Imperial Idea. The effect of this cricketer's blasting comment was that half a dozen guests at the Magnifique immediately leapt to their feet and sneered at Eric, who, holding his head high, turned on his heel and left the room. But inwardly he was a battleground of contending emotions: rage, misery, pity, scorn, despair. At the door he turned again and cried loudly: "You don't *understand*, you don't *understand*!" As he ran through the revolving doors into the Haymarket his tears were falling unchecked.

ALL this he told me at the Saveloy, and more. As he spoke his cheeks flamed and his voice quivered.

"They don't *understand*," he said, staring into vacancy, "they can't understand. . . . Such as I . . . Such as you . . . Beyond the pale. . . . They don't realise the beauty . . . the stark beauty. . . . Gruyère. . . . Is it my fault? . . . This isolation."

He buried his face in his hands. Then he told me that recently he had consulted a famous psycho-analyst in Harley Street about his passion for Gruyère. The psycho-analyst looked at him with narrowed eyes and said suddenly:

"Underground!"

"Haddocks," answered Eric like lightning.

"Oilcan!" snapped the psycho-analyst.

"Doorknob," countered Eric breathlessly.

"Groundsel!"

"Mrs. Hicks."

The psycho-analyst then told Eric briefly something quite terrible about his maternal grandmother, pocketed twenty guineas, and dismissed him. It was about a month later that he went to an evening party in Bloomsbury and met a Miss Wooll, who (he soon discovered) was also a secret Gruyère-eater, and had recently written a brave, brave, daring, splendid book about secret Gruyère-eating which had had huge sales after being banned.

"WE must," said Miss Wooll, settling her pince-nez, "be courageous. We are, in a way, Pioneers. It is all so beautiful," said Miss Wooll, raising her voice. "We are the music-makers, we are the dreamers of dreams. Have you read my book?"

Eric borrowed Miss Wooll's book next day and eagerly read it. It reminded him a little of film captions, and a little of somebody muffled in thick blankets and screaming hard; but it was a brave, brave book, and it thoroughly exposed people who never eat Gruyère, showing them to be mean, knock-kneed, squinting, low-browed, ugly, and quite terrible to know. The hero particularly pleased Eric because of his attitude, which was lofty, rather weary, but forgiving. "Yes," said the hero quietly to a Duchess who had discovered his addiction to Gruyère and had instantly broken off his engagement to her daughter, "flout us, scorn us, expose us in the market-place to the jeers of the unthinking mob; but leave us to our splendid isolation, captains of our souls!" He then forgave the Duchess. The authoress put it simply, but beautifully. "Came forgiveness," she wrote, "and swept a great refreshing over Derek's sub-conscious 'I.'"

ON this note I would like to end. Miss Wooll's superb attack on those who point at Gruyère-eaters has achieved, is achieving, the success it deserves. Bloomsbury is full of such as Eric, and "Gruyère parties" occur there almost every night. In many smart restaurants, too, we are now asserting our right to express ourselves in the face of a hostile society.

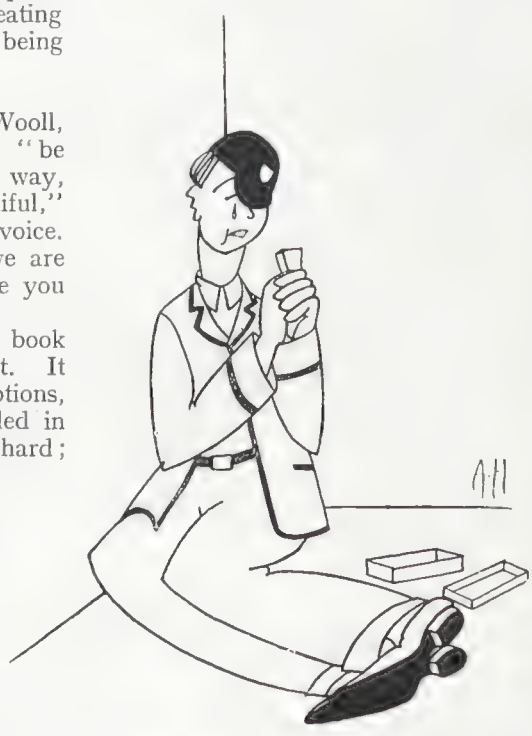
AT this season of peace and goodwill I do so *earnestly* appeal to those who would set us beyond the pale, who would segregate us. I have tried to explain without being hysterical. I do not think hysteria ever achieves anything, and merely to slap the guard of the 10.30 West of England express at Paddington (as Wilfred Tiffing did the other day) is a "gesture," as they say, of no real avail. No, it is by standing shoulder to shoulder, and by showing the mockers how *true* and how *beautiful* it all is!

Have I succeeded?

Have I?

How *sweet*!

D. B. W. L.



"At his public school . . . Eric would creep away to a corner grasping a slice of Gruyère from home"

The Star in the East

BY JOHN GORIDGE

ANYTHING FOR A GAME—

BY JOHN GORDGE

—GAME FOR ANYTHING

BY LAWSON WOOD

"A great puma was stretched above him on the rock. It was gazing down at the two pirates with eyes of phosphorescent green

Illustration to "Purple Cap," by Rupert Grayson

PURPLE CAP

By RUPERT GRAYSON

"With the quickly spoken words he swung his fist across the helmsman's mouth"

Illustrations by Lawson Wood

THERE is danger in a fire that smoulders. It may creep forward to the persuasion of the wind and break into a devastating flame as it reaches new ground.

There was danger about Captain Bloodcross. It filled the air around him, invisible but insistent, like the premonition of misfortune. There was danger about his ship, the Day Dream—man and ship each affected by the following wind and each prepared to burst into action at the slightest provocation.

If there were those who sailed the Caribbee and called his ship the Nightmare, they had good cause to name her so. Like a ferret, her favourite taste was blood, and like a ferret she could nose her way guided by her master where others would have hesitated.

There were her decks to tell her story—brown stains deep in the wood, and scars about her sides, and lead embedded in her masts.

As Bloodcross ran his thin, dry hand along the gunwale, his thoughts were running forward beyond the horizon to where the Spanish trade route lay beyond his vision: rich galleons—the wealth of all the Indies—on their way to Spain. His upper lip exposed his pointed teeth, as the flesh curled back slowly like a discoloured flag before the wind. Behind him the man at the helm saw the line of Bloodcross's bony nose and his beady eyes, peering, as he gazed upwards, and smelling the air in dog-like manner.

"Two points west, you silent swine! And hold her to it!"

He was beside the helmsman now, his breath reeking from his hollow stomach.

"There's food ahead, my dearie, and other things . . . for those who love me," he sneered.

The man at his post remained silent, his mouth set and a look of caution in his eyes. There was an expression of stony indifference in the face, either obstinacy or determination.

"Do you never smile, Purple Cap? Is it only the smell of gunpowder that will make you bare your teeth? Did you ever see a sky as blue as this at Christmas time o'er Bristol City, or a sea that swept ships' sides like this, or a sail so full? Take that to make you live, you silent dog!" With the quickly spoken words he swung his fist across the helmsman's mouth.

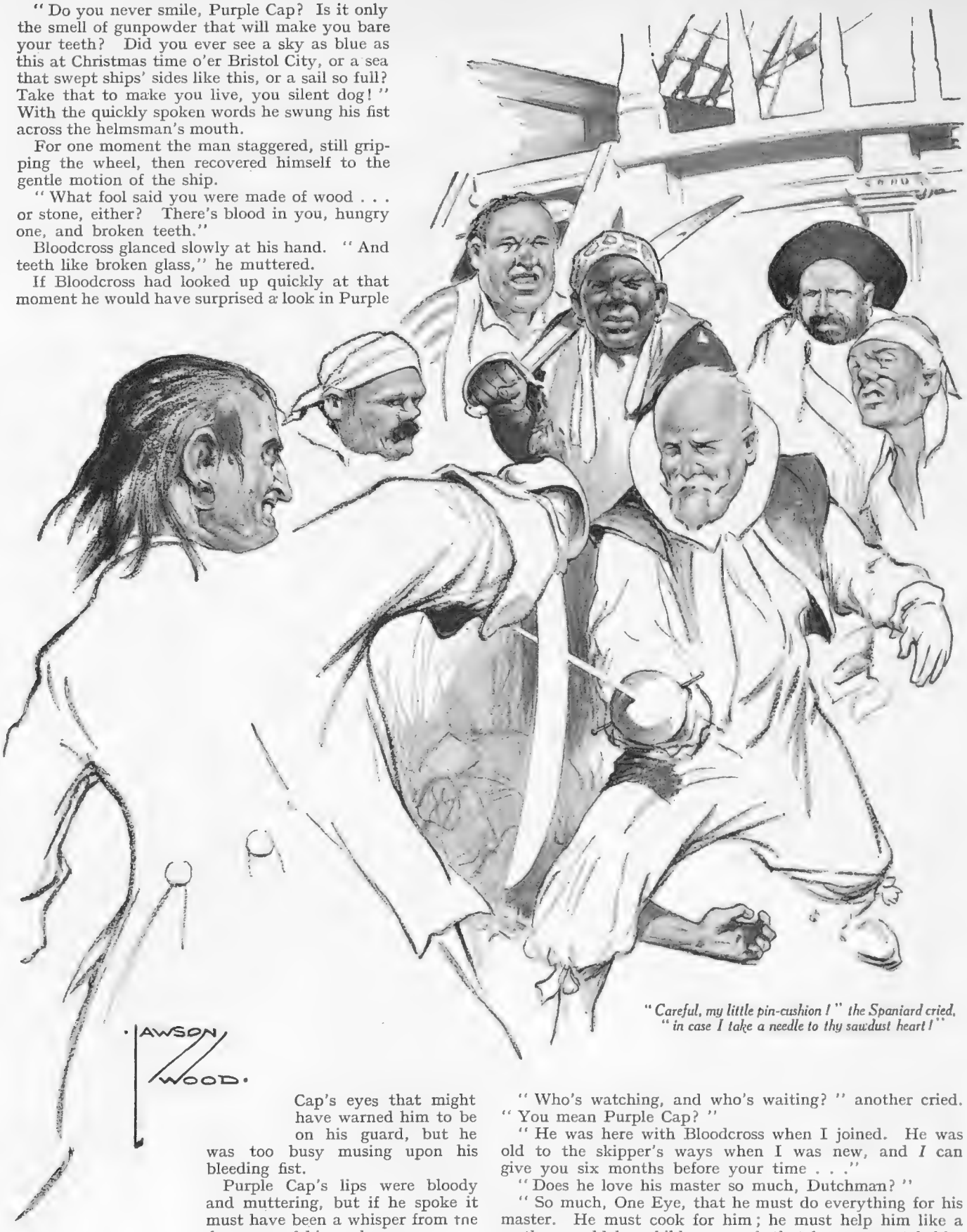
For one moment the man staggered, still gripping the wheel, then recovered himself to the gentle motion of the ship.

"What fool said you were made of wood . . . or stone, either? There's blood in you, hungry one, and broken teeth."

Bloodcross glanced slowly at his hand. "And teeth like broken glass," he muttered.

If Bloodcross had looked up quickly at that moment he would have surprised a look in Purple Cap's eyes that might have warned him to be on his guard, but he was too busy musing upon his bleeding fist.

Purple Cap's lips were bloody and muttering, but if he spoke it must have been a whisper from the dungeons of his soul.



"Careful, my little pin-cushion!" the Spaniard cried, "in case I take a needle to thy sawdust heart!"

Forward, the crew had seen the blow and their talk was turned on Purple Cap. The men were lying stretched out on the deck arguing and snarling at each other like a pack of hungry wolves. In the shadow of the full-bellied sail a man was gazing dreamily up at the masthead as it traced a circle in the sky. He started speaking in a curious, sing-song tone, and immediately the others were silent.

"He's watching, and when he's not watching he's waiting."

"Who's watching, and who's waiting?" another cried. "You mean Purple Cap?"

"He was here with Bloodcross when I joined. He was old to the skipper's ways when I was new, and *I* can give you six months before your time . . ."

"Does he love his master so much, Dutchman?"

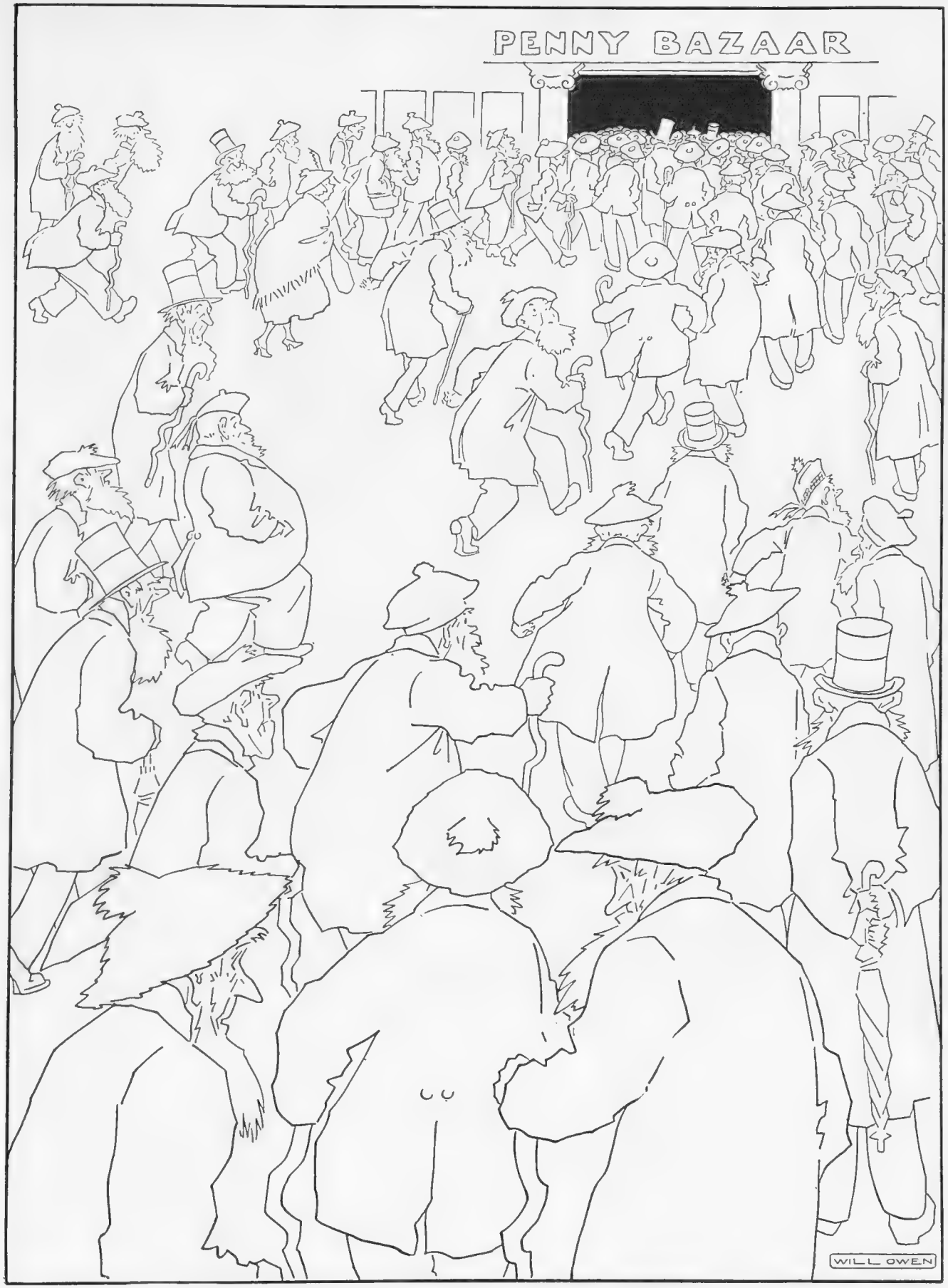
"So much, One Eye, that he must do everything for his master. He must cook for him; he must help him like a mother would her child—so much that he must watch him all the time, and wait . . ."

"Wait for what, Dutchman?"

"Until his moment comes, my friend. We all have one supreme moment in our lives which we can make big stuff of if it doesn't take us unawares."

There was muttering among the men. The man who spoke to them with his education was better fitted to be a landlubber, but he could write and he was a man to be respected.

(*Continued on page 18*)



BY WILL OWEN

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

THE PURPLE CAP (continued from page 16)

"And when Purple Cap's moment comes, what then?"

"By the convent of Santa Ralda, it will be the longest in his life and the shortest in someone else's."

"But surely he is faithful to his master?"

"Aye, faithful, Squarehead; and faithful to his resolution!"

BLOODCROSS, seated in his cabin, turned over in his mind the risks he ran with the Day Dream. Lately he had been in danger of offending the Brotherhood of Pirates. There must be no further complications. He was two men short since yesterday, and there would be work on the morrow. The men were getting restless: no prey, no pay.

Purple Cap had been relieved of his watch and was preparing his master's midday meal. No one cooked so well as Purple Cap. Bloodcross sprawled contentedly in his chair. Purple Cap his bodyguard! Who would have guessed that? A silent bodyguard.

There had been times—at night—when he had been afraid of Purple Cap for what he had done to him but that had passed, and in the silence of his servant's presence he had found security. If occasionally he struck his man, that was to hide the fact that he liked him far better than he should. Purple Cap had forgotten all: forgotten that Christmas night three years ago in Bristol City . . . forgotten his little daughter.

GRADUALLY quiet fell upon the ship, and only the creaking beams and splash of water disturbed the silence of the night. Somewhere ahead rich merchantmen of Spain were pressing forward into the tropical night laden with spices, wines, woven stuffs and gold. The Day Dream haunted these routes that merchantmen would take and, as the thief awaits his victim down an alley, was hidden in the shadows. . . .

"A sail! A sail!"

A bell was struck, waking the ship to life. Bloodcross's great figure was outlined in his doorway. Against a blood-red sunrise the great sails of a merchantman stood out, stark and formidable.

Then the Captain spoke.

"To your posts, my numb-skulled hearties! There's a prize that's worth a fortune in our pockets! There's meat ahead to fill our bellies and wine running red and mellow! Move to it, my hearties—there's butchers' work for those who hunger!"

The ships approached each other warily, closer and closer. Bloodcross roared the word, and every cannon on the port side burst into action. Purple Cap was bringing Day Dream alongside the prey. Already, the men had left the guns and were preparing the grappling irons for action.

Bloodcross stood quietly watching the scene with one hand gripping his cutlass, and with the other he was twisting the ring that pierced his ear. Suddenly he moved. "Have at them, boys!"

The words had hardly passed from his lips before the roar of the Spaniards' cannon belched into the air. They were alongside now, and the merchantman towered above them, rendering their cannon useless against their lesser foe. The grappling irons were cast and the crew of the Day Dream, like the hungry wolves they were, swarmed in a pack up the sides and on to the Spaniard's decks.

Purple Cap watched his Captain, and in the servant's eyes there was the bitterness of death. So often had he seen the giant figure thus smiling to the smell of powder and baring his teeth to the taste of blood. He was among the Spaniards now, hacking right and left with his great cutlass, swinging it in a half circle, and when it met resistance decapitating, limbing, and all the time he was laughing as the warm blood splashed his shining face.

Bloodcross, with Purple Cap beside him, stood dangerous and defiant, giving blow for blow and sometimes bending lithely to drop a dagger in the man he'd wounded, as the fellow dropped back on the deck.

It was thus that the Spanish captain found his rival, and in the heat of battle the two men stood to face each other. Bloodcross was no swordsman, but his heavy cutlass was likely to break the Spaniard's frail blade before the fight was under way.

"Surrender," Bloodcross shouted, "and maybe I will give you quarter!"

There was no reply from the thin, pale-faced Spaniard, only a look of open contempt, for the man must have known that the pirate, having tasted blood, no armistice would be respected, even if the man could hold his crew.

As the two rival captains faced each other, the Spaniard with a faint smile on his face and the pirate licking his lips greedily, the others fell back from their butchery and formed a circle round the fight. In that ring of grimy faces poking forward the two men fought.

Backwards and forwards, the Spaniard's blade darting under the swinging cutlass, and now and then touching the pirate's heavy body, the thin Toledo blade held its own, and the Spaniard's well-directed thrusts under the swinging cutlass were pricking the pirate into blind fury. Bloodcross pushed forward clumsily against his quick-footed adversary.

"Careful, my little pin-cushion!" the Spaniard cried, "in case I take a needle to thy sawdust heart!"

Bloodcross, red-eyed and cursing foully, pressed the Spaniard back. Beside their feet a wounded man lay dying. One of the crew drew the wretch aside and silenced him. In his passing the man had left a train of blood.

Bloodcross sprang forward, his foot descended heavily to the deck, the red patch spread, and the great pirate pitched helplessly across the slimy deck. Instantaneously the Spaniard lunged with his point held down and in his eyes a gleam of triumph. As Bloodcross lay helpless before his enemy, a sudden roar went up from the Day Dream's crew. The metallic sound of steel on steel had broken again upon the air, drowning the sound of heavy breathing and the moaning of the wounded.

Purple Cap stood before his captain, holding the Spaniard's blade with his and turning the point of danger away from Bloodcross.

The Spaniard, robbed of his prey, pressed quickly forward to the attack. He knew by the rules of pirates that the chief should fight his own duels unaided, but there was that in the English captain's eye that warned him there were no laws of God or man that he would keep. The Spaniard with narrow eyes withstood Purple Cap's onslaught. The pirate chief had staggered to his feet, and as the Spaniard defended himself against Purple Cap's fresh attack Bloodcross, swinging his cutlass in the air, brought it down on the defenceless Spaniard's head and cleaved his skull in twain.

A sudden hush fell on the circle of pirates. There were those who had seen the treacherous blow and not liked it, but it was best for a man to keep his own counsel with Bloodcross. The Dutchman was the first to speak.

"If that was an Englishman's blow, I'm glad they name me Dutchman!"

Bloodcross turned to him, his cutlass, red and silver, held lightly in his hand.

"If you have seen something that offends you," he sneered, "I should be inconsolable should you see again what might offend such gentle eyes as yours. . . . That being so. . . ." With a sudden movement of his arm he whipped his cutlass in a deadly swing. The Dutchman stepped back, but before he staggered to the deck the pirate's blade had cut across his eyes.

"The ship is ours, my beauties!" Bloodcross shouted. "Ship the good Jamaica rum and tranship her cargo!"

THE sun had risen overhead and in the heat of noonday Bloodcross's face was shining like a polished tankard. The men had hurried to do his bidding, and already food and merchandise were passing from one ship to the other.

Purple Cap knelt beside the sightless boatswain.

"Is that you, Silent One?" the man whispered, in his agony. "The God of Vengeance acts silently, my friend. Now hold my hand, old Purple Cap; it is frightening when darkness falls at daytime."

The man cleared his voice. "May darkness overtake the rotten soul of Bloodcross before God does another deed! You hear me, friend? In saving his life to-day, you took away my own."

Purple Cap remained silent, but in his eyes there was that which boded ill for Bloodcross.

"Press my hand this once with all the weight of your body, Purple Cap, for there is no hope in me," the man whispered.

(*Continued on page xii*)

BY FOUET

THE RECORDING ANGEL

HIGH TIDE AT THE CROSS ROADS

by MARR MURRAY

Illustrated by HYNES

AT the cross roads up by Pippleton Woods P.C. Joe Browser, of the Wessex Constabulary, was gazing disconsolately at the sunset.

It takes more than a gold and purple sky to cheer a man whom Fate is cheating of his life's ambition.

In a few weeks Joe was due to retire from the force. For years he had dreamed of the day when he would lay aside his helmet and truncheon and settle down to ease and comfort as the landlord of a quiet little pub. "The Rose and Duck" was the pub of his dreams; it had a nice steady trade and a good patch of garden; it had been offered to him at a very reasonable price.

But Joe couldn't raise the capital. He had never been thrifty, and the prospect of a constable's meagre pension carried little weight in the financial world.

It had been explained to him again and again that the situation would be very different if his pension was to be on the comparatively princely scale of a sergeant. If he had been Sergeant Browser instead of humble P.C. Joe, nothing would have been easier than for him to acquire "The Rose and Duck."

But what chance had Joe of becoming a sergeant within the next fortnight? There was a depressing lack of sensational crime in the Pippleton neighbourhood. Murderers and crooks seemed to ignore the place.

It was possible, of course, that a sudden epidemic would carry off Sergeant Thatcher and all who had a claim to his post. But it was unlikely, to say the least.

And, in any case, Joe had been so often assured that he was the biggest fool in the force that he doubted whether the most miraculous combination of circumstances could transform him into a sergeant.

He would have to abandon those tantalising dreams of "The Rose and Duck."

He would have to be content with a modest off-licence.

It was the nearest Joe had ever been to being heart-broken. He wanted "The Rose and Duck" more than he had ever wanted anything. . . .

JOE was still at the cross roads up by Pippleton Woods, morosely staring at the glories of the setting sun, when Sergeant Thatcher arrived on his bicycle. The sergeant, looking more than usually robust and rubicund, was breathless and excited.

"Seen a Rolls-Royce limousine?" he asked.

"A whater?" inquired Joe.

"A Rolls-Royce limousine—a motor car!"

Joe considered a moment. "There 'as been one or two cars go by," he remarked at length.

"Was one of 'em a Rolls-Royce limousine?"

"'Ow should I know?"

There was a withering intensity in the sergeant's gaze. "D'you mean to tell me that you don't know a Rolls-Royce limousine when you see one?"

"Can't say as I do," admitted Joe.

The sergeant drew a deep breath. "All I can say is, the sooner you retire, Joe Browser, the better! The biggest thick-head in the force—that's what you are!"

Joe nodded. He never argued with his superiors.

"Now listen to me," said the sergeant, "and use your brains—if you've got any! We've just 'ad a urgent message through from Scotland Yard."

"What, do they want any help?" asked Joe, brightening at the thought that here possibly was some heaven-sent opportunity for achieving the rank of sergeant—and acquiring "The Rose and Duck."

"There's a desp'rate gang o' motor bandits somewhere between here and London," announced the sergeant. "They're believed to be in a Rolls-Royce limousine, and they may come this way."

"And if they do come this way I got to catch 'em?"

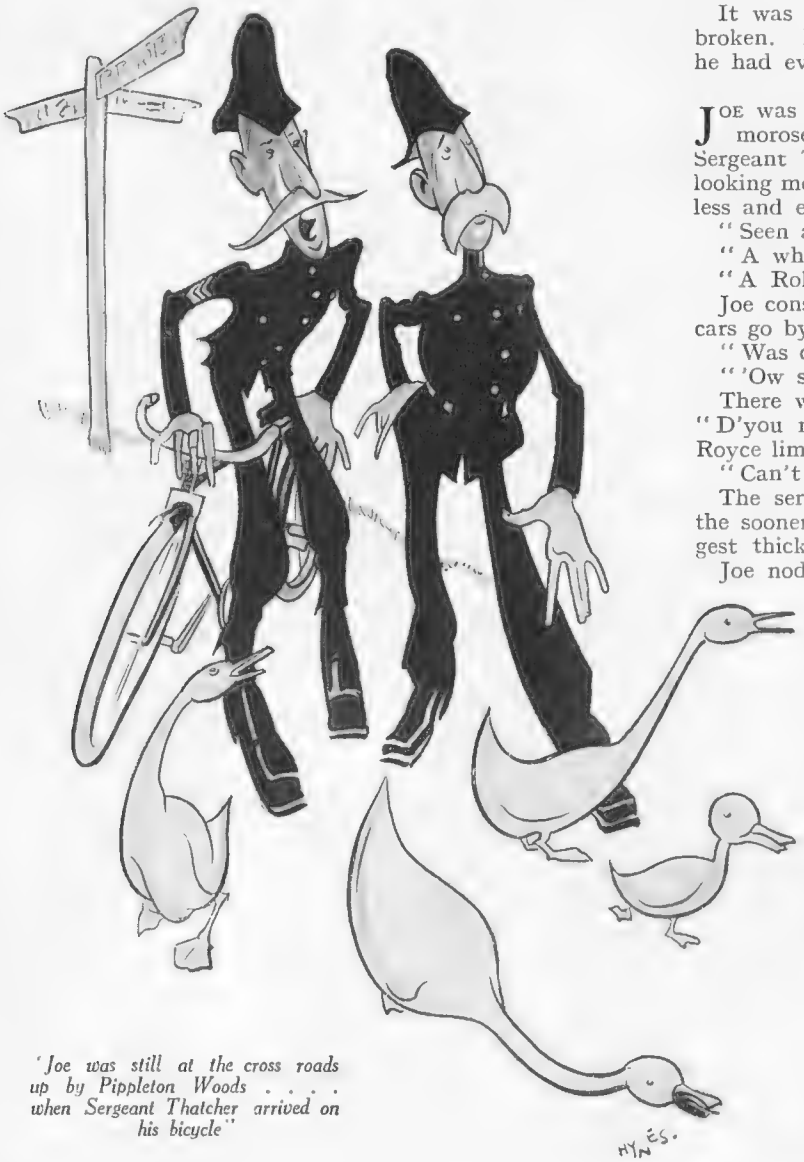
"*If* they come this way—and *if* you can!"

Joe nodded. "It'd be a big thing if I did catch 'em, eh?"

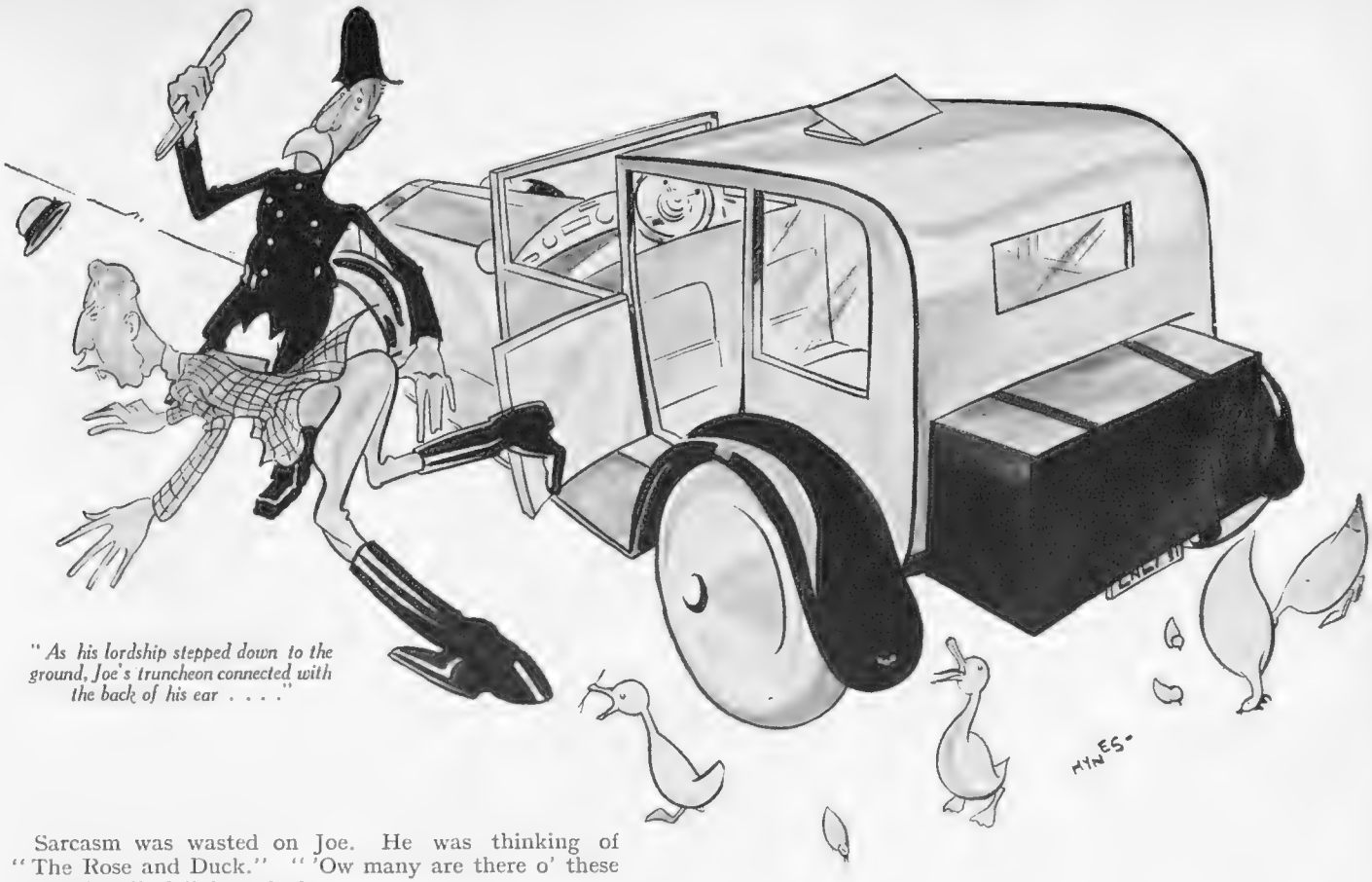
"It'd be a miracle!"

"They might make me a sergeant when I retire and give me an extra pension?"

"They'd probably make you an inspector and give you the V.C.!"



"Joe was still at the cross roads up by Pippleton Woods . . . . when Sergeant Thatcher arrived on his bicycle"



"As his lordship stepped down to the ground, Joe's truncheon connected with the back of his ear . . . ."

Sarcasm was wasted on Joe. He was thinking of "The Rose and Duck." "'Ow many are there o' these motor bandits?" he asked.

"Four—three men and a girl."

"And what's the number o' their car?"

"That ain't known. It's a Rolls-Royce limousine—that's all the information I got."

"And they're a desp'rate gang? They'll be armed?"

"They won't make no bones about filling you wi' lead!"

Joe, however, refused to be depressed. "You leave it to me, sergeant!" he said confidently.

FOR some moments the sergeant gazed at him with frank pessimism. "You're going to make a mess o' this, Joe Browser," he remarked at length. "If you arrest anybody it's a hundred to one that it'll be the wrong people. And if you try to arrest the real gang it's a hundred to one they murder you."

"You wait and see," said Joe, picturing himself behind the bar of "The Rose and Duck."

"What you've got to remember," said the sergeant, "is that it ain't certain that the gang'll come this way. There's hundreds o' Rolls-Royces on the roads besides theirs. The Lord Lieutenant's got a Rolls-Royce, and you can take it from me that if you go and arrest him on suspicion o' being a motor bandit there'll be trouble."

"I shan't make no mistakes," prophesied Joe. "I'll act sort o' careful like."

The sergeant nodded anxiously. He was certain that one or other of two calamities was pending. Either Joe Browser was going to arrest some eminent personage in mistake for a motor bandit, or the real motor bandits were going to murder Joe.

He knew from experience that no blunder was beyond the capacity of thick-headed Joe.

A fortnight ago he had allowed a tramp to walk off with three of Sergeant Thatcher's prize chickens. He had even chatted with the thief about the weather. And a couple of days later he had distinguished himself by attempting to summons no less a person than the Home Secretary for having an obscured number plate.

Joe was more of a worry than an asset to the force. It had been obvious for years that some day he would do something serious.

Sighing anxiously, the sergeant prepared to mount his bicycle.

"If anything does 'appen," he said "phone through to me at the station at once. But, whatever you do, use your brains—if you've got any—and if you don't want trouble."

"You leave it to me, sergeant!" said Joe with stolid confidence.

The sergeant sighed again. Joe was never more dangerous than when in a zealous mood.

"Well, all I can say is: I 'ope no Rolls-Royce comes this way to-night!"

And with this farewell the sergeant rode away.

Joe made sure that his truncheon was handy, spat on his hands, and remembered "The Rose and Duck."

THE Rolls-Royce, when at last it did appear, came from the opposite direction to that which Joe had expected. If it contained the bandits and had come from London it must have taken a very circuitous route.

There was no sign, moreover, of the female member of the gang whom Sergeant Thatcher had mentioned. Apart from the chauffeur there were only two men in the car, both apparently members of the aristocracy. The elder had a beaked nose and a heavy cavalry moustache; the younger sported a monocle.

"What's the trouble, constable?" inquired the latter.

"I suppose you ain't the motor bandits from London?" demanded Joe, stolidly.

"What's this? What's this?" boomed the elder passenger.

"It sounds as if we're suspected of being motor bandits," exclaimed the younger, with a laugh. "I'm afraid your luck's out, constable," he added, turning to Joe. "This is the Earl of Tutmere."

Joe refused to be impressed. "My instructions are that there's a gang o' motor bandits making in this direction in a Rolls-Royce limousine——"

"Do you know the difference between a limousine and a saloon?" asked the younger passenger.

Joe glanced uneasily at the car and realised that he did not know the difference.

"Besides," remarked the younger man with the monocle, "we happen to be going to London; not coming from London."

Joe scratched his ear. The vision of "The Rose and Duck" was fading again.

"EXCUSE me, sir," interposed the chauffeur, "do you remember that Rolls limousine that passed us about an hour ago? There were four people in it—three men and a girl. There was something queer about them. And they were certainly in a tremendous hurry."

"By Jove, yes! That was the gang for a cert! Where were they making for, Smithers?"

"Writtleham, I should say, sir," answered the chauffeur.

"Writtleham, yes! You'd better get into touch with the police there, constable!"

"I will, sir," agreed Joe. "And thank you for the information. Would you mind giving me your name and address—just for verification?"

"Certainly. Here's my card."

Joe stolidly studied the card.

"The Hon. Hugo Trelawney," he read. "74, Park Lane——"

"Thank you, sir," said Joe, slipping the card into his notebook. "I'll just take the number o' the car—must make a complete report— "

He ambled round to the back of the car. But he did not take the number.

Whipping his knife from his pocket he gashed one of the back tyres, taking care only to fray the fabric.

Then, stolidly closing his notebook, he returned to the front of the car.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Sorry to 'ave given you this trouble."

"That's all right, constable," said the young man with the monocle.

The car continued on its way.

Joe watched it, anxiously wondering whether he had made that gash deep enough.

Bang!

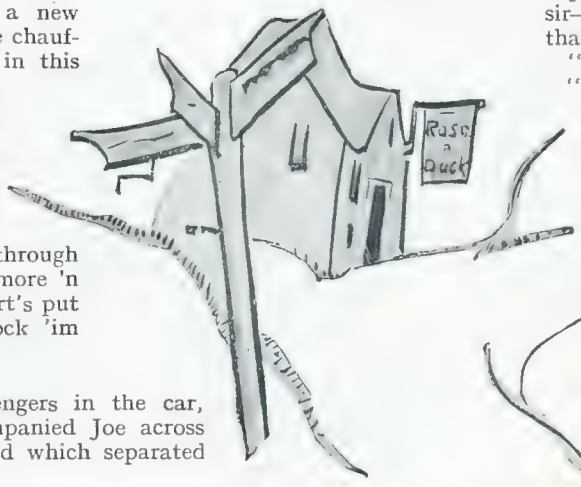
He had!

Joe lumbered forward. "What's up?" he inquired innocently. "Puncture?"

"Dear me! Dear me!" exclaimed the Earl of Tutmere. "This is most annoying!"

"We'll have to get a new tyre, sir," announced the chauffeur. "There's a split in this one a foot long!"

"You'll get a new 'un over at Bert Stobs' shop," remarked Joe helpfully. "It's just down the other road. If you come wi' me I'll show you a short cut through the wood. Won't take more 'n five minutes. And if Bert's put the shutters up I'll knock 'im up for you."



"Joe had hurried down the road to the A.A. box"

LEAVING the two passengers in the car, the chauffeur accompanied Joe across the narrow strip of wood which separated the two roads.

Joe, gripping his truncheon, chatted about the weather. Then selecting his opportunity he brought his truncheon down on the chauffeur's head.

His victim fell like a log.

Satisfied that he was one bandit nearer to "The Rose and Duck," Joe returned to the car.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to the Hon. Hugo Trelawney, "would you mind coming over to Bert's shop and paying for the new tyre?"

"Certainly! Certainly!"

They had not proceeded ten yards through the wood before Joe struck a second time, and again he made no mistake.

He returned to the car.

"They're just a coming, my lord," he said to the elderly passenger with the cavalry moustache. "If you don't mind getting out o' the car I'll start jacking her up, ready for the new tyre."

"Quite so! Quite so!"

As his lordship stepped down to the ground Joe's truncheon connected with the back of his ear. . . .

A quarter of an hour later Joe had hurried down the road to the A.A. box, and was 'phoning to Sergeant Thatcher at the station.

"That you, Sergeant? I caught them motor bandits. Got 'em 'ere. You'd better bring an ambulance to fetch 'em. Them being a desp'rate gang, and being armed like, I 'ad to use my truncheon on 'em. . . ."

Within ten minutes the sergeant was on the scene with an ambulance.

"My God!" he groaned as he surveyed his subordinate's unconscious victims. "What 'ave you gone and done now? I knew you'd make a mess of it!"

"What d'ye mean?" countered Joe indignantly. "They're the motor bandits, they are! Thought they could bamboozle me! But I was a sight too sharp for 'em!"

And Joe was right. The first article discovered on the "Earl of Tutmere" was an automatic. The notorious Shiner gang who had successfully eluded every policeman between London and Pippleton had been captured by the biggest fool in the force. . . .

Joe was the hero of the hour. Even the Lord Lieutenant sent for him.

"A REMARKABLE piece of work!" said the Lord Lieutenant. "I offer you my heartiest congratulations, Browser! A remarkable piece of work! It shall not pass unrewarded!"

"I wanted to see you about that, sir," said Joe. "You see it's like this. I'll be retiring in a fortnight. And if I could retire as a sergeant, wi' a sergeant's pension—well, it'd make a big difference to me. There's a little pub—"

"It shall be done! I'll see to it myself. You shall retire with a sergeant's rank and a sergeant's pension!"

"Thankee kindly, sir!"

"Now tell me, Browser," said the Lord Lieutenant, "how did you—er—deduce that these actually were the wanted criminals?"

Joe grinned. "They nearly bamboozled me, sir—as near as a toucher! It was the address that gave 'em away!"

"The address?"

"When I asked 'em their name and address they gave me this card, sir."

The Lord Lieutenant scrutinised the card.

"The Hon. Hugo Trelawney, 74, Park Lane, W.1," he repeated meditatively. "Um—ah—I must confess that I fail to observe anything suspicious about that."

Joe grinned. "It didn't fool me, sir. You see, my sister Emily lives in Park Lane."

"Ah! She's in service——"

"Lor, no, sir. She keeps a sweet and 'bacca shop——"

"A sweet shop—in Park Lane——"

"Yes, sir. Next door to Ike Mosstein's second-'and clothes shop."

The Lord Lieutenant blinked with frank bewilderment. "But——" he murmured. "But——"

"I know Park Lane well enough," said Joe. "It's the second turning on the left down Pippleton High Street after 'The Rose and Duck.'"

The Lord Lieutenant dropped the card. "But, my good fellow! The address on the card is Park Lane in London!"

Joe picked up the card, stared at it, and then scratched his ear. "Fancy now!" he said. "I never thought o' that!"

M. M.

The HOUSE OF BUCHANAN

THE changing face of London is well exemplified in the handsome Head Offices of James Buchanan & Co. Ltd. which occupy the site on which stood the quaint old "Black Swan Distillery" in the eighteenth century.

But "The House of Buchanan" is not merely a thing of stone and lime, it is a symbol of all that is best and most commendable in Trade and Commerce.

Behind the unchanging quality of "BLACK&WHITE" Scotch Whisky stands foursquare "The House of Buchanan" with its long years of experience in distilling and its fine traditions of quality and straight dealing.

BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK&WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY
WORLD RENOWNED FOR AGE AND QUALITY

EAU
DE COLOGNE
VIVILLE
distilled from the finest essence of the Orange Flowers of France
100/-, 52/6, 27/6, 12/9, 7/6 & 5/-

POUDRE
VIVILLE
very absorbent very clinging in exquisite shades
3/-

CRÈME
VIVILLE
smooths and refines and beautifies the skin
3/6

VIVILLE
de
PARIS

Péony

Fashion bids you be insouciant, vivid, gay. *Péony* is your very perfume. Sweet is the tribute of men's following eyes, but sweeter far the flattery of women's whispers. Envious whispers that are half sighs. *'Paris!'*

Péony is the latest — some say the loveliest — of *les Parfums Viville.* In its silver sheath, betasselled, its price is 30/-
Of the principal chemists, coiffeurs and stores. Wholesale only from the English Depot—Pollen House, Cork Street, London, W.1

Viville

24 AVENUE DE L'OPERA PARIS

"Many heads were turned as the inn door swung abruptly open to admit a tall, cadaverous man"

THE GHOST OF CAVEWORTH MANOR

By BRUCE WOODHOUSE

Illustrated by S. F. May

OLD customs and traditions die hard in Vernlake, and here the changes wrought by time are slight indeed compared with the villages which dot the main road from London to the south, a good four miles away. No stream of roaring motors disturbs the slumbrous street, and the casual tourist seldom finds his way to this peaceful backwater, for Vernlake is "off the map" and so behind the times that it boasts neither cinema nor motor bus. People who crave such urban luxuries can go to the little town of Cantinwold, for Vernlake will have none of such things.

It is the inn which perhaps embodies the atmosphere of the village the most markedly. "The Stars on High" was old when the eighth Henry, bent on hunting in the nearby forest, rode in jingling cavalcade to its oaken doors to tax the cellar of mine host to its utmost, and to-day no shiny, marble-topped counter and dowdy red plush intrude to spoil the shaded harmonies of the great parlour, with its blackened rafters, from which hang hams by the score, its high-backed settles and open fire. The inn is still more club than pub, and here the village worthies forgather of an evening to settle the affairs of the world in general, and Vernlake in particular, over their worn pewter ale-mugs.

On the night of which I tell, a good round dozen men were clustered about the crackling log fire, for a bitter wind and driving rain had come to remind folk that an English winter can still be severe. The hour was nearer ten than nine, and but for the disinclination to leave the snug shelter of the inn for the bitter coldness of the streets there would have been no more than two or three guests within, for Vernlake firmly believes in early hours. As it was, however, many heads were turned as the inn door swung abruptly open to admit a tall, cadaverous man, who stood on the threshold shaking the moisture from a large black hat of antique shape and peering round with sharp, apprising eyes at the company assembled round the fire.

In the silence that followed the stranger's entry, Samuel Nome, the landlord, lifted his bulky frame from its Windsor chair and waddled across to greet the newcomer.

"Come in, sir, come in," he cried, hospitably assisting the fresh arrival to struggle out of his long, black overcoat. "Tom, make room on the settle for the gentleman," he added, leading the guest towards the fire. "Sit you down and dry yourself, for you must be mortal wet."

The stranger smiled. "Thank you. It is seldom one receives such hospitality nowadays."

He spoke in deep, melodious tones without the trace of that soft, slurring speech common to those parts, and the inmates of the parlour, making room for him by the fire, regarded him curiously, for nocturnal visitors were rarities indeed in Vernlake.

"You are a stranger hereabouts, maybe?" inquired Samuel Nome, voicing the unspoken query of the company in general as he set a glass of rum before the visitor. "No, don't trouble yourself about payment," he continued as the other began to feel in his trousers pocket for his cash. "The drink is on the house, sir."

"Your kindness is most gratifying, landlord, most gratifying," said the stranger, raising his glass to the company, "and in return I will tell you a story connected with my previous visit to these parts, which I flatter myself will prove of some slight interest to you, for it concerns the night I spent in Caveworth Manor."

"What! In the 'aunted manor?" demanded a startled voice.

The stranger nodded solemnly and the company with one accord drew their chairs closer together and leaned forward, eyeing the speaker with frank amazement.

IT was not surprising the villagers were impressed by the statement, for the Manor of Caveworth, now nothing but a crumbling ruin standing in unkempt grounds a mile or so out of the village, had so sinister a reputation that even in these enlightened days the local folk who had to pass its rusted, creaking gates after dark did so with quickened steps and nervous glances, whilst not a man for miles around was to be found willing to risk his limbs and reason by spending an hour, let alone a night, within its mildewed walls.

Many and flesh-creeping were the traditions associated with the grim old pile, which had stood empty for over twenty years now, and although no one could be produced to confound the doubter and the sceptic with positive first-hand information of eerie experiences in the realms of the supernatural, rumours were rife and there was no one in Vernlake but had not heard of ghastly midnight doings at the Manor. Now, however, Fate had brought to the village for the first time one who had actually faced the nocturnal terrors of the Manor. With one accord the company drew nearer and waited breathlessly for the narrative.

"It was twenty-five years ago almost to the day," began the stranger, "when I last found myself in these parts. You will not remember the occasion, but it was the night of one of the worst and most violent storms

THE GHOST OF CAVEWORTH MANOR (*continued*)

known in these parts for many years. My business, which had taken me to Overgraffe, six miles away, had kept me later than I had anticipated, so that twilight was already far advanced when I set off on my lonely walk to Cantinwold. I estimated that I should still be able to reach that town in time to catch the last train to London, and indeed should have done so if Fate had not played me a cruel trick.

"I WAS about three miles advanced on my journey and the wind had already risen considerably when, stumbling in a cart rut, I had the misfortune to wrench my ankle severely. Being in considerable pain, I first considered sitting by the wayside until some country cart came by, but after waiting nearly an hour I decided that it would be better to struggle on as best I could. The rain had started to fall heavily by this time, and as the prospect of any shelter, however meagre, seemed preferable to spending a night in the open exposed to the fury of the storm, I limped painfully onward.

"That journey through the raging storm, gentlemen, was one of the most painful I have ever undertaken. The lane seemed interminable, and it was in a condition bordering on prostration that I finally reached what a flash of lightning revealed to be a pair of very dilapidated iron gates giving access to an unkempt drive. Breathing a prayer of thanks, I entered and soon found myself standing on the doorstep of a quaint old house overgrown with ivy and creeper and presenting an appearance that was, to put it mildly, uninviting. No lights were visible through the grimy panes of the uncurtained windows, and an air of desolation and decay hung heavily over the house, but beggars cannot be choosers, so, putting a bold face on it, I seized the rusty bell chain and sent a harsh clangour through the house. No answer greeted my summons and I was just about to explore further in the hope of finding some other means of entrance when I heard a step on the far side of the door. Followed the harsh sound of rusty bolts being withdrawn, and the next minute the door was cautiously opened a few inches, revealing an old shrivelled witch of a woman who stood, candle in hand, peering into the darkness."

The stranger paused to drink from his glass, which the landlord had replenished.

"That would be old Sarah Thorne," volunteered a voice.

"Aye, her it would be," assented Samuel Nome. "Died in the madhouse fourteen year agone, she did."

THE stranger shook his head. "I can well believe it, sir, well believe it," he said solemnly. "But to continue. The old woman stood there without saying a word, gazing at me with dull eyes.

"'I am sorry to disturb you at this late hour, ma'am,' I said. 'But I've met with an accident and, as I am at my last gasp, I have no option but to seek shelter here if you can be so good as to provide me with a bed for the night.'

"The old woman regarded me strangely.

"'Few be the folks who seek shelter here,' she remarked, speaking in a low, expressionless voice.

"Thinking that she was perhaps doubtful of my ability to offer suitable remuneration, I plunged my hand into my pocket and produced a handful of silver, saying:

"'Of course, I shall be pleased to pay well for my lodging.'

"The caretaker, for such I took her to be, gave a sudden shrill cackle.

"'Money!' she croaked. 'He offers money to sleep here when men have refused as much as a hundred pounds to spend the night at Caveworth Manor!' Then, noting my surprise, she added quickly, 'But come you in, come you in.'

"Holding her flickering candle high above her head, she led the way across a large uncarpeted floor, the faint rays of light casting grotesque, dancing shadows which served to accentuate the gloom of the interior. The place smelt musty and unaired, with that unmistakeable odour to be found in houses which have long remained uninhabited or untended.

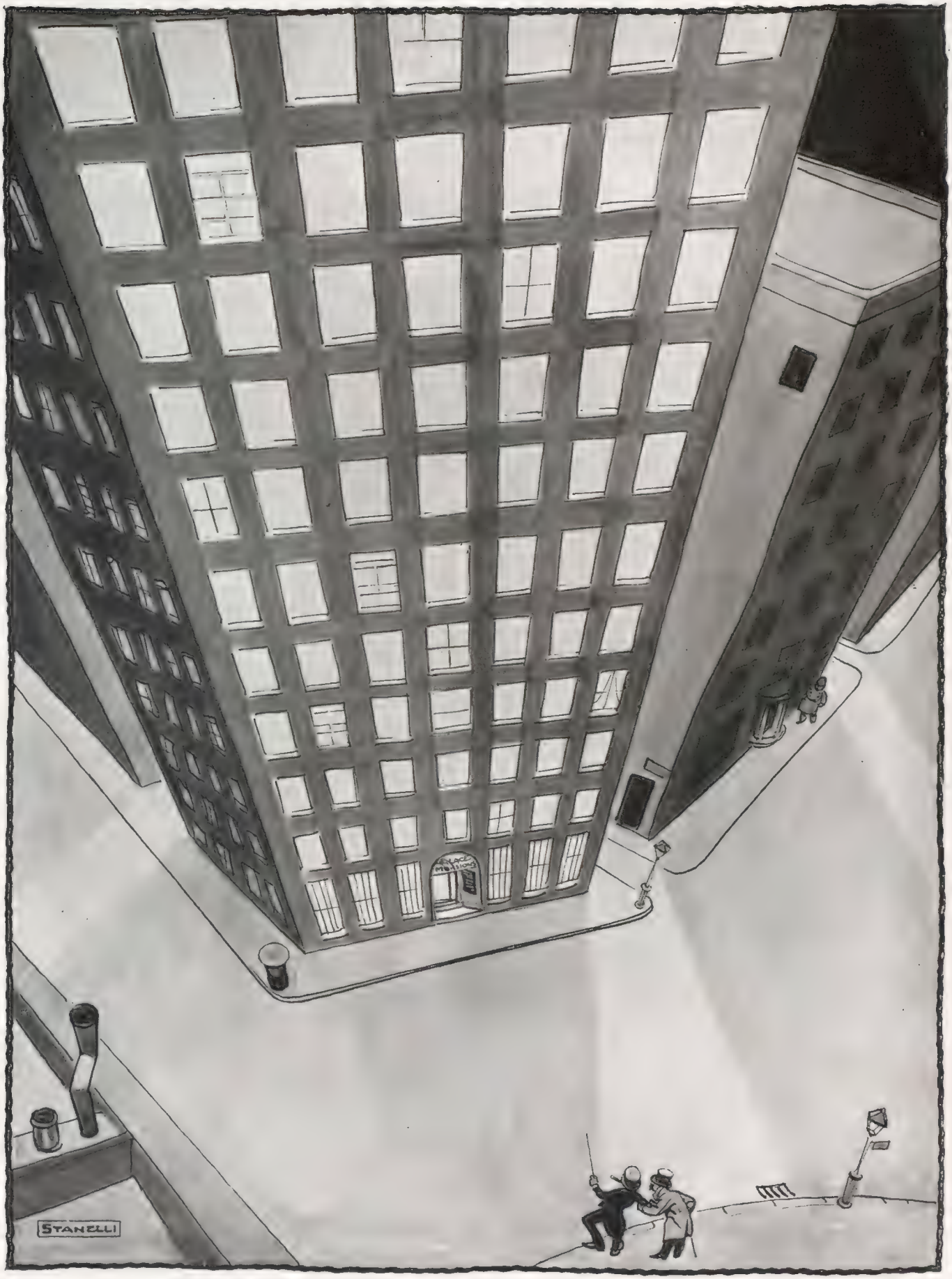
"At the foot of the stairs she paused and addressed me again.

"'You are sure,' she asked slowly, 'that you are set on spending the night here?'

"A FEELING of extraordinary depression had descended upon me. Though by no means susceptible to what is vaguely termed 'atmosphere,' I must confess that I was feeling far from happy as I faced the woman. I could not repress the feeling that some evil influence was at large in this old house. The very shadows seemed to screen some unhuman horror, and I felt that unseen eyes were all around me, peering at me with the utmost malignity. I tell you, gentlemen, that I sensed evil to an extent I had never before imagined to be possible.

"I pulled myself together with an effort. I was overtired, I told myself; the pain in my leg had proved a drain

(*Continued on page 28*)



BY STANELLI

REVELLER (*to friend who is seeing him home*): "*Tha'sh my flat, ol' man—th'one with th'light in the window!*"

THE GHOST OF CAVEWORTH MANOR (continued from page 26)

on my nervous energy, and I was probably suffering from nothing worse than a mild attack of jumps.

"Putting as cheerful a face as possible on matters, I answered her lightly, 'I should certainly like to sleep here, provided, of course, that the owners have no objection. Perhaps, though, they are away,' I added, running my finger through the dust which covered the broad rail of the banister.

"'The present ones are,' she answered in the same monotonous voice. 'The *present* ones are.'

"Ignoring the emphasis she had placed on the word, I signalled to her to proceed, and hobbled after her up the wide stairs. She stopped at a door on the first landing and silently grasped the handle. As she opened the door I started violently and, despite my efforts at composure, I felt my limbs trembling, for I could have sworn that I heard a low malevolent chuckle proceeding from the room I was about to enter.

"'What was that?' I managed to falter.

"The caretaker paused. Then:

"'The hinges, maybe. They are needing a drop of oil.'

"I NOTICED that she carefully avoided meeting my eyes as she spoke, and felt only too sure that, had she wished, she could have answered very differently.

"She led the way into the room, which was of a magnitude seldom found in modern buildings, and, crossing the thickly carpeted floor to the massive overmantel, lit the candles which were standing there. By their light I saw that I was in what was evidently the best bedroom. Thick velvet curtains were drawn across the windows, shutting out the storm. A massive four-poster bed, heavy chest of drawers and round oak table, all of considerable age, though in a good state of preservation, formed the chief articles of furniture, whilst a long cheval mirror occupied the wall facing the head of the bed. I was relieved to notice that this room, unlike the rest of the house, had every appearance of being well cleaned and tended, and I saw, with considerable satisfaction, that a fire was laid.

"'You were obviously expecting visitors,' I exclaimed, pointing to the bed, upon which clean sheets had been laid.

"The old woman stooped to apply a taper to the fire as she answered.

"'Yes, visitors are expected to-night.'

"THE remark was harmless enough, yet the tone of voice in which it was delivered was such that, despite myself, I found that all my previous feelings of vague uneasiness and

"I was terribly nervous when I first asked my husband for money"

"Still, dear, I'm sure you were soon calm and collected!"

apprehension had returned in greater strength than ever.

"Feeling that the situation called for some further comment, I expressed a hope that my presence would not inconvenience them in any way. The old woman again laughed in that harsh, mirthless way of hers.

"'There be no telling' was all she said. 'I'll leave you now.'

"Pausing at the door, she addressed me again. 'If you hear any noises in the night, keep fast abed. 'Tis safer.'

"With a muttered 'good-night' she passed out of the room, leaving me with my thoughts, which were anything but comforting. Although at that time I knew nothing of the evil history of the house, the feeling of being surrounded by some malign supernatural influence increased with every minute I spent in the Manor. However, much though I yearned to escape from it all, it would have been sheer madness to brave the fury of the storm, worn-out and injured as I was. There was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad job; so with this end in view I undressed, bathed my swollen leg in cold water, and, having taken care to lock the door of my room, I climbed into bed and almost immediately fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

"I awoke with a start some hours later. Though there was no sound in the room, and the still faintly glowing embers in the grate reflected no human form, I was acutely conscious of some strange presence which I felt was very near to me. I think I can say that my courage is as high as most men's, but I confess that at that moment the fear of some intangible and malign influence which was certainly not of this world held me in its grip. Paralysed with fear, I lay staring straight before me, whilst a cold sweat broke over me. The greatest fear of all, the fear of the Unknown, held me in its power.

"SUDDENLY my eyes became riveted upon the cheval glass on the other side of the room. The flickering firelight played fitfully and, reflected in the mirror, took on strange shapes. Then, even as I gazed, a mist seemed to cover the long glass, which cleared away the next moment, and I gazed spellbound at the sight which met my gaze. A tall man, dressed in the costume of a country gentleman of a century ago, stood before me. His hair was matted about his temples, and his eyes, bloodshot and wild, stared out of a pale face, on every line of which fear had left its mark. With a rapid gesture he thrust his hand into his coat and produced a razor, which he opened. Having felt the edge with his thumb, he lifted it to his throat, and with one agonised gesture drew the weapon from ear to ear."

The stranger paused, and his audience sat regarding him with open-mouthed horror.

The landlord it was who broke the silence. "'Orrible!" he muttered, and shivered.

The stranger rose. "Horrible, indeed," he said slowly. "But, gentlemen," he continued more briskly, stepping to where lay his black bag, "there is no reason why anyone present should find himself in a similar distressing plight, for I have here a very excellent line in patent, non-slip, Sheffield steel safety razors which, as this is the festive season, I am prepared to dispose of at the absurdly small sum of five shillings. Now, gentlemen——"! B. W.

TURKISH DELIGHT

BY JORGEN MYLLER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE LATE QUEEN ALEXANDRA

Turnbull & Asser Ltd

Dressing Gowns of Distinction

SHIRTMAKERS AND HOSIERS

71-72, JERMYN STREET,
ST. JAMES, LONDON, S.W.1.

TEL.: "Paddywhack"
Piccy. London

TELEPHONE: Gerrard
4631 —— 4632

BY JAY-GEE

FAMOUS TRAGEDIENNE (to Reporter): "*And that is the true story of how dear Baron Popstein, who was my dearest friend, died for love of me.—Now tell me, what coloured ink will your newspaper print it in?*"

THE MERRY, MERRY RING-TIME

By MANVILLE KEITH

"A tall, saturnine fellow wearing impeccable evening dress"

No, this is not a story about Spring, although sweet lovers come into it. So does the ring, and a very remarkable ring it was. I was told the full story by "Bingie" Crumpton after a more than usually hectic regimental dinner, so the yarn certainly *ought* to be true. *In vino veritas*, you know. Anyway, this is what "Bingie" told me.

Dennis (he said) was fearfully keen on Sylvia Bell, and I don't blame him. She was a really sporting sort of kid and as pretty as a picture, but the trouble was that Sylvia, who was an orphan, lived with a wealthy aunt, Lady Barnleigh, who was a pretty grim creature with the most ghastly antediluvian ideas about Decorum, Chaperons, Maiden Modesty, and other museum pieces, and would not hear of an engagement. Still, she was not absolutely one hundred per cent. gorgon, and last year Sylvia got her to agree to a dance being held at her house in Knightsbridge on Christmas Eve.

"Of course, my dear," she had said, "I do not intend having the place turned into a bear garden by a lot of noisy young people who drink too much and wear too little. I have engaged an excellent orchestra—the Distressed Gentlewomen's String Sextette—and have arranged for a plentiful supply of refreshments, including some most delightful home-made lemonade for the ladies and claret cup for the men, so there is no reason why the evening should not pass off most pleasantly."

Sylvia saw *several* reasons why it should not, but, being a tactful girl, merely agreed with her aunt and then quietly passed the word around that if her guests wanted a drink that *was* a drink they would be well advised to smuggle it in on their own. Dennis took care to be the first to arrive, and, leading Sylvia into a quiet corner, produced a little box.

"I've just brought along a little something for you for Christmas," he explained, opening the box and producing a curiously wrought ring of some unknown metal. "It was given me by an Armenian johnny I met when I went on that trip to Constantinople. It is supposed to be one of those magic rings you read about in kids' stories. The fellow assured me that it would grant the wearer three wishes, but they would only be granted on Christmas Eve."

"Grabbing the helpless Dennis she started to dance. At first he tried to exercise a little decorum"

"Oh, Dennis," cried Sylvia, "how perfectly thrilling! What about trying it right away?"

"For the love of Mike, go steady! It might really work, and you don't want to do anything rash."

By ten-thirty the evening showed every indication of making the Great Frost of 1829 look like a heat wave, but the trouble really started when some lad of the village who'd tucked away a few spots too much banged a cushion at one of the couples, missed them, and scored a direct hit on the leader of the Distressed Gentlewomen, whereupon the entire orchestra burst into tears and marched off *en masse*, escorted by a furious Lady Barnleigh.

"This would never have happened," Sylvia sighed to Dennis, "if only aunt

had engaged a decent orchestra. Oh, I *do* wish we had a band with some devil in it!"

The next moment there was a crash and a blare, and there on the daïs was a new band. Nothing of the second-rate about *them*, however. Every man was a master at his job, but the outstanding figure was the leader, a tall, saturnine fellow wearing impeccable evening dress who made his saxophone almost speak, so well did he play it.

Sylvia clutched Dennis's arm.

"Wherever did *they* come from?" she gasped. "I'm sure Aunt Janet never hired two bands."

"What's it matter, anyhow? Here they are, and dashed good they are, too! Let's tread a measure."

As they drew near the daïs Sylvia uttered a little cry. "Oh, Dennis, just look at his feet!" she whispered, pointing to the leader of the band, who was putting more and more fire into his work.

Dennis did so and stopped dead.

"By Jove, you've done it this time!" he exclaimed. "You wished for a band with some devil in it, and you've jolly well got it! The old ring works, after all!" He pointed significantly towards the saxophonist, who, instead of wearing the conventional patent shoes and silk socks, had apparently donned a pair of tiny brown boots—brown boots which had a curious cleft in the middle of the toecap, making them look for all the world as though they were not boots at all but goat hooves.

"The cloven hoof! Oh, Dennis, how too awful! Of course, he plays gloriously, and no one else seems to have spotted anything, but auntie will be simply furious when she comes back."

"There will certainly be the devil to pay!" Dennis retorted.

Sylvia sighed. "You're right. Oh, I *do* wish auntie would really let herself go and be young again, for once."

"You've said it! If only—— Hullo, who's the girl friend?" Dennis pointed to the door, through which a strikingly pretty girl with lovely golden hair, and wearing the shortest and most alluring of frocks, had emerged.

Sylvia shook her head. "Not the foggiest, darling! Must be a gate-crasher of sorts. Anyhow, I've never see her before."

The girl, who was carrying a champagne bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, came racing across to them.

"Thank God I was able to unearth a spot of bubbly in the cellars!' she exclaimed. 'Better than lapping up that putrid claret cup."

"I'm sorry you don't care for what has been provided for our guests—our *invited* guests," retorted Sylvia, coldly.

"Would *you* like to drink a mixture of soda-water and grocer's claret—Château L'Incre Rouge at one-and-a-kick per bottle? I *ask* you! Not on your sweet life! I've told Rogers to bring up every drop of drink he can find. I've not opened more than half a dozen bottles since your uncle pegged out!"

"But—but—what will aunt say?" gasped Sylvia.

"Blow your nose and give your brains a dusting!" retorted the other. "Fancy pretending you don't know your own aunt! Here, come on, Dennis, my lad. Let's have a hop. This band can certainly deliver the goods—*and* how. Whoopee!"

Grabbing the helpless Dennis she started to dance. At first he tried to exercise a little decorum, but this terrifying aunt or girl, or whatever she

'The girl in the red dress . . . appeared to take a flying leap in the direction of the orchestra"

was, proved too much. Faster and faster played the band, and more and more exuberantly danced the metamorphosed Lady Barnleigh. To Sylvia, leaning weakly against a pillar, it was obvious that the creature was flirting with Dennis in the most outrageous fashion, and that *he* was returning a pretty good *quid* for her *quo*, too.

Gradually the floor cleared until they were the only couple left on it. The guests, imagining that some sort of an exhibition dance was in progress, stood round applauding until the band suddenly stopped, and Dennis and his partner, who were in the middle of a long and violent spin, subsided in the middle of the floor with a crash.

"That girl certainly *can* dance!"

Sylvia turned to find one of her dearest friends beside her.

"She really seems to have quite captured poor Dennis," continued the Dearest Friend with unction. "*So* generous of you to stand by and allow it, darling. Tell me, who is she? Where does she come from?"

Sylvia's nerves had had more than she could stand.

"I know who she is all right,' she burst out, "and I wish she'd go to the devil!'

The next moment the girl in the red dress, who had just scrambled to her feet and was standing with one arm wrapped lovingly round a somewhat dishevelled Dennis, appeared to take a flying leap in the direction of the orchestra. Before anyone realised what was happening every light in the room fused in a blinding red flash, and a horrible mocking laugh rang out from the direction of the daïs.

When the lights were restored every trace of the orchestra and the girl in the red dress had vanished, and not one of them was ever seen again. And that's that!

"But look here, 'Bingie,'" I protested, "you can't leave a story like that! What happened to Lady Barnleigh?"

"No one ever knew!"

"Surely there was a hue and cry?"

"Oh, no! You see, poor old Dennis was so shaken that he promptly got Sylvia to give back the ring, and gave it to me then and there—I was one of the guests—and made me wish that Lady B. and the whole proceedings should be forgotten. I got my wish in just on the stroke of midnight, so everything ended happily."

"But the ring?"

"Oh, I lost that two days later," he said airily. "What about another B. and S. just for Auld Lang Syne?"

M. K.

"Dennis and his partner, who were in the middle of a long and violent spin, subsided in the middle of the floor with a crash"

THE OLD SHI

No battered hulk am I!
No coward timorous of wind or gale,
Have I not ridden seas & carried sail
Beyond the dreams of man, away, away
Down in the haunted latitudes where lay
Cold lands unvisited? O! tell me why
They leave me here so desolate and sore,
Far from the sea - far from the wind-swept shore,
To die — To die!

I cannot be too old?
No bird could match the swiftness of my flight,
Like them I sung amidst the stars at night,
Free as a gull, and gleaming white I shone.
Now I am rudderless, my spars are gone.
Why do they leave the water in my hold?
Why is the wound not tended in my side?
Bring me the sea — bring me the running tide,
For I am cold — cold!

I have seen death in dreams;
A lonely island hidden by the sea,
Surf-bound & beautiful still waits for me.
No foot-print ever marks her sun-kissed sand,
She is the resting-place — the happy land
For weary ships — O! even now she seems
To bid me sink my fetters in the ground,
And seek my anchorage midst surf & sound
Of seagulls' screams.

P. By Daphne du Maurier.

Hark! Oh! Hark to the roar
Of the surf upon the shore,
And the winds – and the winds' sigh!
Take me away – away down to the sea,
They are waiting for me,
And the gulls – and the gulls cry!

I can taste the salt and the tang of the sea,
I can smell the life that belonged to me!
Break my moorings, let me go.
Let me die like my dream,
With the wind on my beam,
Turn my head to the south –
To the harbour mouth.
Once more let me ride
On the ebbing tide!
O! once more – once again
Let me carry my head
In the ice and the hail
In the scream of a gale,
Loose my bonds – set me free –
Let me rise from my bed –
Let me go to the sea!
O! the sound of the sea.

I can hear the scattering of the sand
Upon the beach.
I can see the shattering of the waves
And the screech
Of the wild wet wind upon the land.

Illustration by Nick

Your Xmas Gramophone

Columbia

THE BEST GRAMOPHONE IN THE WORLD

With the Famous "PLANO-REFLEX" PRINCIPLES

THE *Viva-tonal* Columbia is so far in advance of previous inventions that it stands the best gramophone in the world to-day. The "Plano-reflex" principles, which substitute reflecting surfaces for the curves in other gramophones, yield a vastly improved tone, detail, range and greater thrill! This improvement is instantly heard by test and comparison.

PRICES OF MODELS

PORTABLE—Standard models in Black. Also in coloured Crocodile Leather Cloth **£5 10s.**

TABLE GRANDS—from **£6 10s.** (No. 117a) to **£9 10s.**

CABINETS—from **£14 10s.** to **50 gns.** (No. 132a, **£18 18s.**)

CONSOLES—from **£14 10s.** (No. 153a) to **£27 10s.** (No. 156a).

PEDESTAL CABINET—(No. 123a) **£11 10s.** and **£12 15s.**)

ON SALE AT ALL COLUMBIA DEALERS.

Complete Catalogues post free from Columbia, 102 - 108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

The *Viva-tonal* Columbia

THE BEST GRAMOPHONE IN THE WORLD

BY ROBB

THE ICE MAIDENS

FLASHES FROM THE PAST

How Horatius Kept the Bridge

By A. P. GARLAND

"Excuse me, Mister Cocles, but is it true that you've been in our paper before?"

[The curtain rises to disclose a sturdily-built man almost entirely concealed by bandages and reclining on a couch. Opposite him is another man in a loose toga, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, seated on a low stool, with a stylus in his hand, and writing-tablets on his knee.]

HORATIUS: Hello. Where do you come from?

REPORTER: *The Rome Times.*

HORATIUS: Oh, you do, do you? Well, I wish you'd tell your blooming people that there's one right way of spelling my name—and it's not Cockles. The name is COCLES—Coc-les, with the doings on the last syllable, so to speak. It made me wild when I saw you'd got it wrong in your story this morning. And it isn't the first time, either.

REPORTER: Excuse me, Mister Cocles, but is it true that you've been in our paper before?

HORATIUS: Oh, yes. All that. Not a thing I'm proud of, of course. I was brought up a couple of years ago for being drunk in charge of a chariot. All a mistake on the part of the stupid lictor. You know what lictors are. One glass of Falernian at Galba's was all I had, and even that silly old prætor Metellus had to let me off. But that doesn't matter. Now then, what are you after?

REPORTER: Our readers, Mister Cocles, would be thrilled to read your own story of how you kept the bridge.

HORATIUS: Well, it was this way. Keeping things runs in the family. We belong on one side to the Maximus family. You know what Macks are like.

REPORTER: So your family was half Scotch?

HORATIUS: Yes. The better half Also, talking about keeping things, remember my father kept The Saucy Centaur for twenty years, my mother kept a boarding house, and my uncle kept goal for Appian Wanderers. So when it came to keeping a bridge I was right there. It's in the blood.

REPORTER: What induced you to volunteer for the job?

HORATIUS: It was like this. I'm Captain of the Gate, as you know, and it should have been one of the centurions that took up this Etruscan's challenge. But as soon as I heard that this Lars Porsena of Clusium swore by the Nine Gods, I had to chip in. I'm Chairman of the Anti-Blasphemy League. So I went to the Senate and I said, "If this Porsena chap is looking for a fight he can have all he wants here and now." So they thanked me and asked me to pick my team. I chose Spurius Lartius—and I'd like to mention that there was nothing spurious about him when the scrap was on—and Herminius, and we went out and gave those Etruscans all they asked for, and a bit over.

REPORTER: What was your first feeling when you caught sight of Picus of Clusium?

HORATIUS: That he was due for a shave.

REPORTER: You had no difficulty in overcoming him?

HORATIUS: Difficulty? Don't make me laugh! He had nothing. Slow on his pins and with no guard to speak of. I hit him with everything except the bridge itself.

REPORTER: Your next was Aunus of Volsinium, was it not?

HORATIUS: Another poor weed that! It was simply murder! I could have knocked him cold with a sore thumb.

REPORTER: He certainly didn't put up as good a show as Astur.

HORATIUS: You bet he didn't. Astur was tough. He gave me this, and this (pointing to his bandages), but in the end he lined up for the mortuary like the others.

REPORTER: I hear that the Senate are going to show their appreciation of your great feat.

HORATIUS: I did hear some rumour about that, but I'm not too sure about it. If they do give me anything I'll bet it'll be no more than the second-class Order of Castor and Pollux, with knobs. The first-class is reserved for tax-gatherers.

REPORTER: But there's more than that. I've been told that you're going to be offered an honorarium.

HORATIUS: Offered an which?

REPORTER: An honorarium.

HORATIUS: Oh, am I? Well, you can tell the Senate on the quiet from me that it wouldn't be a bit of good to me. I'd much rather have the cash value. The fact is, between ourselves, I don't know a note of music!

BY A. DAVIS

GIFTS

WHITE HEATHER EAU DE COLOGNE
Watch Shape bottles **9½d., 1/4, 2/4 & 4/2.**
Tall bottles, **2/3, 4/-, 7/9 and 15/-**

1933/A54.
Case containing gilt and hand-painted nacrolac hair-brush, mirror, cloth-brush, and gilt mounted comb. - - **63/-**

IR.210. "Zipp" Double-Flap Mayfair Bag, latest design, pleated sides, in soft morocco, fitted with mirror, strong lining and two outside pockets (Can be used as Under-arm or Mayfair Bag.)
21/-

T.210. "Zipp" Under-arm Bag, 9½ inches long, best quality morocco, fitted with long mirror, extra inside pocket, and special long bag purse with inner division lined white kid.
21/-

Postage Paid in Great Britain on all orders for goods value £1 or over, not exceeding 11lb. in weight.

XA1

LONDON, W.1. - - - 182 Regent Street.
MANCHESTER - - - The Royal Exchange.
GLASGOW - - 101-105 Sauchiehall Street. Boots Corner, Union Street.
NOTTINGHAM - High Street & Pelham Street.

Gift Boots Departments

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO LTD NOTTM.

BY JOHN GOR

THE ETERNAL EPHEMERAL!

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE SPROUT

Goes all over the World

Delightful Xmas Gifts

SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE

BY F. FABIANO

THE BLIND MAN

A Happy Thought

He could not have divined her wishes or expressed his thoughts better than by asking: "How would you like some '4711'?"

A present of this exquisite Eau de Cologne, with the Blue and Gold Label, is as much a tribute as a gift, and thus doubly appreciated.

Sold Everywhere

2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 14/-, 15/-, 30/-, 36/- & 56/- *per bottle.*

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

THE GREATEST GIFT

By RICHARD VINER

Illustrated by Van Abbey

"His glance fell upon a large box, on the lid of which was a brightly tinted reproduction of this super train"

BILL HUGHES was night watchman in the vast emporium of Shrills and Co., but it should be added that by no means was he of that traditional line of night watchmen possessing one eye, one leg, a continual thirst, and a clay pipe. No, he had both legs and both eyes; also being bound by the law of eight hours, he watched by day as well as by night. Otherwise, the introductory statement can stand.

Qualifications for his quite responsible post at Messrs. Shrills had been earned as a member of the L.C.C. fire brigade at Marylebone before earning other but economically less valuable qualifications as a member of the British Expeditionary Force, 1914-1918. His working shifts varied on alternate weeks from day to night, but for eight hours of the twenty-four Bill Hughes kept a vigilant eye upon the three stories and basement that comprised Messrs. Shrills' premises, stopping in every department and where else there hung the keys with which he marked on his clock register the times of his rounds, thereby ensuring the company of the regularity of his patrol.

When he was not working for Shrills Bill Hughes was to be found in two rooms and a kitchen in Widgecombe Buildings, Elephant and Castle, or if not there then immediately opposite in Battersby House, indistinguishable from Widgecombe Buildings save that it was on the other side of the street. In Battersby House, on the first floor, lived Mrs. Gladys Price and her small son Billy. Gladys was the widow of Bill Hughes' great friend, Archie Price, who had succumbed to an overdose of shrapnel in or about Villiers-Coublay in 1918. The same shell had also done considerable damage to Bill Hughes, but the damage had fortunately been capable of some repair, insufficient, however, to allow him to pursue the profession of putting out fires for the L.C.C. That is why Bill had become a night watchman. Archie Price had left a son as well as his widow, and Bill Hughes had been left godfather to this Bill, now aged six.

Four times a week, or whenever he could think of a good enough excuse to justify a visit, Bill Hughes mounted the stairs of Battersby House to see his godson and Gladys. The middle of Christmas week found him on early day duty at Shrills', though on the day following he would transfer to the later shift, seven till three in the morning. Anyway, when he returned on his last early day he went up to Gladys Price's rooms to ask her to go to a cinema. At least, that was the pretext of the visit; it didn't matter whether they went out or stayed in as long as he saw Gladys.

Young Billy, his godson, was poring over the Christmas edition of Messrs. Shrills' catalogue, presented by Bill senior some weeks back, when he entered.

"Hello, Billy, buying yourself a motor car for mother?"

"Not quite, Uncle." Bill Hughes was "Uncle" to his godson. "I like this train better'n that."

He pointed to what the catalogue excitingly described as

"Fastest Model Electric Train,"

and repeated, almost by heart, what he had read a hundred times to himself:—

"This beautifully constructed model train is an exact replica of the electric locomotive used on London's Underground railway system, and can be operated from the ordinary electric light current in any house. Price, complete with rails, rheostat, and two carriages, 220/-. Postage free."

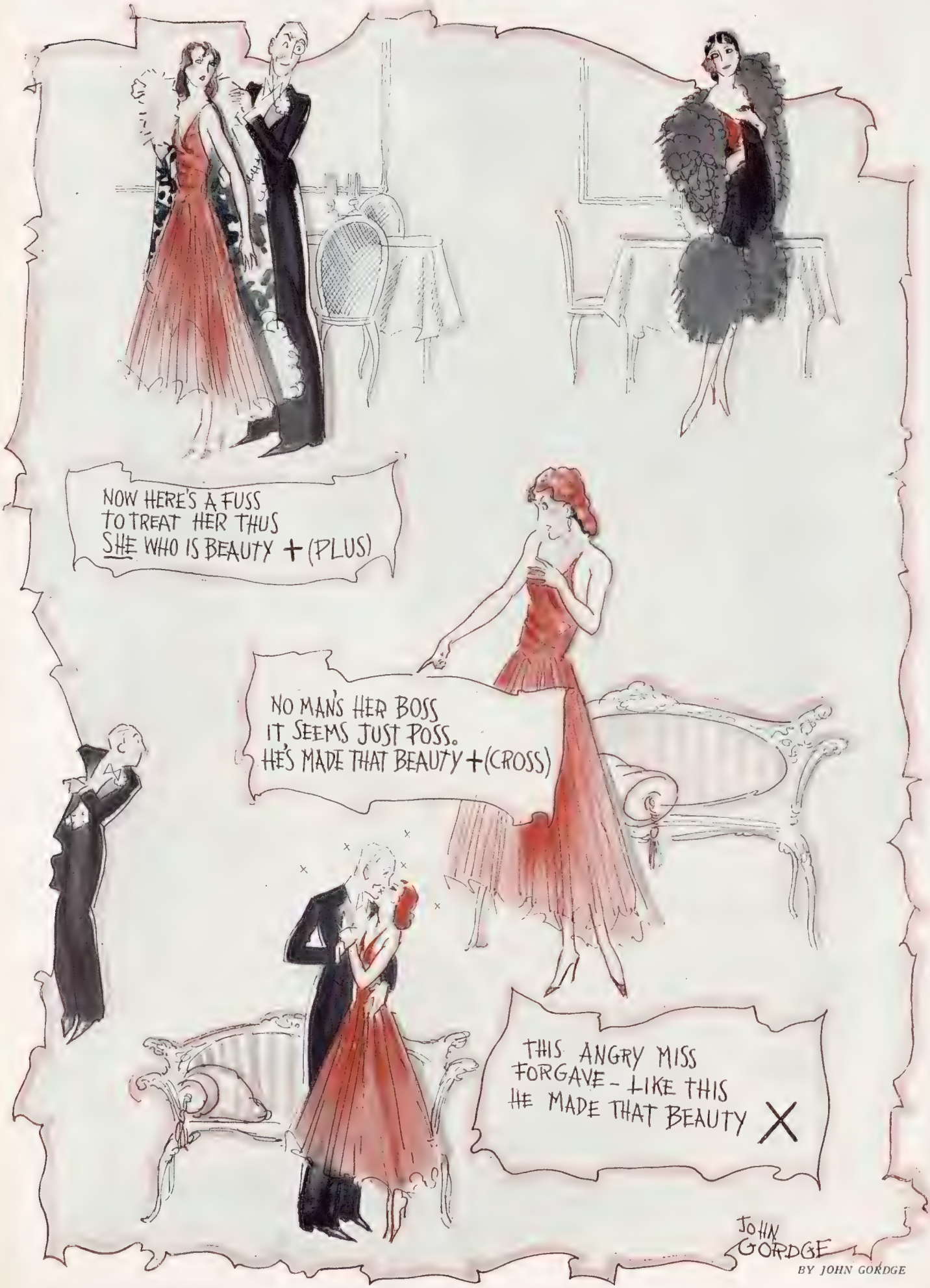
"Well, postage's cheap enough."

But thought of the train was too precious to let young Billy see any fun in his Uncle's remark. His eyes remained fixed on the picture of the train. He sighed.

"It'd be wonderful to have a train like that, Uncle."

"P'raps you will one day, Billy, but it sounds a bit heavy

(Continued on page 50)

CROSS PURPOSES!

BY JOHN GORDGE

BY STARR WOOD

IN THE CLOUDS

THE GREATEST GIFT (continued from page 47)

for old Father Christmas to bring along. An' he might get an electric shock." A suggestion that seemed to please Bill Hughes more than Billy.

"As a matter of fact, Billy," his Uncle continued, "I've seen that train in the shop."

"Coo, Uncle! Tell us about it."

Uncle Bill Hughes had seen the "Fastest Model Electric Train" in the toy department of Messrs. Shrills, displayed to catch the eye of parents and their children during the Christmas shopping. Billy's eyes grew bright at this partial materialisation of the cherished train, and Uncle Bill had to tell him so much about it that his descriptive resources were almost exhausted when little Billy's mother entered and rescued him from the ordeal.

"Hello, Bill, I didn't hear you come in."

"Mum! Mum! Uncle Bill's seen the train! 'E's been telling me all about it!"

"Well, perhaps if you're a good boy and go to bed quick you'll dream about it."

Billy looked crestfallen. Bed always came to spoil his happier moments.

"Uncle says it goes as fast as I can run," he continued, hoping to postpone departure.

"Well, you run off to bed, there's a good boy, it's past eight o'clock!"

Billy closed the precious catalogue and, after a long and affectionate look at the vividly coloured cover portraying Messrs. Shrills as a munificent Father Christmas distributing the multifarious gifts their departments could provide, he put it reverently away upon an upper shelf of the dresser.

"Good night, Uncle Bill."

"Good night, Billy, and p'raps if you dream hard enough the train'll come true."

Billy smiled wanly and having kissed his mother went into the adjoining room.

"He does enjoy that catalogue you gave him, Bill. He never leaves it. The things 'e's bought in his imagination would fill a house. Poor boy, I'm afraid that's about as near as 'e'll get to 'em. Just goin' to work, Bill?"

"No, just coming off. I'm on late to-morrow.' Bill scratched the floor with his foot. "As a matter of fact, Gladys, I came over to ask if you'd come to a cinema. They say there's rather a good detective thriller on at the Marbury all this week."

"Oh, Bill, I'm sorry. I promised to go with Bert Horl."

"Bert 'Orl? Who's 'e?"

"You know, Bill, I met him at Aunt Esther's. Nice sort o' chap. Seen quite a bit of 'im lately." Her voice softened. She knew Bill Hughes was thinking of Bert Horl as he thought of every man she ever met. "I'm sorry, Bill; if I'd known before I'd 'ave loved to 'ave come with you, as you know."

There was a knock on the door and she went to open it. The "nice sort of chap" entered.

"'Ello, Gladys."

"Evening, Bert."

Bill Hughes looked glum. Using her Christian name already, he noticed.

"Bert, this is a very old friend, Mr. Hughes. Bill, this is Bert Horl, a friend of Aunt Esther's."

"Pleased, I'm sure," said Bill, giving his hand, though his pleasure was decidedly not apparent. Bert Horl was a brisk young man with an equally brisk moustache and bright eyes, and as Bill looked at him he had the immediate feeling of having seen him or met him before. In other circumstances he would no doubt have found Bert Horl a pleasant fellow enough, but as he felt he never wanted to see him again he made no mention of a possibly previous encounter.

"I suppose I'd better be movin'," he suggested after a somewhat awkward silence following the introduction. "Good night, Gladys. See you to-morrow, perhaps." "Good night," he added to Horl, and opening the door he left to spend a lonely evening while Gladys went with her Bert to the pictures.

Poor Bill, his the unhappy lot of unavailing love. His the part of those who are but women's footstools, so seldom able to reach their hearts. He had been a willing footstool to Gladys ever since Archie Price's death. After four years of widowhood he had asked her to marry him, but Gladys had said she could only love him as a friend. In the ensuing years others had come to ask Bill's question while he sat by upon a rack of jealousy. When each departed, unsuccessful hope would rise again that she might turn to him, but she never had turned to anybody. Once he had asked her why and she had said: "I was in love with Archie and I've not found love again. Maybe I never will."

When Bill took up duty the following evening, which was the night before Christmas Eve, the staff of Messrs. Shrills were just leaving. Bill wore his customary dark blue waistcoat with brass buttons and alpaca sleeves, and on his head the small "fatigue" cap, like a sailor's, that gave his face a jaunty, humorous twist and

(Continued on page 54)

"'That's all right, Gladys. I'm sure I wish you the best of everything; and we'll still stay friends, won't we, Gladys?'"

UNRECORDED HISTORY

BY FRANK FORD

"When I last saw that jade she hadn't a rag to her back"
"Then, Sirrah, you should ha' knocked ere you went in!"

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Indigestion yields to *fluid* Magnesia.

Only fluid magnesia should be taken by Adults or given to Infants.

Solid or powdered magnesia has been proved by eminent Chemists to cause trouble by forming hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

Dinneford's Magnesia is fluid and has been proved for over 100 years to be invaluable for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

MARK ALL YOUR PERSONAL AND HOUSEHOLD LINEN WITH

Cash's NAMES

Woven on fine white cambric tape in red, black, green, gold, helio, sky, or navy blue lettering. The neatest and most efficient method of marking.

5/- for 12 dozen

3/9 for 6 dozen **2/9** for 3 dozen

Supplied at short notice by all drapers and outfitters.

Can also be supplied on a slightly wider tape suitable for names and addresses, 2 doz. **3/6**; 4 doz. **4/6**

J. & J. CASH, Ltd. (Dept. P.9), **COVENTRY**

SAMPLES and list of Styles sent free on application.

TOP-HATTED POLICE

Strange to our eyes, but familiar to Victorians as Wright's Coal Tar Soap is to ours.

The Victorians remember, knew all about Wright's Coal Tar Soap, praised its tenderness to tender skins, were charmed by the absence of artificial scent. It is a far cry from 1864 to 1929, yet people say the same of it to-day. A wonderful soap indeed, not merely cleanses but safeguards health. What a feeling of exhilaration follows its use!

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet. *Bath size 10d.*

THE FIRST SPECIAL HOSPITAL IN LONDON FOR THE TREATMENT OF CANCER

NO LETTERS. **NO PAYMENTS.**

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of cancer. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** For Building Extensions, the first part of which will be Wards for Middle-Income Patients who can contribute towards their cost.

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Please send cheques crossed Coutts & Co. to the Secretary

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)

Founded 1851. Research Institute built 1910.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Banker—COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C. J. Courtney Buchanan, *Secretary.*

BY STAN TERRY

PUSS IN THE CORNER

THE GREATEST GIFT (*continued from page 50*)

showed the sides of his grey-black hair. As he settled down in his box he was hailed by a hundred "Good nights" from departing workers. Bill Hughes was a likeable fellow, but that is a characteristic of most firemen, dustment, postmen and milkmen. One in the hurrying stream stopped to speak to him.

"Evening, Miss Brans. Haven't seen you about lately."

"No, Mr. Hughes, I've been away with a go of 'flu."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Lucky you got well in time for Christmas. Going away for the holiday?"

"Don't think so, Mr. Hughes. Think I'll be one of the lonely ones."

He looked up at the rather pretty, faded face, with its snub nose between grey eyes. Miss Brans had been on the staff of Messrs. Shrills almost as long as Bill.

"I hope you get all the more presents to make up for it, then," he added encouragingly.

"And the same to you, Mr. Hughes. Good night."

"Good night," Miss."

At a quarter to eight he set off on his first round of the building. He descended to the basement: Seeds and Garden Requisites, Household Linen, Pictures, Picture Frames, Artists' Materials, Ironmongery. From there he "clocked" his way to the ground floor: Drapery, Men's Wear, Motor Cars, Tobacco, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Fresh Provisions, Perfumery, more Fancy Goods, Boots and Shoes, Banking. In the banking department was a small door leading into the street for the convenience of directors and those working late in the bank. It was forbidden to the rest of the staff. The door, near which was one of the keys that Bill Hughes had to insert in his clock to record the times of his patrol, had two automatic locks, and was impossible to open from the outside. Bill Hughes always shot an additional bolt when he had ascertained that no one was left in the department. This he now did, and then passed on upstairs to the first floor: More Ironmongery, Turnery, Silver and Electroplate, Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Drugs, Chemists, Surgical Instruments, Drapery and Millinery.

Lit only by single lights the empty store was eerily silent after the noise and liveliness of the day. Dust sheets covered much of the material that was exposed during the shopping hours, and the dim light made fantastic shadows on the white covers, dark fingers that sped away like phantoms in the gloom. But Bill Hughes was accustomed to the ghostly silence. His practised glance swept over counters and floor, into corners and passages, seeing nothing was amiss in the house of Shrills. He came to the second floor: Hairdressing, Chiropody, Optical and Scientific Instruments, Gramophones, Music, Pianofortes, Sports and the Toy Section. In this gay fairyland Bill stopped. Vast rocking-horses, like prehistoric animals with flaming eyes, enormous Teddy bears, prodigious rabbits, dolls' houses, ships, forts, games, flying tops, humming tops, electric tops, gyroscope tops, clockwork toys, clockwork donkeys and dancers, clockwork trains, steam and electric trains and all their jolly paraphernalia of signals, stations, lamps and rails, and in the midst of this playtime paradise "The Fastest Model Electric Train." It was laid out in a big oval, the lovely chocolate-coloured locomotive and its attendant coaches. Bill gazed at the magnificent toy that young Billy had shown him in the catalogue. "Only 220/-" he read. Two hundred shillings well out of the reach of a purse such as his.

How he'd like to give that to young Billy! Hear his whoop of glee, see his quiet eyes dance with excitement. What a present! How proud he'd be to show it to his friends. He could fit it on to the electric light and play with it for ever and ever—or until his mother remembered how much it was adding to the light bill. But Gladys would love to see him happy with it, too. It would please Gladys as much as Billy, and Bill Hughes was always ready to find new ways of pleasing her. His glance fell upon a large box, on the lid of which was a brightly tinted reproduction of this super-train. He lifted it. Inside was the set of the complete train. Ready for anyone with two hundred and twenty shillings, postage free. He put the lid back and continued his round. While he walked he pictured himself standing before Gladys's door, the large box under his arm.

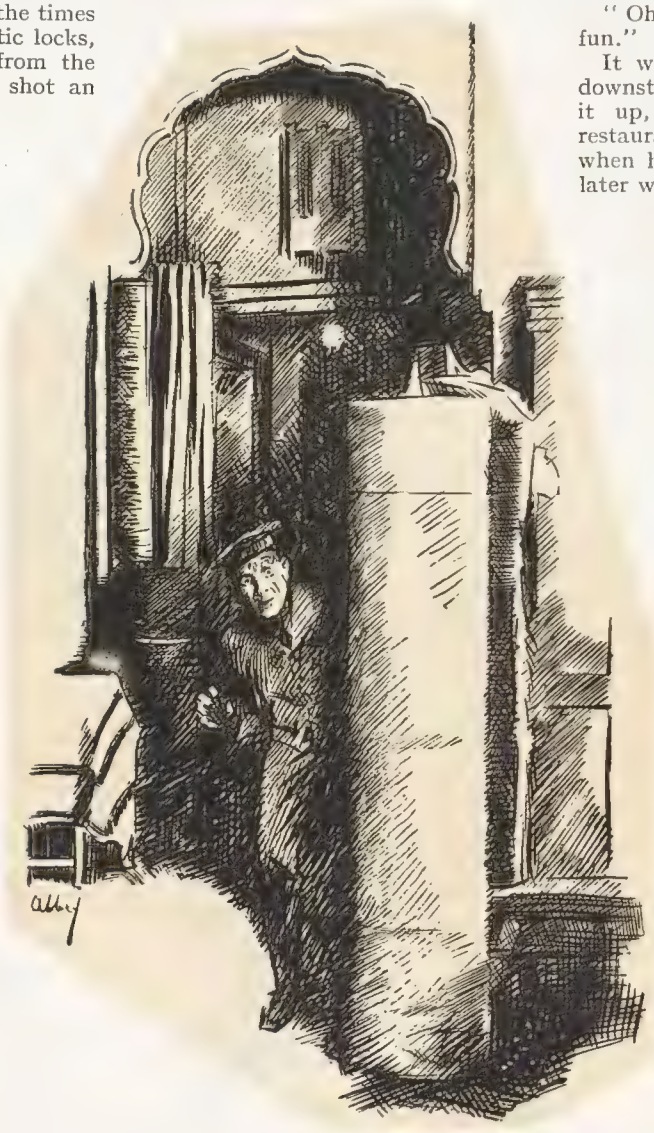
"Why, what's that, Bill?"

"Nothin' much, Gladys. Just a bit of a present for Billy."

Then she would see it. "Oh, Bill! You shouldn't have!"

"Oh, well, 'tain't often he has much fun."

It would be easy to take that box downstairs on his next round, to wrap it up, slip outside to the all-night restaurant where he often took a bite when he came off duty, and collect it later when he left. It was not until he had completed these nefarious thoughts that it suddenly occurred to him that he was contemplating theft. That the likely consequence of theft was prison, and if not prison then dismissal. It took two hours to cover the entire building, and he arrived back in his box at ten o'clock. At half-past he would set off again. He ate a little supper and glanced at an evening paper, but in it he seemed to see nothing but advertisements for Christmas presents—presents for grown-ups, presents for children, pictures of toys, pictures of trains. Really, it would be easy to remove that box. Shoplifting was very prevalent at this time, and if they did not attribute it to that they might not miss it from stock until after the Christmas holidays. He saw himself once again before Gladys. After such a gift she might even feel that, after all, it wouldn't be so bad to be his wife.



"He passed through the multitude of departments, inquiring of the slightest sound, examining any suspicious patch of shadow"

At half-past ten he set out on his second round, this time ascending to the top floor (Church Furniture, Funeral Requirements, Undertaking, Carpet Furnishing, Building Materials, Information and

(*Continued on page xvi*)

A Gift that brings Happy Memories

Player's Please

A decorated tin of Player's 'Medium' Navy Cut Cigarettes offers a delightful means of expressing the Season's Greetings and Goodwill

50's at 2'6
100's at 4'10
150's at 7'3
also in blue Card Boxes of
25 for 1'3

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

NCC.729A

TYPE 2514.
Wavelengths covered
200–600 *metres.*
1000–2000 *metres*

PRICE, complete with valves ready to plug into the A.C. house electric mains,
£23 : 0 : 0

THE MODERN TOUCH TO AN OLD FESTIVAL

Put a new note in the Christmas chorus—make it a Merry Radio Christmas. Let your radio be Philips All-Electric. Firstly because it works straight off the A.C. Electric Mains and needs no batteries. Secondly because it is the simplest thing in the world to operate and a long list of British and Continental Stations comes within its range. Thirdly because Philips inaugurated the All-Electric era in radio and have specialised in its development. Consequently you are assured of completely reliable apparatus.

Ask for a demonstration.

PHILIPS RADIO

PHILIPS ALL ELECTRIC RADIO

L.10.

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., RADIO DEPT., PHILIPS HOUSE, 145, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

HAIRY CAREY'S SON

BY STELLA BENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK OLDHAM

"Can you not tell me the name of the ridge?"
"Ca-aw's zed za"
'Cow's Head? Do you really mean that the ridge is called Cow's Head?"
"Ya-azza"

"My father," said Doctor Bligh, "lived on this island about a hundred years ago. . . . Seems a long time ago, doesn't it, but . . . well, let's see . . . where are we now . . . nineteen hundred—yes—I'm over sixty, and my father was over sixty when I was born. He lived here as a boy; he was born in Cardiff in 1785. . . ."

All the way south from New York Doctor Bligh had been *not* saying this. Ridiculously melodramatic though the conclusions were that might be drawn from the information that a harmless elderly passenger's father had lived on Lily Island a hundred years ago—drawn they might be, and especially by a facetious joker like Captain Fink.

"A hundred years ago on Lily Island," mused the captain in arch meditation. "Why—then he must have been a pirate!"

"There—you see!" said Doctor Bligh to himself. "You see what havoc three brandies and sodas after midnight can do with one's privacy!" However, the confidential impetus was irresistible now. Besides, it was such a good retort to the captain's waggishness. "He *was* a pirate," said Doctor Bligh, leaning dramatically forward, and then throwing himself back in his chair as if to watch the resulting excitement.

There was no excitement. The captain of the Rising Day, who suffered from a strong quivering spasm of the breath when amused, gave but a faint exhibition of it now, and rubbed his nose. What a silly old man this was, he thought. The old ass has been talking of the criminal frivolity of hospital nurses all the way during the voyage, and now he says his father was a pirate. "We get quite a lot of pirate yarns told us, one way or another," sighed the captain. "But I don't remember hearing of any famous pirate on Lily Island called Bligh."

"He changed his name—when Queen Victoria came to the throne. That was when he ceased to be really proud of his past. His real name was Carey."

"Good Lord! Not Hairy Carey?" cried the captain, checking his tumbler three inches from his lips.

Doctor Bligh looked at him in some alarm. "I didn't know it was such a well-known name on Lily Island. If I had known it was a byword I wouldn't have told you the name."

"It's so long ago," said the captain. "I don't think I should trouble to be shy about it, if I were you. Anyway, Hairy Carey didn't leave a scoundrelly reputation, you know—not like the man they called the Old Duke. Carey didn't have time—he was just a kid, I believe, when piracy was stamped out. The only thing they say about him, as far as I know, is that he grew a beard when he was twelve, and that he fell through a hole in an inland cave once and bobbed up like a cork fifty yards out at sea. There's a song that the niggers sing about it—that's the only reason why Lily Island remembers Hairy Carey—because it rhymes with such useful words as scarey and wary and fairy. . . ."

"What are you laughing at?" asked Doctor Bligh.

"I'm not laughing," laughed the captain. "I was looking at Young Rummie here, collecting information about Hairy Carey—and collecting it through his mouth, apparently . . ."

Doctor Bligh turned irascibly to follow the direction of the captain's look. Young Rummie, the ship's boy, with his back to the two men, was fiddling with some glasses on a tray. His innocent young neck was claret-coloured with embarrassment.

"HAVE you come to Lily Island to hunt for your father's buried treasure?" persisted the wheezing captain. "Got a chart drawn in blood, and everything just so?" Doctor Bligh saw his roguish, distorted eye through the bottom of his tumbler, and wished he could throw something at it, and distort it for good and all.

"No," he said shortly. "My father had a good position in the tobacco trade in England. He never made a penny out of the adventures of his boyhood." How undignified it was, thought Doctor Bligh, for a respectable general practitioner to be mixed up with the kind of story that excites cabin-boys and causes negroes to burst into song! Why on earth had he brought the subject up? It had been perfectly safe in his own mind. Really, of course, it had never been safe at all since he had found that paper It had seethed so much in his mind that it was bound sooner or later to bubble over the brim before he could stop it. "My father had a sentimental fondness for this island," added Doctor Bligh. "As a very old man, especially, he often fancied himself on Lily Island. But it was a purely sentimental feeling, and it is on purely sentimental grounds that I have long wished to visit an island that my father held in such happy memory."

"There isn't much sentiment on Lily Island," said the captain. "Or much of anything else either, for that matter."

"Well, good-night," said Doctor Bligh, finding to his surprise as he stood up that his feet were a little unsteady, even though the Rising Day was at anchor and perfectly motionless. "I have to get up early to-morrow, if I want to get my walk over before the sun gets too hot."

On the deck, on the way to his cabin, the doctor paused and looked at Lily Island across a stretch of striped glass water polished by moonlight. The low uneven land was blurred black against the sky.

Doctor Bligh was saying this phrase to himself: "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick" Whenever he thought of that phrase he felt a certainty and then a sort of squirm. What an absurd position to be in—if one wore woollen underclothes and weighed two hundred pounds—to be the reluctant slave of a romantic quest. It was as though he had been mysteriously impelled to find joy in the possession of a pop-gun and the taste of bull's eyes.

"PLEESSA," said a voice near him. He turned to see the tiresome freckled face of Young Rummie. "Pleessa—I couldn't help hearing what you was talking about in there sa. Pleessa *please* may I come with yousa, to look for your father's treasure-sa. I bin to the island often before-sa, and I'm strong and usefulsa . . ."

"Good God, boy," snapped the doctor. "What *are* you talking about? My father's treasure, indeed! Do I look like a man with a father who had any treasure? My father lived for fifty years after he left this island. If he had any treasure or knew of any treasure why should he have left it here or anywhere else without coming to get it? You go to hell, and stay there."

"I thought you told the cap'n your father was Hairy Carey-sa."

"Go to hell," repeated Doctor Bligh, but a little more doubtfully now. Was it possible that the boy had heard or found something on the island? "What do you know about Carey?"

"On'y that he was about my age-sa—and that song about him . . ." And the irritating child began to sing in the creaking voice peculiar to the middle teens.

"Where-a you been, Hairy Carey?
Down-do-down, I bin drowned,
You go an' ask the green growin' fishes
Down-do-down,
Down-do-down what I found."

"What were boys coming to!" exclaimed Doctor Bligh to himself. "Butting into the treasure hunts of their elders and betters and insisting on singing to them, uninvited, in the middle of the night. Captain Fink was mistaken, if you *must* know. My father was no pirate. He was very much interested in tobacco culture, and came here some years ago to make experiments."

"Yessa," said the boy with docility.

"There were no pirates in his day."

"Nosa."

"Anything else you want to ask me?" asked Doctor Bligh in a withering voice.

"Nosa. On'y—please, *pleessa* let me come with you on your treasure huntsa . . ."

DOCTOR BLIGH walked furiously away to his cabin. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick," he thought. He carried always in his inner pocked the scrap of unexplained paper found between the pages of an old notebook labelled Heaven's Sugar Farm. The writing—on the torn-out flyleaf of a book called "Beauty's Dower," published in London by Mr. Atkinson, MDCCXC—was not his father's writing. It was a mincing deliberate hand, and seemed almost as if idle fingers had gone over it again and again, crossing and super-crossing t's, dotting i's with galaxies of stars, adding frills to the capital letters. There was nothing to explain what it meant, or who scribbled it so, or how it got there among the papers of a reformed pirate. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick . . ." Doctor Bligh had first seen this scrap of paper on going through his father's possessions forty years ago, when the old

Continued on page 60)

SHOULD ELDERLY DOCTORS GO TREASURE - SEEKING?

That brilliant novelist and story-writer Miss Stella Benson answers the question as far as it concerned Doctor Bligh in the complete short novel, "Hairy Carey's Son," which appears on these pages. Miss Benson has travelled widely and her picture of Lily Island, whither comes Doctor Bligh to recover the pirate's treasure, bears the stamp of first-hand knowledge.

"Before him he now saw an abrupt pit, showing bottomless to the scope of matchlight. Doctor Bligh began to quake. 'I must get out of this,' he thought 'Why did I come down here?'"

(An illustration by Oldham to "Hairy Carey's Son," by Stella Benson)

HAIRY CAREY'S SON
(continued)

man died. At the time it had made no impression on him at all, for he had been a sober, single-hearted young doctor filled with the determination to do good and make good. Now that the paper had become almost an obsession with him, he found it difficult to understand how he could have seen it so indifferently in his hot youth. But really his youth had never been more than tepid—only in his mysteriously warmed-up middle age had Doctor Bligh suddenly found that duty was not enough. Anything would have done as a hot sauce for too thoroughly iced duty—golf, stamp collecting, the Primrose League, Angora rabbits. Only it happened to be buried treasure. An idle rediscovery of the scrap of paper, and some idle speculation upon its meaning had lighted a discreet fuse which led to an explosion of fantastic convictions about an actual buried treasure on Lily Island. And with the thought of buried treasure, all kinds of romantic and grisly half-recollections had found their way into Doctor Bligh's consciousness. His imagination added ambiguously, fragment by fragment, to his memory of what old Bligh—late Hairy Carey—had said from time to time fifty years ago. "It wasn't so much that the Old Duke was a murderer—he didn't murder people who crossed him, exactly. . . . There was none of the traditional pirate scenes in his ship—she was just dirty and dull, and as much like your modern tramp steamers as a schooner can be—with just that wicked freak of speed thrown in. But there was a sort of indirect curse on everything the Old Duke touched—he didn't murder a man who offended him, but he made a murderer of that man—and in such a way that it wasn't generally the dead man that was most to be pitied. So his property was always safe; he protected it with the *irrelevance* of his cruelty. It was to everyone's interest, somehow, not to offend the Old Duke." Had the old pirate said something like that, or had his son imagined it all, in the light of this new, inexplicable, romantic brooding?

DR. BLIGH slept, and dreamed that he looked from the deck of the Rising Day and saw, on the island, a broad road apparently leading up easily to a terrace between the hoofs of a colossal golden cow upon the skyline. And yet, in his dream, he could not start on his walk along the road because there was no boat in which he could be rowed ashore, nor anyone to row him—only, in the distance, elusive so that the frantic dreamer sought him in vain, a singer singing in a faint, wild treble voice.

Captain Fink had early breakfast with his passenger in the morning. "Young Rummie can row you ashore," he said. "And you'd better arrange with him where he shall meet you and at what time. Unless you'd like to take him and walk along to the Cove, three or four miles south, and meet us there. We have to drop down there for a few dozen crates of fruit when we've finished the little bunch now alongside. We'll be there about sunset. We go out at high water to-morrow."

"I'll do that alone," said Doctor Bligh. "I don't fancy that Young Rummie. He follows me about like a dog."

"He doesn't want to lose sight of the son of Hairy Carey, eh?" said the captain with an attack of his merry asthma. "Oh, come on, even you must have been young once. . . ."

Young Rummie rowed the little boat energetically over the gorgeous green water. Doctor Bligh, looking down, could see half-defined shapes in the water—peacock-coloured shadows that melted before they could be realised. The little beaked garfish skidded, splintering light and spray, from the tip of one wave to another. A great heart-shaped sting-ray slid across a patch of pearl-green sand thirty feet below, with a rolling ripple of its frills. In the distance, sober somersaulting fins marked the progress of three or four grampuses, wheeling in slow suspended acrobatics across the roof of their green world.

"PLEASE, *pleessa*, let me come with you to-day. Pleessa, I'm sorry to go on botherin' you, but I can't bear it—I can't bear not to go-sa. . . . It may be the last chance I get, goin' after treasure-sa. I'm *born* to go after treasure-sa—pleessa, *please* give me a try-sa. I'm such a resourceful feller-sa—it might just make the difference to finding the ——"

"How many times am I to tell you, you young fool ——," shouted Doctor Bligh, "that there's no question of treasure. Didn't you hear me tell you—my father was here planting pineapples and ——"

"Tobacco-sa."

"I said *pineapples*. As I told you, I am thinking of investing . . . I mean investigating. . . ." He broke off. "What's the matter with me?" he thought irritably. "Going on lying . . . as if it was worth while explaining anything to this pink rat of a boy. What he really needs is a good whipping." Yet, looking along the little boat at Young Rummie's ugly shining face, bobbing backwards and forwards as he rowed, Doctor Bligh, with that inconsequence he was now coming to recognise as one of the perils of middle age, felt unexpectedly tolerant. A tooth was missing in front of Young Rummie's broad mouth, and somehow this chink in the otherwise tough rubber armour of his youth made Doctor Bligh conscious of the anxious, desperately expectant heart beating beneath that dirty and childishly narrow singlet. As if, with the disclosure of the lost tooth, a tiny window had been opened.

"I don' cair-sa," said Young Rummie, I must—I *must* foller you-sa, whatever you say-sa. . . . I hope you'll forgive me-sa—when I've proved my worth . . ."

"If you want to inform yourself about pineapples under cultivation," said Doctor Bligh, grinding his teeth with anger. "Follow me and be damned to you."

THE little village of Corkscrew Bay squatted under its crooked palms and casuarinas on a bend in the narrow harbour. On the striped sand and seaweed beach, as the little boat ran ashore, white and mauve branches of coral lay among petalled shells that were like pink roses. The ragged black village children, fluttering with faded cottons, gathered on the beach to watch strangers arrive. The men of the village were preoccupied—though hardly busy—grouped about the mate of the Rising Day, listening to his curses. That agitated man, his coat off, sweat running into his eyes and dripping from his chin, stood, like a defender, beside a complicated frail fortress built of pineapple crates. He was hoarsely but rather hopelessly exhorting the crowd of negroes to get to work. The men watched him rather plaintively and passively, as though more of the sense of what he was saying reached them through their wide wet eyes, their broad clumsy polished noses, their thick open mouths—than through the ears that leaned out from their dark skulls.

"Well, all I can say is . . .," said the mate in an exhausted voice when he saw Doctor Bligh. "Give me baboons—give me the blind pups of a cross-eyed bitch—give me half-baked clams—give me ——"

"You find the islanders unintelligent?" said Doctor Bligh. "Look here, Mr. Wilkins, why don't you keep Young Rummie to help you get these crates aboard . . . he was sent here as a sort of guide to me, but as a matter of fact I'd very much rather he stayed with you."

"There's only an hour's work here," said the mate, "if only these black blighters would start on it."

"Pleessa—pleessa—*pleessa* ——" said Young Rummie under his breath to Doctor Bligh. His voice was full of panic.

"Damn you, boy ——. Well . . . I'll come back for you in an hour's time. . . . There's nothing—there's nothing to look for—but you can come if you must ——"

"Hey, you Rummie!" shouted the mate with alacrity.

FREE of his follower, Doctor Bligh strode along a narrow path that led through the high guinea grass. For the first time he wondered what actual steps he could take to decode the mysterious message and apply it to the country in front of him. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick." The whole affair from beginning to end had been so far contrary to the ordered plans of his existence that, for the first time in his life, plans had seemed wholly irrelevant. Here he was, on Lily Island, under a spell, the magic wording of which was—"Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick." Of course it was all nonsense. Surely an elderly retired doctor is free to travel when his work is done. Why should not Lily Island be as good a destination as any other for a slightly asthmatically inclined professional gentleman in search of sea air and sunlight. Doctor Bligh looked uneasily round the horizon, feeling a little homesick for the translucent and candid horizon of last night's dream. Behind him was the village, scrawled with the shadow of

(*Continued on page 63*)

WHO SAYS DEWAR'S?

Could you imagine a more timely and welcome gift for any whisky-wise friend than one of these special Dewar's flagons? The shape and design are so attractive, so unusual, the lustre of the famous Doulton ware so rich and deep and the whisky inside—Dewar's "White Label"—is one of the finest things that ever came out of Scotland! There are twelve entirely different patterns to choose from and each holds one-sixth of a gallon. Your usual supplier can give you full particulars and will show you the complete range of flagons.

EXQUISITE PERFUMES

From 12/-

AU MATIN

BOIS DORMANT

From 13/6

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

FOR CHARMING WOMEN

HAIRY CAREY'S SON (*continued from page 60*)

"Dr. Bligh, though appalled by the deep swinging water, upon hearing the last suggestion, instantly threw himself into the sea"

palms and crazy huts; behind the village was a small valley scored with pineapple rows. About Doctor Bligh, shoulder-high, was the guinea grass, varied here and there with dangling, angular jumba beans and with prickly pears and organ-pipe cactuses. The low hills all around were furred over with frizzed brush, as evenly as negroes' heads are capped with wool. A rather higher strip of land in front of the traveller was spiked along the skyline with century palms—some enclosed like giant asparagus shoots, others opened out into jejune forks and fans. Far beyond this ridge of land was a higher ridge, only one bluff of which could be seen through a cleft in the near ridge. And that far bluff—was it Doctor Bligh's imagination?—was it perhaps an effect due to the abrupt framing in the near gorge?—the resemblance was very vague—yet *was* it so vague? . . Doctor Bligh turned away for a moment to give his eyes a chance of blotting out their prejudice in favour of romance. The bluff, he now saw quite clearly, looked like a cow's head and shoulders—there was a quite bovine hump behind the shoulders. . . . It was a hornless cow, to be sure, unless one counted—but that would be foolishly fanciful—those two tall century palms as horns. The throat of the cow—that narrow, receding, flapping, pendulous throat—was very clearly suggested, thought Doctor Bligh, trying to keep quite cool and unbiased. All the same, he wished he could look at that cow's head for a second. He remembered what happened about his father's pirate stories; now, though he knew he had deceived himself, he could not say what was false and what was real in that stammering tale still echoing in his memory. (Curses of dead old pirates . . . treasure under coral bluffs—what was this confused invasion of his reasonable, elderly brain?)

HE drew in his breath as a negro woman, carrying a tall bundle crowned with boots and a trussed chicken, padded towards him round a bend in the narrow path.

"Good morning," said Doctor Bligh.

"Ma-anin' za."

"Can you tell me the name of that hill?"

"Aye za."

"What *is* its name?"

"Aye za."

"Hasn't got a name, eh?"

"Ya-azza."

"I was just thinking how like a cow's head it was. Did that ever strike you or your friends?"

The woman turned her head with smoothness and caution under her balancing bundle to look in the direction his finger indicated. "Ya-azza," she said, her opaque brown eyes searching the horizon for whatever might be the object of this unintelligible stranger's gaze.

"Like a cow—do you not think so?"

"Ca-aw za?"

"Yes, a cow's head. Can you see it?"

"Ya-azza."

"You can! Can you not tell me the name of the ridge?"

"Ca-aw's zed za."

"Cow's Head? Do you really mean that the ridge is called Cow's Head?"

"Ya-azza."

He searched her thick simple face with his eyes. Were his ears as well as his eyes biased to the point of self-deception? "Thank you so much. Good morning." He pushed along the path, combing the coarse yellow grass with his shins.

As he reached the slope up to the near ridge the grass gave place to thick brush. A little breeze made all the short unkempt palms amid the brush seem to turn their backs. The path, which could barely push between the pale-stemmed bristles of the shrubs, gave a wide berth to the clumps of sisal and the century palm with their defensive sheaves of spears, but sometimes the detour was not wide enough, and Doctor Bligh's neat, tussore trousers were soon torn, and the plump legs beneath them severely scratched.

By John Gordge

"The prisoner embezzled thousands of pounds, yet Mr. Justice MacDougal gave him only two months!"
"Well, he comes from Aberdeen, so it's amazing that he gave him anything at all!"

WHEN, gasping, he reached the top of the near ridge, one thing was certain—he would not go back for Young Rummie. He had never meant to do so. He noticed that the Cow's Head had receded—had, apparently, side-slipped to quite a different point of the compass, and to a site at least twice as far away as he had expected. Without its frame, too, it was less arrestingly—but *no*; it *was* like a cow's head! Between him and it lay a large lake—probably invisibly connected with the sea. Several of the ridges around this lake seemed to be paltry imitations of a cow's head, too, but Doctor Bligh guiltily averted his mind from this suspicion. *His* cow, he told himself firmly, looked more like a cow than ever; it must have been a famous landmark for the pirates, as it evidently now was to the negroes. After a minute's thought, Doctor Bligh decided to walk down to the lake and then follow its western shore. As far as he could see, a broadish rocky ledge formed a continuous rim to the lake; the bands of green thicket that interrupted this rocky strip seemed to him negligible from a distance. He almost ran down the slope to the water.

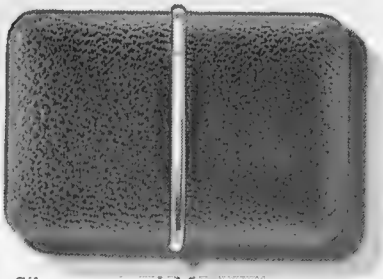
THE path he was following led straight into the lake, At its terminus lay the submerged skeleton of an old boat, with small striped fishes whisking between her ribs. Doctor Bligh began to walk along the terrace of rock beside the water. The high sun was giving a more and more breathless quality to the heat. The wind that had disturbed the palms on the ridge was still now. All the air quivered, and from the long spindling rafts of glare upon the lake splintering spears of light were aimed to pierce the sight. Doctor Bligh found it very much more difficult than he expected, to walk along the waterside. The rock was pitted with sharp-edged craters. And at every few dozen yards the rock surrendered the shore to mangroves.

Each strip of encroaching mangroves meant an obstacle of almost despairing difficulty. The mangroves sprawled in a sort of angular horizontal scaffolding over the water. Roots sloped tautly into the water like the legs of spiders. Footholds among these roots were always slanting and slippery, and were in any case treacherously concealed by the bright juicy discs of the leaves. The branches were breast high. Doctor Bligh, bruised about the shins and wet to the knees, negotiated three mangrove entanglements, and then he felt that he would rather press on in the hope of finding an end to them than return by such an arduous and revolting route. Inviting stretches of firm pale rock in front tempted him with promises of better going presently. But these promises always proved to be illusory; the mangrove strips stretched wider and wider, and finally Doctor Bligh, achieving a strip of rock after an hour's frenzied battle with fifty yards of malevolent swamp roots, gave up. He sank down almost fainting, his set, sweating face buried in his hands. The heat of the sun seemed to throb about his body. He could not keep his face covered, in spite of the glare; his hands suffocated him. He decided to drink half the brandy and water he had in his flask, and to eat one of the biscuits the steward had given him. He looked about wildly as he ate. Where the rock again surrendered to the swamp, a graceful grey bird like a small crane, too young to fly, threaded itself like a silver hook among the angular lacy intricacies of the mangroves. Its parents, less innocent about the dangers of human proximity, flew in the air above it, planing with outstretched neck and legs.

"I MUST strike inland," thought Doctor Bligh, noticing that near him a promontory of dry scrub pierced the swamp to a point quite near him. Now he realised that by following the lake shore he had lost his Cow's Head. The ridge was still there, with its two pin shapes of century palm, but perspective had completely robbed it of any suggestion of a cow. "I must strike west again across country." Certainly the matted brush could not be more heartbreaking to walk through than the mangroves were. He crossed the intervening yard or two of swamp-growth and struggled in the clawing stubborn brush, like a fly in a spider's web. At least, as he at first thought, he was spared the glare on the water. Then he realised that he was robbed also of the slight coolness of stirring air that belonged to the lake. He made slowly towards a twisted casuarina tree which, in that low thicket, seemed to stand like a memorial and spread a sanctuary of shade. Not only were the close-growing shrubs difficult to push through, but the lost man's steps were waylaid continually by deep mazy pits in the ground—sometimes ten feet deep—memories of some rolling seas long dried—holes made often perfectly circular by the bowling of imprisoned uneasy stones—galleries pierced by long departed tides between one curved cell and another. Bananas were planted in the rich black earth that lined such pits. The banana fronds, down in the pit where no wind disturbed them, would be virgin and whole, like the pages

(Continued on page 68)

Bond St Asprey London



Silver, covered Morocco.
Standard winding £10 5 0
Automatic „ 12 17 6

ERMETO
SELF-WINDING
AND
NON-FRAGILE.

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS BEEN WAITING FOR!

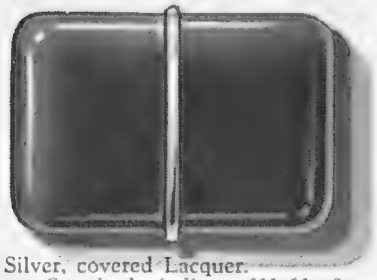
The best protected, neatest, and most reliable ever conceived.

A knock or fall does not stop its working—**the bugbear of the ordinary watch.**

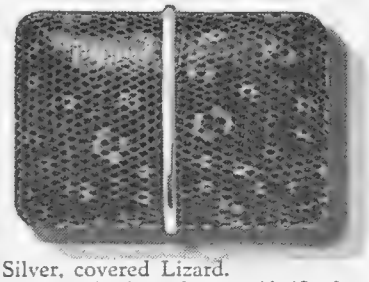
Totally enclosed in its strong outer case—it is as "safe as a turtle in its shell."

The act of opening and shutting winds it—and it has the important advantage, **it cannot be overwound.**

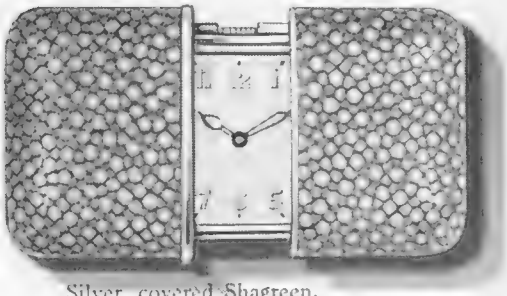
The automatic winding system is simplicity itself, and with the above advantage, is safer than the ordinary winding method.



Silver, covered Lacquer.
Standard winding £11 11 0
Automatic „ 13 17 6

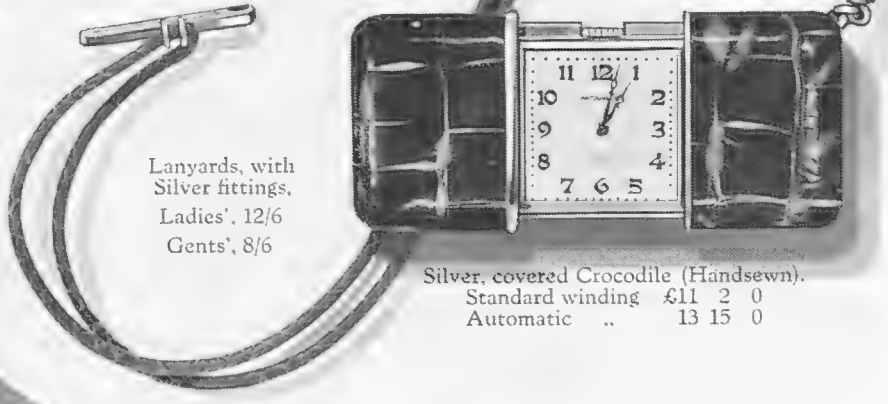


Silver, covered Lizard.
Standard winding £10 12 0
Automatic „ 13 5 0



Silver, covered Shagreen.
Green, Brown, Pink, Grey.
Standard winding £11 5 0
Automatic „ 13 17 0

Fitted with the MOVADO movement—leaders of the world at Kew and Neuchatel in 1928—the most coveted honours obtainable for watch reliability.



Lanyards, with Silver fittings,
Ladies', 12/6
Gents', 8/6

Silver, covered Crocodile (Handsewn).
Standard winding £11 2 0
Automatic „ 13 15 0

Asprey
Bond St London

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Delicious
OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
GIVES
GLORIOUS
HEALTH
P.458

BY JEFFRYES

"You'll be expected to display some agility in this show"
"I'll display anything; I'm used to revue work!"

HAIRY CAREY'S SON (*continued from page 64*)

of unread books, but the topmost plumes, which Doctor Bligh came to appreciate as warnings of the deep traps laid in the wilderness, would be tattered above earth level. He hoped that these bananas, which must have been planted by men, would mean that he would presently come upon a path or a cabin. But he reached the casuarina after hours of effort without finding any further trace of men.

THE tree stood on the edge of the low knoll, and its roots, mostly exposed, clung to the bank like knuckles. Between the roots was a blackness—the crooked mouth of a cave. Doctor Bligh walked across the band of shade he had so ardently longed for, and, in a stride and two stumbles, he was down in the cave. He found himself in a kind of antechamber in a half-light striped by gaunt and crumbling columns. Behind these columns a black passage led downward. Doctor Bligh felt in his pockets. He had a few matches—eighteen, to be exact. He was so deeply exhausted that he had but little sense, and he started down the black gallery, lighting his first match as soon as he came to the end of level ground. The passage led downward over unsteady red boulders. Some of the stones were set rolling by his tread, but he went carefully and did not fall. By the time the ground became level again he had used five matches. He tried now to be cautious, not only in actual economy of matches, but also in economy in the glances he threw here and there into each brief dazzle. He tried not to waste glances on the fluted white ceiling, the bats, the sinuous water-carvings on the walls, the fantastic half-articulate friezes of pattern, the pendulous needles of ruined coral, the pinnacled pillars aspiring from the floor. He tried to look first and last at the floor before him. It was the fourteenth match that showed a black patch on the floor immediately in front of him. He had noticed these patches before, but since they had not lain actually in his path he had passed them by without investigation. The concentration of light on this last patch seemed to be too much for the poor spirit of the match. He lit another more carefully as he crouched on the ground. Before him he now saw an abrupt pit, showing bottomless to the scope of match-light. Doctor Bligh began to quake. "I must get out of this," he thought. "Why did I come down here?" and as he turned to retreat he heard the sipping rustle of water scores of feet below in the pit. He lit another match. Behind him a ridge of rock not more than two feet across divided the fluted rims of two more pits, between which he must have walked in the fitful light without suspicion. He had one match left now.

DOCTOR BLIGH was, after all, an old man. His whole dilemma, from the beginning of the expedition till now, had been the result of an old man's rebound into melodrama, from a life spent in arduous duty and precision. The same tired old brain who had reread so hopefully the scribble on the flyleaf of "Beauty's Dower" had now failed to allocate reasonably recourses of light and time in the search. Now the thin staff of romantic excitement gave way. He sank down and lay, half huddled against the wall, for a long time.

He could hardly have slept, but he must have been sunk in a sort of trance, for when he noticed at last that a distant light shone ahead of him—how far away he could not guess—he realised that his eyes nad long been fixed senselessly upon it. He shouted; his heart nearly strangled him as the raucous echoes crashed about him, a rustle began, which he diagnosed after a moment as the bats waking in the hollows of the ceiling. The distant light did not move. He lit his last match, as an answer and an appeal to the light. No sign of recognition. Groping cautiously on hands and knees he felt the rim of the pit in front of him. His hand did not dare to leave the solid stone—he felt that if he should suddenly find clear space beneath his hand he would tip forward and fall headlong into terrible depths. But his hand made sure at last that the rim curved away from him, leaving a shelf several feet wide between the pit and the wall. He crawled along this, inch by inch, never trusting a first scouting hand, but verifying its discoveries. He gathered no courage from his successful negotiation of this pit. His imagination bored more frightful shafts of space in every direction in which he moved his tremulous hand. But after some hours of this painful progress the corner of a curtain of rock seemed suddenly lifted, and a powdering of stars spangled the space thus revealed. The farther he crawled the wider did this blessed pricked doorway into night open. The roaring of the clear sea quite near now drowned the deadly subterranean sucking and moaning of secret channels. He identified the light he had first seen as the reflection of a star in the water cup formed in the peak of a frustrated stalagmite by a too impetuous dripping from the hanging point above it. The little crater full of water, when he reached it, seemed to accumulate more than its share of light; it almost glowed. He thought it looked as brittle and fey as a moon crater. He drank the cool water most gratefully. He tried not to quicken his painful crawl as he found himself facing an apparently unobstructed passage to the stars. There might still be traps. But at last, there he was, on the lip of a cave halfway down an overhanging cliff. The sea knocked at the under surface of a deep shelf below him. Only the stars, the moon and a giddy silvered screen of vertical stone towered above him. He ate his last biscuit, finished what he had in his flask, and slept.

WHEN he awoke, after a confused and painful sleep, it was daylight, and the first thing that he realised was the next headland. It was quite close, and it was unmistakably the neck of yesterday's Cow's Head. There was that overhanging fluted flap of stone that had, from a distance, seemed to lead so appropriately from the cow's lower jaw to its chest. The romancer had seen it from a vantage point that had not been high enough to show him that nothing but the deep sea lay at the foot of the jut. Under the Cow's Lick, under the sea, his imagination had placed the fifty thousand pounds of his vision. Only the slow green waves shone at the foot of that bovine fantasy in stone. Doctor Bligh looked for a time at the hopeless face of the stone, feeling disillusionment pervade his heart. He saw suddenly, pricking out of the profile of the cliff, a pimple, a hair, a brown wart, the bows of a boat, finally the whole of a little brown fishing boat tacking along the coast.

When the boat was within hailing distance Doctor Bligh gave a loud cry. His voice sounded to him like the new voice of a dumb man. The boat turned towards the cliff. An old brown man was sitting in it picking over some small fish that lay in the wash in the bottom.

"No way da-an from thar, za," shouted the old man thinly. "You'll ha-ave to make a dive of it. Best go ba-ack through the ca-ave."

Doctor Bligh who, during the first few words had been looking down appalled at the deep swinging water, when he heard the last suggestion, threw himself instantly, all askew, from the lip of the cave into the sea. After several choking centuries he was able to breathe air, feeling incredibly low down in the world. In a moment he was grasping the old man's hand, and after a breast-bruising, shin-bruising struggle he was in the boat, treading on a squirming fish.

"You'd best a gone ba-ack troo the ca-ave, za," piped the old man.

"I'll give you anything you like to get me to the Cove before high water."

"Z'aba-at four hours' sa-ail, za," said the old man. "Yer on the wra-ang shore of Lily A-aland."

Doctor Bligh sat in the bows, getting gradually dry, looking with incredulous distaste at his scarred and bloodcaked legs—one entirely denuded of trouser from the knee down, the other clad only in tatters. He found it impossible to reconcile this sight with the fact that one month ago he had been a medical man of good standing at Monmouth. He dozed a little, presently, and when he woke he began to believe again in a probability he had lost sight of—the hope that he had a future of respectable old age at Monmouth in front of him—that all this nightmare of melodramatic misfortune was a thing that would pass.

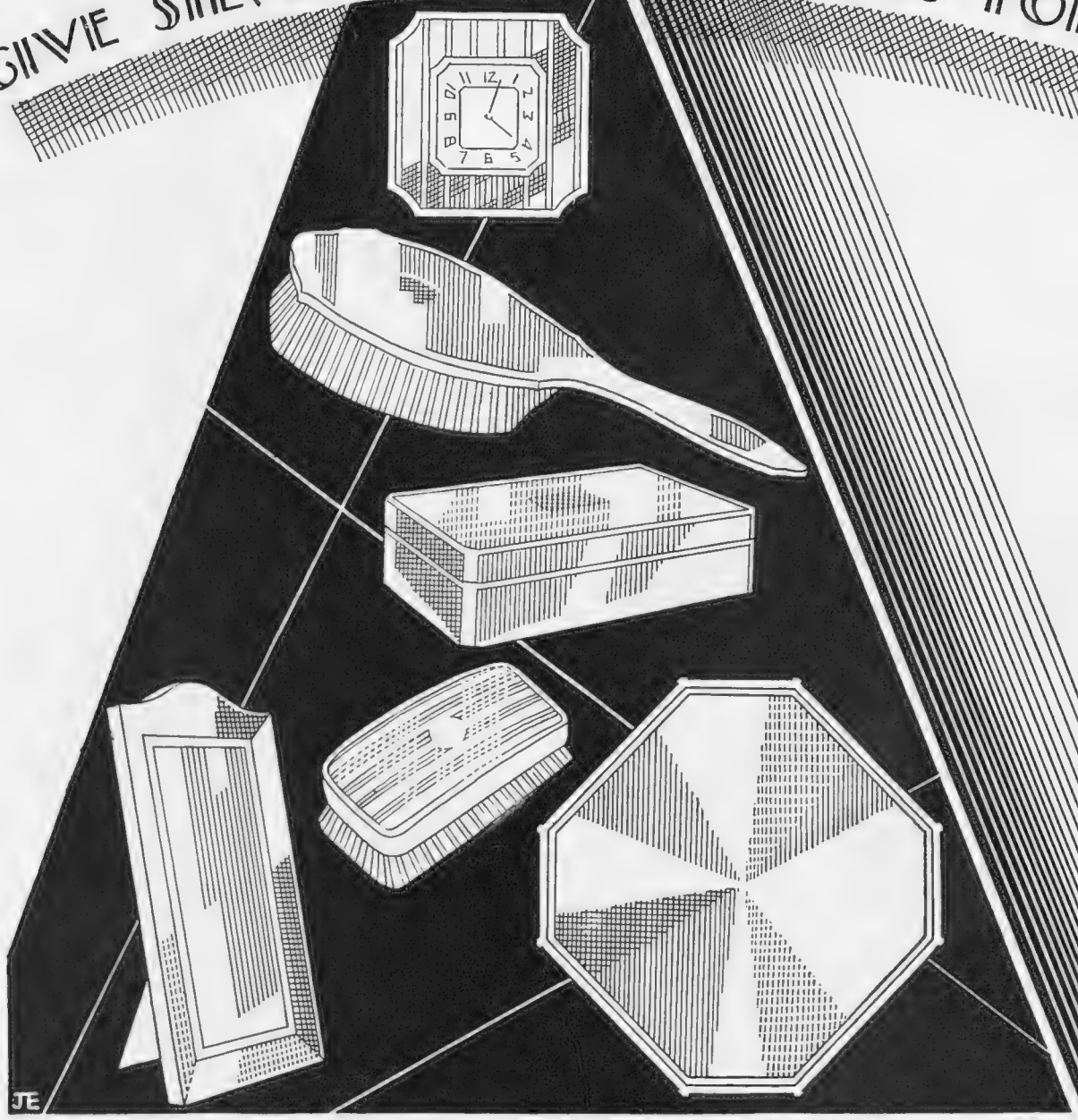
AS the little boat made the final tack that would bring it round the ultimate headland, Doctor Bligh saw for the last time the corroded overhang that had seemed to him to form a suitable finish to his Cow's Head.

"Did you ever hear of a placename like Cow's Lick connected with any spot on this island?" he asked the old fisherman.

"Nuzz'n excep' the Ca-aw's Lick they fa-and the fifty

(*Continued on page 70*)

GIVE SILVERWARE THAT LIVES FOREVER



Silver you cannot dent or break, silver that will live forever! Silver made rigid as a rock by a wonderful new process. No loose filling to crumble, no fragile joints to break. Made of the purest silver in the world—Britannia Hall-Marked *Give lasting gifts this Christmas, gifts that breathe quality and yet are not expensive.* Give B.M.C. Silverware. *Ask to see it at all leading Silversmiths and Jewellers throughout the country.*

B.M.C SILVERWARE

BRITISH METALLISING CO. LTD. B.19, Gardiner House, 10-14 Charterhouse Street, E.C.1

HAIRY CAREY'S SON (continued from page 68)

By Norman Kay

"Oh madam, madam! The master has fallen all the way downstairs!"
"Thank you, but I know it. I passed him on my way up"

tha-a-sand pa-and under," said the old man with deliberation.

Doctor Bligh stared at him, paralysed for a moment with astonishment. "*Did* they find fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick?"

"Na-za—not just like that, they didn'. . . . It's an a-alanders' sayin', that—why, ye must have heard people on the a-aland sayin' Fifty Tha-asand Pa-and under a Ca-aw's Lick. It's a sayin' fer a piece of luck. . . . My fa-ather he tol' me the true ta-aile aba-at that sayin'—how a man called Havens ha-ad a ca-aw, an' ca-aw went astray da-an to beach, an' Havens went a-lookin' fer the ca-aw an' fa-and 'er lickin' at a lomp o' salt that got thar some way, and all aroun' the ca-aw thar floated that grease stuff—hundreds a-ya-ards of that thar grease stuff—what you call that thar grease stuff that's worth sa moch money ——?"

"Ambergris?" "Yeah—a guess so—ambergris. . . . An' Havens made a fortune outa what he fa-and, an' he built a ha-ase—just a ruin now, it is—near the Cove—an' he had his da-ater eddicated—pretty girl my fa-ather useter say, but spoiled wiz bookla-arnin'—though Havens was just ornery trash himself—an' she married a judge in United Sta-aites. But Havens lost all his money when the sla-aives was freed by Queen Victoria. And that's how the sayin' comes my fa-ather useter say—Fifty Thou-asand Paa-and Under a Caa'aw's Lick."

"Beauty's Dower," thought Doctor Bligh. And he now saw it all as a romance after all—the last shred of the callow young Hairy Carey's romance. He said nothing more as the little boat ran north towards the Cove. He had looked for his destination so long, yet he reached it unexpectedly. Tacking round a headland they came abruptly in sight of the Rising Day.

"Why—woz goin' on?" exclaimed the old man, looking not at the ship but at the shore. A group of men stood on the green grassy seam that joined the white sand to the scrub. The old man sailed close inshore, and after a moment Doctor Bligh said, "Why—there's the skipper—there's Mr. Wilkins—there's Tome and Veery Joe."

"Thar's a ca-affin," said the old man. "It's a buryin'."

"Can you land me on this beach?" asked Doctor Bligh. The boat drew alongside a rough natural pier in the rock at the curve of the bay. As Doctor Bligh, conscious of his tattered trousers and peeling face, drew near to the rigid, Sunday-best-looking group, Captain Fink came to meet him.

"Well I'm damned," said Captain Fink, looking unlike himself and certainly more damned than blessed. "Where in hell did you get to, Doctor?"

"Whose grave is that?" asked Doctor Bligh.

"It's Young Rummie's . . . Good Lord, poor little brute, and he's got a mother in Cardiff and all that. . . . The kid lent a hand loading pines yesterday and Wilkins says he nearly broke his heart over it . . . seemed to think you were coming back for him or something. . . . Good Lord, I wish you *had* happened to take him along Doc. . . . Wilkins wasn't too hard on the little chap about the work—he was kind of sorry for him—the kid fretted so—God knows why—and anyway, there wasn't more than a couple of hours' work. He consoled himself eating spoilt pineapples—the niggers say he put away over a dozen—and by midnight he was off his head—raving and screaming with pain. . . . Gosh, I tried every bleeding thing I could think of—but of course I hadn't an idea really . . . . I thought you'd turn up any minute. I had a couple of men out all night looking for you . . . and one with a boat, up and down the coast. . . . I'm sure a doctor could have saved him. . . . There are three black parsons in this bloody hole and not one doctor—black or white. The kid died at sunrise."

Doctor Bligh said nothing. He walked up the beach and stood by Young Rummie's grave, dug just where the sand marched with the limit of the red rock-strewn earth. And as he stood, spent and strained, beside the grave, time seemed to spin about him—yesterday seemed almost within his grasp, and youth a thing returning, like a thunderstorm against the wind. Yesterday—that freak day astray at the wrong end of his life—he saw it glamorously now—it was terribly desirable to him—and only an hour ago he had dismissed it with relief. But—O, now—come back, deferred bright day—come back, lost gleam—lost youth. . . . S. B.

"CIGARINI" Miss JEAN COLIN.

"I really do rely on POND'S preparations to prevent my complexion being spoilt"
Jean Colin

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
BISCUITS & CAKES
Write to
HUNTLEY & PALMERS
READING
FOR A FREE COPY OF THEIR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET OF
XMAS BISCUITS & CAKES

BY R. M. C.

THE GATE-CRASHER

Tosca

Xmas Greetings

How eyes will sparkle and open wide with excitement on this morning of mornings when first she sees these exquisite toiletries, fragranced throughout with that ever delightful perfume — Tosca — Gifts as beautiful as the thought that inspired them.

Of all Dealers in High-Class Perfumes.

Tosca Perfume in Bottles at 2/6, 5/-, 6/6 and 12/6. Bottle de Luxe 12/-.

Tosca Vanishing Cream in Pots 2/6, and in Tubes 1/6.

Tosca Face Powder 2/- per Box.

Tosca Compact 2/6 Refills 1/6.

Tosca Eau de Cologne 2/6, 5/6 and 8/6 each.

TOSCA

OF "4711" REPUTE

AT HALF-PAST ONE*

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

SCENE: *A corner of a restaurant. Tables set ready for a meal are visible. As the curtain rises a smartly dressed man is seated at one on which an "engaged" label is displayed. He is about thirty-five, good-looking, and rejoices in the name of George Smith. Seated at another table close by is Phœbe Hart, a smartly dressed girl of about twenty-two. She is pretty, bright and vivacious. George is drumming with his fingers on the table, while Phœbe is reading a newspaper in a desultory manner. George takes out his watch with an expression of annoyance and replaces it in his pocket.*

PHŒBE (*suddenly laying down the paper on the table*): Excuse me, but I couldn't help seeing you looking at your watch.

GEORGE: I had reason for doing so.

PHŒBE: Of course, I know that no girl should speak to a strange man in a public place.

GEORGE (*smiling*): I believe it has been done on occasions.

PHŒBE: I'm glad to hear you say that because I do so want to ask you a question. *Would* you mind telling me the time?

GEORGE (*laughing*): Is that all? It's two-fifteen.

PHŒBE: A quarter-past two! And a friend was to meet me here at half-past one.

GEORGE: Then we're both in the same boat. I've been waiting to give a business acquaintance some food since that time, too.

PHŒBE (*with a little laugh*): What a coincidence!

GEORGE: But I don't remember seeing you when I came in here at one-twenty-five.

PHŒBE: No, I wasn't here *then*.

GEORGE: Or at one-thirty.

PHŒBE: Not quite by one-thirty.

GEORGE: Or at five-and-twenty-to-two.

PHŒBE: I was a *little* late. I suppose you didn't see anybody—a slightly bald man of about thirty with a moustache—get tired of waiting and leave?

GEORGE: No, I don't think so.

PHŒBE (*in distress*): Oh, dear! What can have become of Herbert? I do hope nothing has happened to him! It would serve me right if I lost him.

GEORGE: Only mislaid, I trust.

PHŒBE: Of course, mother didn't mean it, but we had had a few words. She wanted me to leave earlier. (*Dis-*

tressed.) She knows how Herbert hates being kept waiting.

GEORGE (*rising and going towards her*): Here, I say, easy on. Don't worry. He—er—Herbert's all right.

PHŒBE: Do you really thing so?

GEORGE: Personally, I think Herbert is treating you abominably. If I were you I should start lunch without him.

PHŒBE: That's what I'd like to do, but I can't.

GEORGE: Why not?

PHŒBE: Because I've so little money. Do you think I could get a meal here for a shilling?

GEORGE: It's a bold thought, but not worth considering twice. But I've ordered a special luncheon which will be absolutely spoilt unless it is eaten soon. Won't you share it with me?

PHŒBE: But your business friend?

GEORGE: I renounce him.

PHŒBE: But what will Herbert say?

GEORGE: I should think you'll have more to say to Herbert than Herbert will have to say to you.

PHŒBE: That's true. He's treating me abominably. I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation.

GEORGE: Good! Garçon! (*A waiter hurries on.*) I'm ready.

WAITER: Oui, Monsieur? . . .

(*The waiter leaves hurriedly.*)

GEORGE (*to Phœbe*): Won't you sit at this table?

PHŒBE: With pleasure.

GEORGE: Good!

(*The pair seat themselves.*)

PHŒBE: Would you mind . . . don't you think it would be better to remove that notice?

GEORGE: Certainly, it is rather in the way.

PHŒBE: And it makes us look rather prominent.

GEORGE (*reading the notice "engaged"*): I see, and you're engaged to Herbert.

(*He picks up the notice and places it on the floor.*)

PHŒBE (*indignantly*): No, I'm not.

(*The waiter enters with melon, which he places before the pair.*)

GEORGE: Then I shall enjoy my luncheon with extra relish. (*To the waiter*): Open the champagne. (*To Phœbe*): So you're not engaged to Herbert?

PHŒBE: No, but mother wants me to be.

GEORGE: How long have you known—er—Herbert?

PHŒBE: About five years.

GEORGE: Your mother must be of a very hopeful disposition.

PHŒBE: Oh, she is, very. Her hobby is keeping chickens in the hope of making them pay. I look after them.

GEORGE: You could be better employed.

PHŒBE: How?

GEORGE: Looking after me.

PHŒBE: *You* don't want looking after.

GEORGE: Yes, I do. Directly I saw you I thought what a topping girl you were. You struck me all of a heap. I wanted to leap from my chair, rush to you and say . . .

WAITER: Are you ready for the Salmon Mayonnaise, sir?

GEORGE (*angrily*): Clear out!

(*The waiter leaves hurriedly.*)

GEORGE: Do you believe in love at first sight?

PHŒBE: I don't know. I'm not sure.

GEORGE: Did you love Herbert at first sight?

PHŒBE (*laughing*): No, nor at second sight either.

GEORGE: Good! I didn't believe in love at first sight till I saw you.

PHŒBE (*hurriedly*): Don't let this dish get cold.

* *All dramatic rights reserved.*

GEORGE (*looking down at his plate*): It's iced melon.

PHŒBE (*surprised*): So it is!

(*They both laugh.*)

GEORGE (*struck with an idea*): Good lord! As yet I don't know your name!

PHŒBE: My name's Hart.

GEORGE: A kind heart, I'm sure. But what's your Christian name?

PHŒBE: Phœbe.

GEORGE: Phœbe! My favourite name. Mine's George. (*Anxiously*): Do you like the name of George?

PHŒBE: I—I—think so.

GEORGE: But I've got a terrible secret to reveal. My surname is Jones. (*Anxiously*): What's Herbert's?

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Look at the lovely wireless set I got to-day, Peter. It's marvellous and so cheap, only twenty shillings a month"

"For how many months?"

"Oh, heavens! I quite forgot to ask!"

PHŒBE: Smith!

GEORGE (*with relief*): Good! I was horribly afraid it might be Marjoribanks, or Cholmondeley or something of that sort. I feel I have a chance against a plain Smith.

PHŒBE: Oh, he's not so bad looking as that.

GEORGE: Do you like me?

PHŒBE: I haven't known you very long

GEORGE: Do you think you'd get to like me?

PHŒBE: Give me time.

GEORGE: Give you time! That's just what I'd like to do! I'd like to give you a life sentence, and I'd share it with you. I wouldn't keep you waiting like Herbert did to-day.

PHŒBE: Oh! I was forgetting all about him.

GEORGE: And a good thing, too. Disgraceful treatment, I call it. Leaving you in the lurch like that.

PHŒBE: It was really too bad of him, but he's never done such a thing before.

GEORGE: Ha! That shows he's tiring of you.

PHŒBE: Do you think so?

GEORGE (*with conviction*): I'm sure of it.

(*The waiter enters again and hovers round.*)

PHŒBE: If I thought that . . .

GEORGE: *Do* think it—when you're not thinking of me. (*George puts his hand across the table to take Phœbe's when he observes the waiter.*) What in thunder do you want?

WAITER (*diffidently*): I thought per'aps you 'ad finished.

GEORGE: No, I've not. I've got a lot more to say—I meant eat—yet. Clear out!

(*The waiter leaves hurriedly.*)

GEORGE: Unless we finish this melon that beastly waiter will come barging in again. But there's lots more I've got to tell you before we get through lunch. I want to tell you here and now . . . (*George's speech is interrupted by a cry of horror from Phœbe.*)

GEORGE: What's the matter. Are you ill?

(*Phœbe is holding a knife in her hand and examining it intently.*)

GEORGE: Is there anything the matter with that knife?

PHŒBE: Yes. It's got "Hotel Cecil" stamped on it.

GEORGE: Why shouldn't it have?

PHŒBE: *Is* this the Hotel Cecil?

GEORGE: Of course it is!

PHŒBE: I've made a most terrible mistake. Herbert told me to meet him at the Savoy!

GEORGE (*roaring with laughter*): What a lark! And you're lunching here with me! Ha-ha-ha!

PHŒBE (*rising*): I must go. He'll never forgive me!

GEORGE (*rising they stand opposite each other on either side of the table*): Do you want him to——?

(*The waiter enters and approaches diffidently.*)

PHŒBE: I—I—I don't know that I do!

GEORGE: Hurrah! (*He observes the waiter. Speaking in a voice of thunder*): For the last time, clear out!

(*The waiter scurries away George and Phœbe resume their seats.*)

GEORGE (*leaning over the table and looking at Phœbe*): That beastly waiter is spoiling everything.

(*Herbert Smith, a bald unprepossessing man of about thirty-five, enters. He looks flushed and starts back surprised when seeing Phœbe lunching with George, whose back is to him.*)

HERBERT (*angrily*): Phœbe!

PHŒBE (*startled*): Herbert!

(*Herbert advances to the table.*)

HERBERT: I have been constru—I mean consumed with anxiety.

PHŒBE (*noticing his condition, significantly*): Is that the only thing you have been consuming, Herbert?

HERBERT (*with pontifical dignity*): I have only just realised that you might have made one of your silly mistakes, but I never thought of this! I—I demand an exclamation—I mean explanation. Who *is* this man? (*He catches sight of George's face and starts back.*) Well, I'm damned! It's Jones!

GEORGE: Good lord! You don't mean to tell me that (*pointing to Phœbe*) *her* Mr. Smith is *my* Mr. Smith. What the devil do you mean, Sir, by keeping me waiting all this time?

PHŒBE (*firmly*): Yes! And what do you mean, Herbert, by keeping *me* waiting all this time?

HERBERT: You said the Savoy.

PHŒBE: I said the Cecil.

HERBERT (*angrily*): Shavoy!

PHŒBE: Cecil!

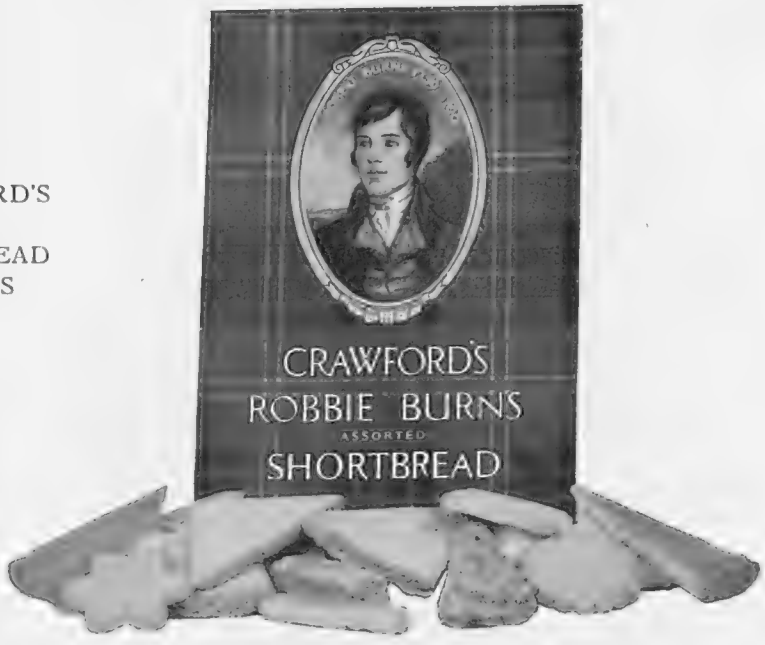
(*They repeat "Savoy" and "Cecil" in more and more irate tones several times.*)

GEORGE: Here! Stop a moment! (*To Herbert.*) Kindly explain, here and now, why it is that you were not here as previously arranged at one-thirty to discuss the partnership arrangement between us?

Continued on page 80

Christmas Fare

CRAWFORD'S
THE
SHORTBREAD
MAKERS



ESTABLISHED
OVER
ONE HUNDRED
YEARS

CRAWFORD'S ROBBIE BURNS ASSORTED SHORTBREAD

This year we introduce a new package of special interest—the "ROBBIE BURNS" SHORTBREAD. It is a delightful tin, with a fine Tartan background and a charming portrait of Scotland's bard, reproduced from a special drawing made by a well-known Scottish artist. Nothing could be more appropriate.

The Shortbread is the famous Crawford quality. We have been makers for over 100 years and the demand increases year by year. Crawford's Shortbread is just right for afternoon tea and all festive occasions.

Please order from your own Grocer or Baker, and to prevent disappointment do not forget to say CRAWFORD'S

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD.
BISCUIT MAKERS TO HIS MAJESTY
EDINBURGH
LIVERPOOL & LONDON

In the choice of a Gramophone or Radio your ear is wiser than any adviser

Some say this, some say that is the best instrument just according to the one they own. "In a multitude of counsellors there is confusion." It is wiser to listen to the instruments themselves.

Sit in comfort in a Keith Prowse Audition Room and hear all the leading makes played for you—then choose the one that pleases YOU most in every way.

From the multitude of Radio Sets, Radio Gramophones and Gramophones now on the market we have selected the best and any or all of these will be gladly demonstrated for you any day at any of the 91 Keith Prowse Audition Rooms.

Ask for a copy (or sent post free) of our "List of Records We Specially Recommend." This list is published monthly and contains the very best recordings produced by all the Leading Makers. All records contained in this list are classified under their respective headings, viz.: Orchestral, Vocal, Jazz, etc., which enables you to make your selection in a moment. Every record is a "gem" in its particular class.

Call, write or 'phone for our beautifully illustrated brochure "Europe's Best Broadcast."

CHOOSE BY COMPARISON

Estab. 1780
For Branch Addresses see London 'Phone Directory

KEITH PROWSE & Co. Ltd.

Radio Audition Rooms at the following addresses

159, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.1. Regent 6000

163, REGENT STREET, W.1 . . . . 5/6, COVENTRY STREET, W.1
50, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.3 . . . . . 48, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2
47, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8 . . 68, CORNHILL, E.C.2
5, GRAND BUILDINGS, W.C.2 . . . 83, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.3
167, FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.3 . . . 48/50 VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1

BY STAN TERRY

"Is it true you're going to divorce Jack?"
"Yes, I'm tired of living alone!"

AT HALF-PAST ONE (continued from page 76)

HERBERT (*with great dignity*): I absholutely decline to discush anything with you, Sir, until you can jush—jush—I mean explain your conduct in lunching with this young lady, who was to have lunched with me at the Savoy.

PHŒBE (*very firmly*): The Cecil!

HERBERT: Phœbe, listen to me (*appealingly*). You did say the Shavoy.

PHŒBE: I've never said Shavoy in my life. I said the Cecil.

GEORGE: How dare you talk to that lady, Sir, before humbly apologising to me for your disgraceful conduct. I ask you to luncheon at one-thirty and you keep me waiting while obviously consuming cocktails elsewhere! It's scandalous!

HERBERT (*stuttering with indignation*): I—I—*I*——

(*The waiter enters and hurries to the table.*)

WAITER: Shall I lay another place, Sir?

GEORGE: Oh, clear out and lay an egg.

WAITER: Very good, Sir.

(*The waiter exits hurriedly.*)

HERBERT: That beastly waiter has interrupted my train of thought. What was I saying?

PHŒBE: It's not surprising you can't remember. You've been trying to shout me down.

HERBERT: I couldn't get a word in if I didn't.

PHŒBE: Brute!

HERBERT: Chatterbox!

In unison:

PHŒBE: How dare you insult me like that . . .

HERBERT: Shameless hussy! Lunching with another . . .

GEORGE: What the deuce do you mean by . . .

(*A sudden pause.*)

PHŒBE: If we all talk at once we shall never get on. Now who shall speak first?

GEORGE: Place aux dames.

HERBERT: I'm — hic — agreeable.

GEORGE: I'm surprised to hear it. You don't strike me as being agreeable.

HERBERT: What the devil do you mean, Sir . . . ?

PHŒBE: Please, please! Let's sit down. Do you both agree that I shall have first say without either of you interrupting me? Do you both promise?

GEORGE: Yes.

HERBERT (*with a gulp*): Yes.

(*They all sit.*)

PHŒBE: Very well, then. (*To Herbert*): Herbert, *you* are the cause of all this bother. (*A pause. Herbert writhes in agony as if longing to say something.*) Instead of meeting me at the Cecil as we arranged you went to the Savoy. (*Another pause. Herbert writhes still more.*) That was very careless of you.

HERBERT (*his eyes goggling*): But you said . . .

GEORGE: Silence, Sir. Remember your promise.

PHŒBE (*with a winning smile to George*): Thank you. (*To Herbert*): But going to the Savoy instead of the Cecil is not the only mistake you made. I very kindly invite you to lunch, and you fix up an appointment for the same time and place with a business acquaintance.

BY FRANK R. GREY

"'Roman theatre, circa 1200'—wot's 'circa 1200,' Bert?"
"Don't show yer iggerance, Vi'let. That's the box office 'phone number!"

HERBERT (*writhing with indignation*): He said *next* Wednesday.

GEORGE: Quite so. Next Wednesday is not this Wednesday.

HERBERT: But this Wednesday was next Wednesday when you fixed it up last Wednesday.

GEORGE: Would you mind saying that again?

HERBERT: Certainly. Last Wednesday was next Wednesday when you fixed it up this Wednesday.

GEORGE: You're talking nonsense, Sir. I wouldn't have you for a partner now, even if you paid double what I ask.

HERBERT: I'm not talking nonshense. I said distinctly that next Wednesday was last Wednesday when you fixed it up on that Wednesday.

GEORGE (*producing pocket diary. To Herbert*): You're getting more and more muddled. (*To Phœbe, handing book*): My diary with the appointment made.

PHŒBE (*looking at it*): I see. Have you a diary, Herbert?

HERBERT (*feeling in his pockets*): I've left it in my office.

PHŒBE: Then that proves how forgetful you are! You forget your lunch with me, or, rather, you forget the place. You forget the right appointment with this gentleman. You forget the number of cocktails you took. You forget your pocket book, and I'm sorry to say that you forget your manners. If ever you were married to me you might forget I was your wife. You have wounded me more deeply than I can say. Herbert, good-bye!

HERBERT (*rising and boiling over with anger*): It's a plant. I won't have it. Phœbe, I'll never speak to you again!

GEORGE: Bravely said. Stick to that.

PHŒBE (*with an assumed sob*): Good-bye! Herbert, good-bye!

HERBERT (*bouncing up*): Bah! Bah to both of you!

(*He strides out consumed with indignation.*)

PHŒBE (*going off in peals of laughter*): Poor Herbert! . . It *was* a shame. I *did* say I'd meet him at the Savoy.

GEORGE (*looking at diary*): And now you come to mention it I see that I was going to meet him *next* Wednesday.

PHŒBE (*looking over his shoulder*): So you were!

(*Their heads are close together. He holds her hand.*)

GEORGE: By jove, you are a wonder!

PHŒBE: I couldn't help noticing that you'd made that mistake.

GEORGE: You did! Still more wonderful! Well, you heard I wanted a partner! (*His foot comes in contact with an object on the ground*): What the deuce is that?

(*George stoops down and picks up the "Engaged" notice.*)

GEORGE (*showing the notice to Phœbe*): What do you think of this?

(*George places the notice on the table in full view of the audience.*)

PHŒBE: It seems to have come in useful after all.

(*The curtain falls.*) V. W.

OXO
"Our 11 o'clock!"
"Saves you from many ills"

BY CROMBIE

"I'll see if these books are in stock, madam. 'Soft Soap for Sophy,' 'Watch,' 'Two Spring Chickens' and 'More Polish'—I'm not quite sure what I've got"

"Well, I am, young man, you've got my shopping list!"

GUINNESS
for Christmas

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E. 47A

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

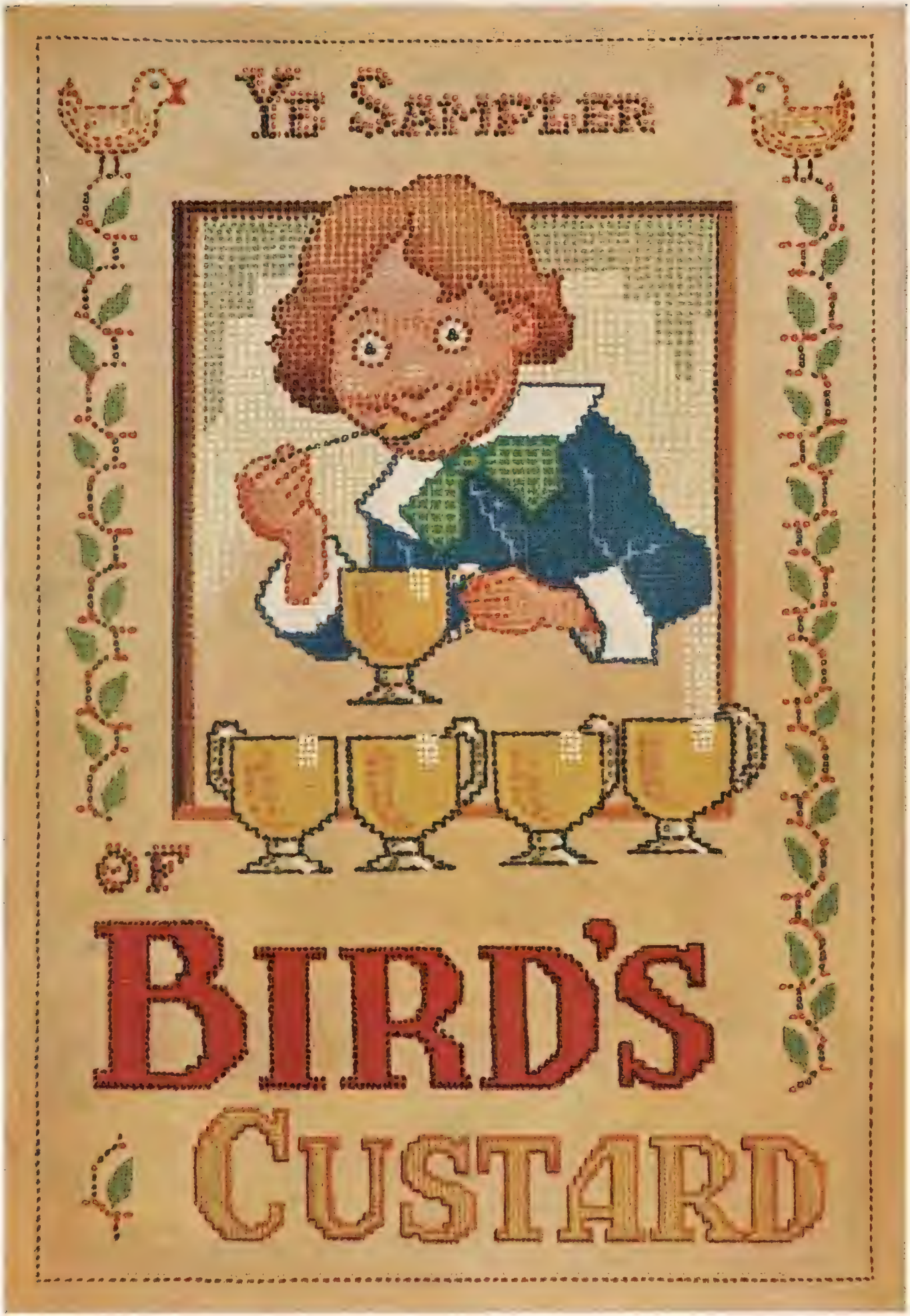
An impression of old Nice by "Nick"

*E*RE the giant hotels and Casino came,
Ere the lawns were bright with flowers,
The gaunt old houses raised heads on high
To the Mistral's blast or the cloudless sky
As they calmly watched the days glide by
Counting the sun-drenched hours.

Here the sable shadows still scar the street
And the glare gives place to gloom
Where the strangers tread through the quiet maze
Of the old town's streets and remain to gaze
At the simple folk and their simple ways
And peer into darkened room.

The gaunt old houses upon the hill
Have shutters of brilliant hue
Shutters which slowly swing before
The gentle breezes from off the shore
As they groan as though they would still deplore
The change from old to new.

Though the giant hotels and Casino hold
Of pleasures an ample store,
It is here in the narrow, winding street
Where the house-tops lean till they almost meet
You may hear the heart of France still beat
As it beat in days of yore.


Ye Sampler
of
Bird's
Custard

'SWAN' PENS

& "Fyne-Poynt" Pencils

Lapis Lazuli
SF 242/52
22/6

Black and Jade
SF 242/54
22/6

Jade
SF 242/...
22/6

Coral
SF 242/31
17/6

Refinement and efficiency are expressed in every detail of the "Swan" Pen. Whether its holder is black, mottled or coloured, the same degree of fine craftsmanship gives an exclusive finish which makes the "Swan" Pen a joy to use.

A delightful companion to the "Swan" Pen is the "Fyne-Poynt" Pencil. It never requires sharpening; propels, repels or expels the lead by a turn of the holder, and carries a sufficient supply of refills for a year's use.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

Self-filling "Swans" from 15/
(Black or Mottled)
In Artistic Colours from 17/6
"Fyne-Poynt" Pencils from 5/-
to match "Swan" Pens

SF 265c
60 -

Complete with Pen
45 -

Presentation Set, comprising Self-filling "Swan" Pen and "Fyne-Poynt" Pencil, each covered with rolled gold and fitted with clip, complete in case, SF 265c, 60/-

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free

White Onyx Desk Stand, complete with Self-filling "Swan" Pen, 45/- (Stand only, 27/6)

Also larger sizes to hold two pens, complete with Pens, £5 or £6. Desk Stands with coloured bases and one "Swan" Pen, 30/- (Stand only, 12/6)

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. 95, Regent Street, W.1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

Branches at: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; Resident Agents at: Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Wellington, etc.

CATS!

By Lady Kitty Vincent

No, my dear, I cannot say that I am particularly fond of cats—and Lady Carstairs looked at the fine Persian cat reflectively. Of course, I would not be unkind to a cat, you understand, but I definitely do not like their ways. They appear to me to have very little restraint and they are unable to exercise any self-control. Yes, dear, I know quite well what I am talking about and all about Nature, but you would not call a cow civilised, and yet she has perfectly nice ways. I have never been embarrassed by a cow, have you? although I have met them frequently and quite unexpectedly, and very often when walking with men friends. But cats? After all, there is, or should be, a limit. Besides, they remind me of a most painful incident which happened many years ago.

Oh, would it really amuse you to hear about it? How kind of you to say you are interested by an old woman's stories.

You may imagine it was many years ago; in fact, I must tell you that dear Queen Victoria was still alive. Oh, yes, she was really delightful, and she sketched so prettily and understood such a lot about foreign affairs. Of course, we were very friendly with Germany, which was much pleasanter than being at war with her, and much more natural, and we did not care for the French; and we were quite honest about it instead of pretending that we had forgotten all about Waterloo. Where was I? Oh, yes, I remember.

By Peter Fraser

"You *didn't* really mean to ring the bell, did you?"

Well, there was a certain Baron von und zu der Morgensonne. He was extremely well known in political circles, and, of course, his ancestry was unimpeachable. My dear, it was impossible to count his quarterings! So satisfactory, because whatever he did one knew it must be all right, and sometimes, unless one has travelled a good deal, it is a little difficult to understand the mentality of foreigners. However, the Baron was very popular and quite extraordinarily good-looking in his way, and Carstairs and I were very much flattered when we were asked to put him up for three days during the height of the London Season. You will understand that he was over here on a very delicate and secret mission, as there was a slight tension existing at the moment between three of the great Powers on the Continent. We had an excellent butler at the time called Bax, who had been Lord Vermount's servant. So, of course, he knew all about the habits of foreigners, and he could even mutter a few words of Russian. I believe he had been extremely useful to Lord Vermount during his career in the Diplomatic Service, and he was extremely tactful. It was he who smoothed over the unfortunate affair that occurred between the third housemaid Ellen and Baron von und zu der Morgensonne. I know her name was Ellen because I remember that when she arrived my housekeeper, Kettering, told me that she was called Veronica. Of course, I agreed with Kettering that such a name was impossible, and she was called Ellen at once, and, as far as I remember, she was quite a good girl and looked neat and unassuming.

What happened?

Really, my dear, nothing much. I think that Ellen was very foolish and made a fuss about nothing when the dear Baron stopped to speak to her on the back stairs. Yes, yes, I know it was odd for him to be on the back stairs, but as I have told you, he was on a secret mission and possibly he wished to remain incognito at the moment. However, Bax was wonderful, and he spoke like a father to Ellen and told her that noblesse oblige—really he had quite a fair accent.

Did he what? Did he think that it meant, "You must oblige the nobility?" of course not; how can you be so silly?

Well, everything went very well. The Baron brought an excellent valet with him who had known Bax in Omsk—or was it Tomsk? Well, never mind, it made things pleasant for Bax and he managed to procure the Baron just the sort of beer that he liked best, and there were always two or three bottles waiting for him when he retired to bed. The Baron seemed to be enjoying himself, and he was full of quiet wit. Without wishing to appear vain (my dear, it was so many years ago) I think I may say that he admired me. I remember his telling me that he would have liked to marry me himself and that we should have had seven fine sons. How did he know? I can't imagine, my dear, but Germans are very methodical, are they not?

On the particular evening of which I am thinking we had a large dinner-party. Very successful, and I learnt that after the ladies had left the table the Baron told Mr. Gladstone a most amusing, although *risqué*, story, and

that Mr. Gladstone quite failed to see the point. What was the story? I cannot remember, but I do know that Carstairs told me that von und zu der Morgensonne had drunk enough old brandy to float a battleship. However, this was only a sign that he was enjoying himself, for if he did not care about anything he was always delightfully frank, and said so at once.

Well, in due time we went to bed, and I know I was very sleepy. It must have been about two in the morning when I was awakened by—cats! Cats love-making! The noise was simply frightful, and perhaps you will realise why I cannot pretend to like them. They are so vociferous. Imagine a week-end party at a country house, or a hotel for that matter, if human beings . . . well, sleep would be impossible for the other guests. What do I mean by the *other* guests? I must get on with my story.

I LEANED out of the window and looked into Grosvenor Square, but I could see nothing. I shouted at the cats, but they paid no attention and would not stop. Cats are so one-idea'd. Then I heard another window opening and the dear Baron's voice yelling something in German. I shut my own window hastily, but as I did so I heard an unearthly shriek from the cats, followed by silence. I went back to bed so much disturbed that I dreamed both the Baron and I had turned into cats . . . No, dear, I did not count the kittens.

Nobody is punctual at breakfast, but next morning the Baron was so late that I grew quite alarmed. I saw his valet prowling about in the square, and I was just going to send out a message to ask if the Baron were not well when the latter arrived.

My dear! I was absolutely at a loss to understand his attitude. He, who was generally so polite, marched into the room with a set face, and instead of kissing my hand effusively he just mumbled it and let it drop as though it were a piece of cold cod. I affected not to notice his strange behaviour, although I was much hurt, and I asked him gently if he had slept well. All he did was to grunt, positively grunt, and then he flopped into his chair and gazed in front of him as though he were in a trance.

Bax asked him most solicitously if he would have tea or coffee, and he just pointed, and when he was offered a special kind of sausage he shook his head, although I must say that his eyes brightened with the most beautiful soft light.

What, my dear? The light that never was on sea or land? Is it a joke or a quotation? I suppose I am very silly.

At any rate, I could see that he was touched by the thought of the sausage, but he kept on shaking his head, although the corners of his mouth turned down as though he were going to cry.

I DIDN'T know what to do. I was quite relieved when he gulped down his coffee and left the room. I need hardly say that Carstairs had not waited for the Baron to come to breakfast. I went to find him and discovered him wrangling with the agent who had come up from the country to see him over some accounts.

He was in a very bad temper, and he was quite uninterested when I told him about our guest's behaviour, but by luncheon time even he was upset, for the Baron had vanished!

As I told you, there was a certain amount of tension on the Continent at that moment, and Carstairs was supposed (unofficially, of course) to be keeping an eye on the Baron.

Could he have received a telegram recalling him? What happened? Carstairs rushed round to see the Prime Minister and I believe that the dear Queen was informed, and that she said that we were all a lot of fools. She was always so delightfully Royal and frank. Two days passed and then we heard, through the efforts of the Secret Service, that the Baron was in Berlin, but in the strictest seclusion.

He wrote me a charming letter, regretting that owing to a sudden matter of the utmost importance he had been obliged to leave in this unceremonious manner.

THREE days later Bax came to my sitting-room carrying an envelope, which he had carefully sealed. He spoke very low; in fact, I could hardly hear what he said.

"I think, My Lady," he whispered, "I ought to tell you that I have discovered something of great importance. *It* is in here."

He tapped the envelope.

My dear, I was mystified. I couldn't imagine what he was talking about, and for one awful moment I thought he had been drinking.

Then he bent even closer and murmured, "My Lady, by accident I discovered the Baron's set of dentures just inside the railings of the Square gardens."

I gasped, and then in a flash I saw what had happened. The Baron had been awakened out of his sleep by the noise of the cats and had meant to throw the tumbler of beer at them, and in the darkness he had mistaken the glass and had thrown the one which contained his false teeth. No wonder he had been unable to speak, and that he had rushed back to Berlin.

No, my dear, of course we did not send them back. It would hardly have been delicate. Bax asked very respectfully if he might keep them as a souvenir of the Baron, to whom he had become greatly attached, and I permitted him to do so.

You understand, however, that I can never be fond of cats.

K. V.

By FIELD SMITH

NEW ARRIVAL: "Coo! I don't 'arf feel a swank an' all in me new plus fours, Chum!"

1930 Models – introducing every new feature of luxurious road travel – including the new SINGER Six

THE new SINGER Models for 1930 are stirring examples of British motor supremacy, and embody every modern refinement conducive to greater motoring comfort. The complete enjoyment of a motor car, as now afforded by the new SINGERS, establishes an entirely different conception of value.

THE NEW "SIX" is a beautiful car—slung low for speed and safety, with flashing acceleration from 5 to 55 m.p.h. on top gear. Its performance is a revelation. New designs in coachwork and colour finish forecast the vogue of the future, and Triplex safety glass, chromium plating, bumpers front and rear, wire wheels, and concealed illumination of instrument board, are all to be found in the specification. Complete 1930 Catalogues post free upon request. Demonstrations, deferred terms, part exchanges arranged. Please write

SINGER & COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY.

"JUNIOR" MODELS

TWO SEATER	£135
FOUR SEATER.. ..	£140
TWO SEATER SPORTS	£140
FOUR DOOR SALOON	£160
COUPÉ	£165

"SIX" MODELS

TWO SEATER	£240
FOUR SEATER.. ..	£250
COUPÉ	£270
FOUR DOOR SALOON	£275

"SUPER-SIX" MODELS

TWO/THREE SEATER	£300
FOUR/FIVE SEATER..	£310
COUPÉ	£350
FOUR DOOR SALOON	£350

THE · VOGUE · OF · THE · FUTURE · IS · EXPRESSED · IN · THE · SINGER · OF · TO-DAY

H.P.

SAVE US THE FOXES (*continued from page 8*)

task is done.' Is that a boiled shirt, or isn't it?"

The commissionaire eyed it doubtfully.

"I'd rather not say what it 'ad been, Mr. Garry. I ain't a professor. Something from old Was-it-hot-stuff's tomb, I should guess."

Linda swung out of Mr. Bellamy's circumambient arms.

"George!" she cried.

"Coming, darling."

"What have you got there? And, George," she added faintly, "what on earth have you grown on your face?"

"Mistletoe," replied George briefly. "I've brought some guests." He stood aside, revealing Margaret Ann, Belinda, Donald, Joyce, Gladys and Dickon.

"What!" Linda stood horror struck. Unabashed the six little Foxes stood grinning from ear to ear.

Linda gave a faint scream, turned and met the inflamed countenance of Mr. Bellamy.

"So this is the impediment," he hissed. "Oh, woman, cursed woman, I might have known! Five, by heaven, five? or is it six? And I would have laid a continent at your tiny feet!"

But George had caught hold of Margaret Ann.

"That's your man," he whispered. "Speak up. Remember it's half a crown apiece, and five bob for yourself."

HE had no need to thrust Margaret Ann forward. With a shriek of "Daddy! Daddy!" she plunged at Mr. Bellamy. Blenching, the unhappy man retreated to a couch. It was useless. Raising the pæan the little Foxes sprang upon him and he disappeared beneath a wave of active childhood.

"Now then," cried George, "no rough house, kids."

"So this, Mr. Bellamy," said Linda with steely dignity, "is your mode of life."

Bellamy sat up and wiped his forehead.

"It's a dream," he whispered, "a horrible dream. I never had all those. Six, is it—or eight—or seven? Stand still a minute, you little imps, till I can count you."

"Only six here," George encouraged him. "Little Sim, the seventh, is inclined to be sick, so I left him downstairs in your coupé. I think he's had more than is good for him. I've left a note of the address where their mother lives with the door-keeper. So I'll leave you to it, and I hope you're properly contrite."

"Good night, Mr. Bellamy," said Linda with a cold bow; "I hope this will be a lesson to you. Come, George."

On Father Christmas's arm she swept from the Casca.

"Oh, George," she murmured, as she snuggled down in the car, "I was never so relieved to see anyone in my life as you to-night. That dreadful man! I feel positively undressed . . . You may kiss me, George . . . Oh, *don't* . . . I forgot your beard."

"Tear it off," said George manfully. "Ouch . . . ouch . . . ow . . . OW . . . Whew! Next time I'll be the hind legs of the dragon . . . By Jove! Linda, you do look too wonderful . . . Darling!"

"Darling," said Linda comfortably, settling down in the crook of George's arm, "I do like a nice, solid, plain-spoken man."

She purred softly and promptly fell asleep.

The two policemen in Grosvenor Square noticed the elderly Bentley sliding gently past Seafield House. A snatch of song drifted to their ears.

"That's 'im," said one.

"'E's caught 'er all right seemingly," said the other, pointing to Linda's fair head on George's shoulder.

"'Ope 'e ain't murdered 'er," said the first.

"Given 'er a good 'iding, more likely," returned the second. "'E seems 'appy enough. Lord! that old song—takes yer back a bit, don't it?"

For George was crooning to himself:

"*Aprés la guerre fini,*
Tout les soldats partir;
Mademoiselle—I mean Bellamy—avec piccanini,
Souvenir des Anglais."

S. J.

The new "Ranelagh 20" Limousine is the last word in luxury and convenience. As you glide smoothly through the streets in warmth and comfort with plenty of room for four or five persons and all your parcels, you will realise that had you spent even twice the money, you could have obtained nothing more completely desirable.

A.J.W.

MONTE CARLO

View of the Casino Hôtel de Paris and Café de Paris, where the World's most prominent personages forgather

with its sea and mountain air, its continuous sunshine—which render the climate ideal—its matchless scenery and super attractions,

is THE place

for those in search of health and recreation.

In this world-renowned Resort are to be found every facility for enjoying all outdoor sports, whilst art in its highest form is one of its outstanding features.

Sailing Regatta in Monte Carlo

The 1929-1930 Winter Season will be a round of endless wonderful and very novel attractions.

View of the Principality of Monaco—the Old Rock and Harbour

A *brilliant* Gift Idea

Never, among all the Christmases you remember, has gift-choosing been so smooth, so simple and still so satisfactory—for those who choose at the Ciro Salons. A Ciro brooch, ring or bracelet—decorative, daring, instinct of Paris! Or perhaps a pair of earrings set with Ciro pearls or with flashing Ciro gems—jewellery executed with the same skilful craftsmanship as wou'd be lavished on the most valuable jewels.

Come to the Ciro Salons. Choose here the jewel she will prize for its own sake. Choose here the necklet of Ciro pearls, which need cost so little but which she needs so much.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

Anything on this page that you would like you can have for a guinea. We will refund the price in full if, after a fortnight's wear, your choice is found to be unsuitable.

Ciro

PEARLS AND JEWELLERY

Send for Ciro Pearl and Jewellery Booklets No. 7 post free

CIRO PEARLS LTD., 178 REGENT STREET (DEPT. 7), 48 OLD BOND STREET, W., 120 CHEAPSIDE LONDON, E.C

SHEFFIELD	LEEDS	MANCHESTER	LIVERPOOL	BIRMINGHAM	GLASGOW	EDINBURGH	BRISTOL	DUBLIN
23 Fargate	38 Briggate	14 St. Ann's Sq.	25 Church St.	121 New St.	95 Buchanan St.	(Jenners)	(J. F. Taylor.	Switzers

THE PROOF of the PUDDING

By ASHLEY STERNE

Decorations by Adrian Hill, R.B.I.

IN the great banqueting-hall of his castle of Schweinheim, in the Duchy of Glaubersaltz, Upper Hydrophobia, the old Duke Rudolf (known in history as Rudie the Ribald), with his Duchess Sophia (affectionately called Soapy Sophie by her intimates) and his daughter Griselda Gertrude (popularly alluded to as Gristly Gert), sat at the Christmas dinner-table entertaining a small but select house-party. Amongst those present were Prince Dachshund of Leberwurst, Prince Kiething von Bietelpauder (nicknamed Black Bietel by virtue of his sweep-like complexion), the Margrave and Margarine of Sturm and Drang, the Lord Bishop of Donner and Blitzen and his chaplain, the Lord Curate of St. Ihrwig's (Leimhaus), the Count and Countess von Rottenbosch, the Freiherr and Freifrau von Aufelbleiter, together with a sprinkling of the usual poor relations of both Duke and Duchess, who were accommodated at a separate table behind a screen.

The repast was indeed a regal one. The sideboards groaned beneath the weight of huge barons of beef, barons of turkey, barons of sausages, and barrels of beer. Panting, perspiring menials, clad in the gorgeous Ducal livery of yellow linoleum faced with kamptulicon, and bearing thereon the Ducal arms—two herrings' gules on a field of sauerkraut—embroidered in platinum, dashed hither and thither amongst the feasters, piling their platters with poultry and brimming their beakers with beer. In the Minstrels' Gallery, immediately above the Ducal armchair, the famous Nuremburg Quintet, under the direction of the famous Hans Sachsophone himself, dispensed selections of appropriate music during the dinner, which served the double purpose of titillating the ears of the cultured and, at the same time, drowning the disgusting ingurgitatory noises of the poor relations.

AND of all the gay, festive throng none was gayer, more festive, or thronged with greater verve than Griselda Gertrude. Whether her mouth chanced to be full or empty, she was ever ready with anecdote, jest, or repartee to parry the airy badinage of Prince Dachshund, who sat on her right at silly point, or to leaven the lugubrious loquacity of Black Bietel, who sat on her left at silly square-leg. The party was, in a sense, *her* party, for it was an open secret amongst the assembled guests that in the course of the dinner an announcement was to be made on the matter of her forthcoming marriage—an announcement which was certain to produce a somewhat piquant sensation, for Griselda Gertrude was in the unique position of being officially betrothed to both Prince Dachshund and Black Bietel.

This situation had been brought about and subsequently approved and sanctioned for reasons of State into which there is no need to enter fully here. Sufficient merely to mention that Prince Dachshund was all that a Prince should be, except rich; that Prince Kiething von Bietelpauder was all that a Prince shouldn't be, except penurious; and that the old Duke, while infinitely preferring the former for a prospective son-in-law, simply hadn't got two pfennigs to rub together, and for this reason desired his daughter's union with the latter. Indeed, it was only by Griselda Gertrude making a rich marriage that he could hope to avert the threatened exchange of his own Court for the Bankruptcy variety. He was up to his ears in debt to his brother Dukes-Palatine, Jew Süss having been unfortunately hanged at a critical juncture in a money-raising scheme which that unfortunate financier was negotiating on the Duke's behalf. There were so many mortgages on his castles, furniture and fittings that the deeds would have filled Mudie's. Moreover, he had put the whole of the Crown regalia, insignia, and other gem-encrusted paraphernalia up the *Spaut* at the Attenburger Popphaus.

AS for Griselda Gertrude, Prince Dachshund had, so to speak, touched her first. She loved the pfennigless Prince, and would willingly have married him without a bean—without any vegetable whatsoever, for that matter. Yet when Black Bietel came a-wooing her, she felt that for the sake of the Duke, the Duchess, the Duchy, her poor relations and their old Dutches, she could not altogether disregard his

overtures, much as she detested the fellow with his swarthy skin, his sleek ebony hair, his eyes like liquorice jujubes, and his brows like pierrots' pom-poms. Hence her dual engagement, which, sanctioned and ratified by a Very Extraordinary General Meeting of the Privy Council, was duly recognised by all concerned. The sole condition imposed upon her was that within six months she should declare which of her suitors she elected to marry, a condition which lay but lightly on Griselda Gertrude's mind. In six months much might happen. Prince Dachshund might win the big prize in the Kennel Club Show. Black Bietel might be mortally punctured in one of the innumerable duels in which he was continually being involved. She herself might conceivably inherit a fortune from some long-lost uncle in Australia, retrieve the family from ruin, and be free to marry the Prince of her heart.

It was on this very Christmas Day that the six months expired, and so, when the old Duke stag— started to his feet in the interval between the festal bake-meats and the plum-pudding, and gavelled for silence by thumping the table with his dinner-roll, every ear in the great banqueting-hall was agog with keen and piquant anticipation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the Duke, "likewise Our poor relations, We sincerely hope that so far as it has gone up to the moment of speaking, you have all enjoyed your dinner. It has cost Our privy purse no inconsiderable amount of money which We can ill afford, and opportunity will therefore be given later for any of you who care to defray your own expenses so to do.

"As you are all aware, to-day will witness the expiry of the pledge given by Our dear delightful daughter to choose from the two noble Princes to whom she is simultaneously affianced the one she will marry. On her right, Prince Dachshund von Leberwurst; on her left, Prince Kiething von Bietelpauder; and, say We, may the better man win!

"Our daughter's method of choice, however, is a peculiar one. In the Christmas pudding which will shortly be placed upon the table, and which has been made by the fair hands of Our daughter herself from the finest Portland cement and other materials procurable, has been concealed, not the conventional sixpence, but a gage d'amour; in other words, our daughter's suspenders. The pudding will be set before the two Princes, who will be required to consume it, slice by slice, until the suspenders are found in one-or-the-other's portion. The fortunate possessor of that portion with be the chosen husband of Our daughter.

"We much regret that, owing to the impoverished state of Our finances, We are not able to offer a second Christmas pudding for general consumption, but We can very heartily recommend the ground rice mould which will shortly be handed round in lieu thereof. Perkinstein, bring on the pudding!"

THE excitement of the assembly was intense when the Duke resumed his seat—an excitement which rose far beyond the most severe fever-heat recorded when, a minute later, Perkinstein, the Chief Butler, set before Griselda Gertrude a Christmas pudding the size of a young balloon. That neither of the competitors for her hand might seek to gain an unfair advantage over his adversary by probing, Griselda

Gertrude decided to serve it herself. To that end she called for a saw, an axe, and a wedge, and, these implements being forthcoming, she severed the two opening slices, and the strange contest began.

The guests, too excited to enjoy their ground rice mould, abandoned it (the poor relations pocketed it), left their seats at the table, and crowded round the Princes the better to watch the proceedings. Even the Nuremburg Quintet were not able to resist the lure. They leaned over their balcony to such good effect that the trombonist fell over, dived into the brandy sauce, and sank with both hands. The waiters downed dishes to a man, and, with their thumbs still wet with gravy, clambered on to the backs of the guests forming the outer ring of spectators in order to obtain a glimpse of the contest.

Slice after slice was consumed by the competitors, but the gage did not appear. At the end of an hour Prince Dachshund was three slices up on his rival, and still eating strong. At the end of another hour he was five up. A few minutes before midnight he was nine up, with two slices—all that remained of the pudding—still to go. What hard luck (whispered more than one of the onlookers) if, after all this concentrated labour of love, he should fail to find the suspenders in his final slice, and the prize go to the man who hadn't eaten nearly so much, nor so quickly!

But they were not left long in doubt. Prince Dachshund, seeing that there were but two portions of pudding remaining, in one of which the gage *must* lurk, made a supreme effort. Finding by prodding that the last slice but one did not contain the gage, he swallowed it whole, and claimed the last slice before his rival could copy his tactics. Another moment—and then, with a cry of triumph, Prince Dachshund waved the cherished suspenders in the air. The next instant he fainted.

"Stand back! Give him air!" cried somebody in the press.

"No, no! Sodamint!" murmured the Prince in his swoon.

And then kindly hands bore the victor to bed. Black Bietel, however, sat on alone at the dining-table, a sinister gleam in his eye, a sinister smile upon his bepuddinged lips, and an awfully sinister pain just below his fountain-pen.

IN the dead of night, a masked, shrouded figure entered stealthily into Prince Dachshund's bed-chamber. In each hand the figure carried a revolver; under each arm a magazine-rifle; over each shoulder a Lewis gun. Advancing to the foot of the bed the figure waited until the moon-beams which penetrated through the chinks in the curtains shifted so as to illuminate the form upon the bed. Then, with careful aim, Black Bietel (for it was he) discharged the whole of his arsenal, shot by shot, at Prince Dachshund's first-floor front, and then withdrew as silently and secretly as he had come. Prince Dachshund stirred uneasily in his heavy sleep, and, as he stirred, there was a clinking as of many pieces of metal amongst the bed-clothes. But he did not wake. He did not die in his sleep. He got up next morning as usual. Griselda Gertrude's Christmas pudding had saved his life. It was bullet-proof.

A. S.

Tom Smith's Xmas Crackers are Simply made of Fun!

What loads of fun there are in Tom Smith's Christmas Crackers with their delightful surprises. Hats, Puzzles and Toys! Christmas wouldn't be the same without these big, bright-hued Crackers that make the Christmas table such a riot of colour and merriment!

TOM SMITH'S
CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

You cannot be too sure that the Crackers you buy *are* Tom Smith's as there are Crackers on the market (usually large in size) which only contain disappointment.

Get Tom Smith's! Best for 80 years.

ALSO MAKERS OF THE FINEST
HUNTING CROPS

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF WHOLE-BARK
CROOK MALACCAS

PHOTOS AND PARTICULARS ON REQUEST.

Telephone: REGENT 3223.

BY APPOINTMENT

PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE
"PERFECT" SEAT-STICKS
23, ST. JAMES' STREET, S.W.
49, RUE DU FAUBG. ST. HONORÉ, PARIS.

For your throat

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants they are delightfully soothing.

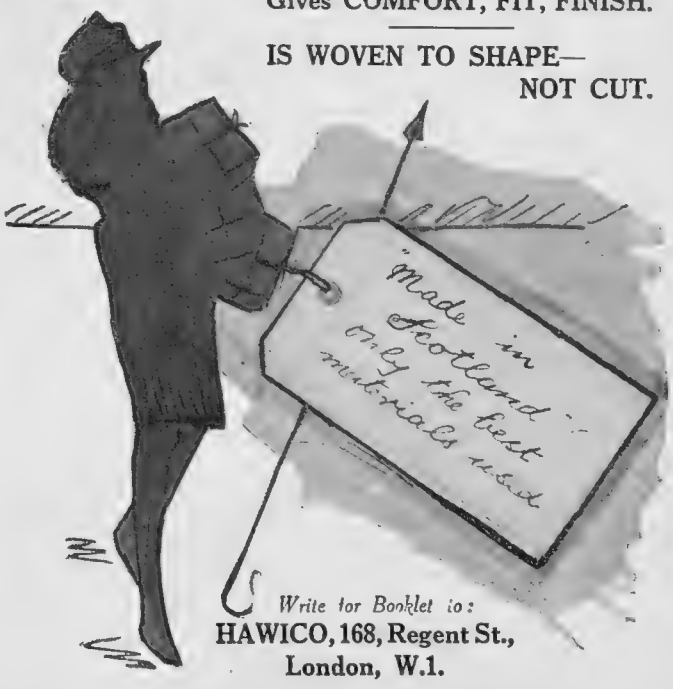
Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
Your Chemist sells them
8° & 1/3 Per Box

HAWICO

The Underwear for Ladies, Gents and Children.

Gives COMFORT, FIT, FINISH.

IS WOVEN TO SHAPE— NOT CUT.



Write for Booklet to:
HAWICO, 168, Regent St., London, W.1.

PURPLE CAP (*continued from page* 18)

As Purple Cap pressed forward he felt the other's grip tighten on the dagger in his hands, and as he bent forward the pointed blade carried the man's soul to eternity.

Gently, and under his captain's frowning glance, Purple Cap carried the boatswain's body across the deck and lowered it into an empty sea-chest.

Throughout the day merchandise was thrown from one ship to the other: great bales of silk were swung and landed broken on the Day Dream; food, drink, and casks; great chests of jewels, and the spices of the Indies.

EVENING fell with the Day Dream lying in the cool shadow of the Spanish ship. The men laid off the work to broach the good Jamaica casks, and the cries of drunken men were carried on the evening breeze.

Bloodcross lay back in his cabin, exhausted, in a drunken sleep. Outside, the great ship's lantern threw beams of light across the poop.

Purple Cap was curled up in the shadows, meditating: and in his thoughts he wondered what instinct had prompted him to save his captain's worthless life. Subconsciously he knew that some power was guiding to that day somewhere in the future when revenge, sweeter than life itself, would come to hand. Those years ago, that Christmas day still so clear in his memory, the drunken Bloodcross breaking down the cabin door, his daughter's cry . . . and all that followed. . . . Purple Cap's hand moved slowly to his mouth. That cry those years ago! He seemed to hear it now.

Then something harsher joined the cry, and there was the sound of two ships scraping sides, and Purple Cap was on his feet.

As he stepped out of the shadow, a cool hand caught him by the neck. "Here, lazy one, lead me to your captain, and quickly—I have no time to waste."

As the light from the poop lantern fell on the stranger's face Purple Cap recognised Ben Alan, one of the most powerful pirates of the Caribbee. He was quick to realise that Ben and his frigate of thirty guns must have come up on the port side of the Spanish ship.

The light from Bloodcross's cabin streamed through the half-open door, and Ben Alan announced himself to the sleeping captain.

From inside the cabin the voices came louder to his ears. Bloodcross had been taken by surprise. Ben Alan was suggesting a division of the spoils, which he might take away in his powerful frigate of thirty guns. He mentioned his guns with a laugh and with intention.

Bloodcross was grumbling, but the other maintained that he had been chasing the Spaniard up for some days; he was being robbed by Bloodcross of his rightful prize.

Bloodcross knew too well Ben Alan's position with the Brotherhood of Pirates to risk offending him. It was agreed, therefore, that on the morrow they should land on the mainland, when they could decide the matter with the ships in a safe anchorage. Further talk would endanger the ships, for there were enemy warships among the islands.

Then the door opened and Purple Cap saw the strange visitor pass along the deck and into the darkness. Beyond the merchantman he could see the tall masts of Ben Alan's frigate outlined against the stars.

Purple Cap turned. Bloodcross was behind him.

"A curse upon you, swine! What watch were you keeping that we should be found unprepared?"

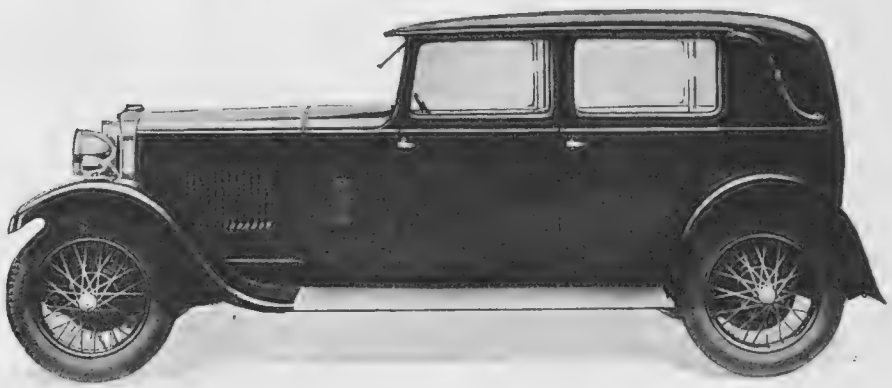
Purple Cap pointed to the Spanish ship towering above them. As he did so the sounds of singing from the drunken crew were carried to them on the clear night air. Then Purple Cap looked straight into his captain's eyes. A drifting prize, a drunken crew, a sleeping captain . . . It was his answer.

"You insolent swine!" Bloodcross shouted, as he drove his fist into the other man's face.

NEXT day Bloodcross sat facing Ben Alan. After much argument it was decided that they were to draw lots for who should take the prize Ben Alan's frigate lay beside the Day Dream, and the Spanish prize a cable length away. A ripple spread across the bay, disturbing the blue water, as the wind, laden with the scent of the tropics, blew from off the land. The ships swung comfortably at their anchorage. In the clear air they stood out distinct and graceful on the pale blue sea.

(*Continued on page* xiv)

Still more Distinctive in Appearance, Greater in Performance, and a Higher Standard of Value



16 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam with Mulliner Weymann Sun Saloon £625.

Four chassis types, 16 h.p., 20 h.p., 25 h.p., and Three-litre all with six-cylinder engines . . . Numerous Chassis Improvements . . . Central Chassis Lubrication . . . Chromium Plating on all Models . . . New Weymann Saloon on 16 h.p. Chassis . . . New Weymann Limousine on 25 h.p. Chassis . . . New Weymann Saloon on Three-litre Chassis . . . Reduced Prices of 25 h.p. and Three-litre Models. On the 16 h.p. chassis there is an entirely new and special design of Mulliner Weymann Saloon, a full five-seater model with sliding roof and very complete equipment, at £625.

We invite early application for full particulars of our complete range and prices.

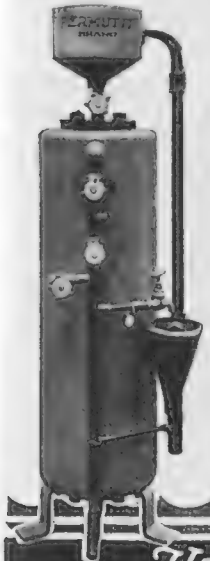
SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON. London Showrooms & Export Dept., 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., W.1

Water as soft as Venus used—

—as soft as rain, as deliciously soothing as dew, is at your command if you possess a "PERMUTIT" Water Softener.

The luxurious delight of a bath in "PERMUTIT"-softened water has to be experienced to be realised. It softens, refreshes, and beautifies the skin, keeps it supple, and preserves the bloom of youthfulness so easily destroyed by hard water and excessive soap.



For Baby's tender, delicate skin, nothing could be better than "PERMUTIT"-soft water. That is why so many thousands of mothers and babies are daily enjoying the precious boon that a "PERMUTIT" Water Softener confers.

Moderate in price, inexpensive to run, it quickly repays its cost in saving soap, soda and tea, and gives you increased health and comfort *for nothing.*

If you would like a free copy of The "PERMUTIT" Book write to Dept. B.S.

UNITED WATER SOFTENERS, LTD.
Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

Use the
"PERMUTIT" Regd
WATER SOFTENER

CULTIVATE YOUR BEAUTY

The efficacy of the Helena Rubinstein beauty preparations reflect years of close research and laboratory work, intensive study of climatic conditions the world over, a mastery of dermatology and allied sciences.

Helena Rubinstein offers you the precise toiletries to suit your individual needs.

WATER LILY CREAM, exquisite, containing the youth-renewing essences of the water-lily buds . . . an ideal rejuvenating cleansing cream for the fastidious woman. 10/6, 20/–.

ANTHOSOROS, a richly nourishing cream. A speciality for correcting crow's feet, fine lines and wrinkles—the ideal preparation for a dry sensitive skin. Excellent also for dry wrinkled hands; thin undernourished throats. 5/6, 10/6.

EMAILLINE. A bracing tonic cream, especially created for the "rheumaticky" skin. Also normalises an oily skin. 5/6, 10/6.

PERFECTION CREAM of delightful consistency—an excellent massage cream for all types of skin. 5/6, 10/6.

GEORGINE LACTEE, marvellously effectual in overcoming double chin and relaxed muscles. Youthifies contours. 6/6, 11/6.

BEAUTY GRAINS—use instead of soap. Mildly bleaches and leaves the skin glowing and velvety. Marvellous for shoulders, neck, hands, arms and back.

HAND CREAM restores softness and whiteness to the hands, guards them against roughness, chapping and chilblains. 5/6.

HAND LOTION—fragrant, soothing. Keeps the hands white and lovely. 4/6.

THE SMARTEST FINISHING TOUCHES are ensured by using only the Helena Rubinstein cosmetics . . . Water-Lily foundation makes powder and rouge doubly enhancing, doubly adherent (6/6); Water-Lily Powder, subtly flattering, fragrant (8/6); Poudre Enchante, exquisite, clinging (12/6); Rouges in all shades for day and evening wear (4/6); Lip sticks to exactly match—indelible (4/6, 6/6); Eye shadow, brown, black, blue or green (4/6); Eyelash grower and darkener to promote a luxurious growth of lashes and brows.

BEAUTY CASE DE LUXE fitted with any preparations and cosmetics to suit individual needs . . . an ideal Christmas present, 6 Guineas.

To speed the achievement of faultless beauty—visit the Helena Rubinstein Salons, where you may have professional beauty treatments to banish crow's feet, wrinkles, double chins, relaxed muscles, enlarged pores and blackheads—or the most exclusive and latest treatments for the removal of veins, moles, warts and superfluous hair.

Madame Rubinstein cordially invites you to visit her Salons—if unable to call, write her personally at the address below for advice and new brochure, "The Secrets of Beauty."

Helena Rubinstein
Ltd.

PARIS 24 Grafton Street, London, W.1 NEW YORK

PURPLE CAP (continued from page xii)

Purple Cap, seated with his back to a rock, was watching his captain, silently and patiently. He had watched him thus for ten long years—watched and guarded him until such time as revenge should be given to him and to him alone.

From his rocky perch Purple Cap looked down on the two men as they bargained and quarrelled over the prize. Then, as he watched, there came over him that well-developed instinct common to adventurers—the certain knowledge of present danger. Nursing his musket lovingly, he strained his senses to discover where the danger lay. The captains below him were whispering now, their heads bent close together. At sea the ships lay peacefully at anchor, almost unreal in their clarity, and the peace of the tropics had descended over all.

At that moment he turned. A great puma was stretched above him on the rock. It was gazing down at the two pirates with eyes of phosphorescent green. As Purple Cap moved, it sprang. Then Purple Cap saw that the beast had attacked Ben Alan. Bloodcross, recovered from his surprise, had stepped back, uncertain whether to laugh or be afraid. Purple Cap scrambled down the rocks and the butt-end of his musket fell on the beast's head. At the same moment it released its hold and bounded away into the thickly wooded hills.

The animal had done its work: it had fulfilled its destiny, and even now as he laughed the sands of Bloodcross's life were running out. Ben Alan lay dead on the white sand. A talon slit across the throat was all the mark the beast had left.

"A knife could not have done a neater day's work, my silent friend," Bloodcross cried, and in his foolishness he laughed.

IN those days the Brotherhood of Pirates would settle among themselves the rights and wrongs of any case that came within their jurisdiction.

In turn there came the case of Bloodcross, accused of having murdered Ben Alan and brought before the Brotherhood by the murdered captain's crew.

Ben Alan was known to all to be an honest pirate. The case had been heard, and Bloodcross had told the story of his bargaining and the coming of the puma.

"A puma with two legs!" someone shouted.

"Aye, and a knife to find his supper with!" another shouted.

"You were accompanied?" one of the pirate judges questioned him.

Bloodcross indicated Purple Cap. "Here, brother pirates, is my servant; a low-born fellow, but an honest man."

"IT is well," the same judge replied, "that you have someone to stand by your story, for without his evidence you would surely hang for such a deed as this." As he spoke these words the man pointed to a long, thin coconut tree from whose head a rope was dangling to the baking sand. "If this servant of yours will swear the truth of all you say, you are free, Captain Bloodcross. If not . . . The rest of the sentence was left unfinished. The slightly raised shoulders and the faint smile told Bloodcross that only Purple Cap could save him now.

"Purple Cap they name you," the judge cried, "answer me! Is this story that your Captain has narrated true?"

Suddenly Bloodcross broke into a cold sweat: fear and terror had taken possession of him. His mind went running back so many years. What was it the boatswain had said before he died? "The God of Vengeance acts silently"? Bloodcross felt his knees tremble under him and the cold hand of terror clutch his heart.

Purple Cap stood motionless, impressive and silent, but in his eyes there shone the light of retribution.

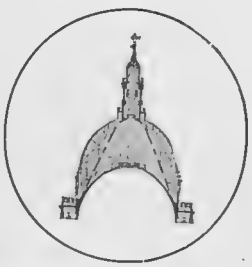
Bloodcross gazed upwards again, his legs uncertain under him.

Someone in the crowd was crying: "Purple Cap is tongueless. Bloodcross robbed him of speech those years ago."

Around him a silence like the silence of death had fallen, and as Bloodcross gazed upwards he saw a long tree bend to the straining of a rope . . .

In Bristol City it was Christmas Day. R. G.

BY APPOINTMENT



Useful occasional Table. Suitable for tea, bridge or as a writing table. Top lined in hide or oak parquet as desired. Size 2 ft. 7½ ins. wide, 2 ft. 6 ins. high, 1 ft. 2½ ins. deep when closed.

Price - £17 10s. 0d.

These tables are manufactured from the original oak used in the Dome of ***St. Paul's Cathedral*** *as designed by Sir Christopher Wren and replaced during the recent renovations by modern metal construction A warranty to this effect attached to each table.*

GILL & REIGATE LTD.

Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King
25 & 26, GEORGE STREET,
Hanover Square, LONDON, W.1.

Those Going to Winter Sports..

will be told to get this, that and the other, but be sure that what is really needed is very simple.

Just this and nothing more for man, woman and child. The suit that will not collect snow, that will keep out wet, that is light - in - weight, and that will never condense heat.

The one suit that you can absolutely RELY UPON is

BURBERRYS

They have outfitted with their lightest textures, which are so protective, all the important Polar Expeditions, all the Mount Everest Expeditions, and all the long distance aeroplane flights, and have received the highest recommendations and thanks from those intrepid pioneers, besides, numbers of Winter Sports experts and great mountaineers.

Burberrys provide you with the *certainty*, where others may offer to supply you with the abstract.

"CONCERNING WINTER SPORT"

By E. H. WROUGHTON

Founder of the "Winter Sports Annual"

An informative and practical handbook of hints and tips on Ski-ing, Skating and Luge-ing; of value to both expert and novice.

Illustrated with humorous black and white drawings by A. H. d'Egville, and coloured plates by Fortunino Matania, R.I., of Burberrys' latest models for these sports. A copy will be forwarded post free to any reader mentioning "The Bystander."

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.I

Burberrys Ltd.

THE GREATEST GIFT (*continued from page* 54)

Travel Bureau, Reading-rooms) and working his way down. Consequently he found himself very soon amidst the toys. He approached the shining oval of rails, the powerful engine and carriages, and looked for the large box alongside. For the risk was going to be worth the great promise of reward. There had been, he had noticed, only one box containing the train; others, no doubt, had been sold during the day and would be replenished the following morning. Bill Hughes, burglar, stood perplexed. He could not find the box. For ten minutes he searched. Then he had to resume his patrol. He made a sweeping investigation around him as he went. It had been there two hours ago and it was there no longer. That argued someone in the building, someone had removed it; Bill Hughes, burglar, ceased to exist. Once again he was the vigilant watchman of Messrs. Shrills' property. With greater care, and searching to right and left, he passed through the multitude of departments.

He arrived down at the bank and clocked in from the time-key beside the private exit. He was turning away when he saw that the bolt of this door had been drawn back. That startled him. He bent down and shot it to again. Who had gone out this way? To his knowledge no one had been in the bank on his first round, and the directors' room had been empty. And he had bolted the door. He was completely assured of that. Somebody had passed out this way since then, passed out with the box from the toy department under his arm? Could he connect the two incidents? He was uncertain as to whether he should raise an alarm or not. It was probable that one of the clerks who used this exit had been in the building unknown to him, washing his hands perhaps, and had gone out after he had bolted the door. He resumed his patrol. If some member of the staff had been pilfering—and it must be someone who worked for Shrills, for no one outside knew of the bank exit—nothing could be done until the morning. He did not want to cause unnecessary suspicion. It might be that an assistant in the toy department, unobserved on his first round, had moved the box for some reason or other and left by the bank exit. He did not, however, put much belief in this, and decided that if anything further aroused his suspicions he would call the police; and if nothing further occurred he would just report to the chief house detective to-morrow. It seemed odd that anyone should take a toy train. Who could have wanted to steal a thing like that? It came to him that Bill Hughes was the only person he could think of. But for the mysterious disappearance of that box Bill Hughes would have been guilty of stealing it. Bill Hughes hardly knew whether to feel sorry or glad that he had been deprived of his dangerous intention.

The night, at least until three a.m., when he was relieved, did pass without further incident. At four o'clock he was in his bed at Widgecombe Buildings and sleeping.

And at four o'clock the following afternoon, upon a Christmas Eve that might have been mistaken for a warm day in September, he made his way with a couple of parcels under his arm from Widgecombe Buildings to Battersby House. On the stairs he passed a young man who wished him the best of the season. Bill Hughes replied with just sufficient courtesy, wondering what Bert Horl was hanging round Gladys for at this hour.

Gladys opened the door.

"'Ello, Bill! 'Appy Christmas!"

Bill looked at the gentle face beneath its soft brown hair. "Well, you seem 'appy enough all right, Gladys."

"Oh, I ain't so bad," she laughed. He thought he had never seen her eyes so bright.

"Just brought over a bit o' brown paper for you and Billy. 'Tain't nothin' much."

"You always do spoil us! I know it'll be lovely."

She took the parcels from him, and as she did so he saw behind her a large wrapped box on one of the chairs.

"Hello, I see the postman hasn't overlooked you this Christmas, Gladys."

Gladys followed his look and blushed.

"Oh, Bill, you'll never guess what that is. It's for Billy from Bert. Bert Horl, you know, who I went to the pictures with the other night."

"What's 'e been buyin'? Model o' Buckingham Palace?"

(*Continued on page* xviii)

The Cadogan Riding School

Children a Speciality

First-class Hacks and Hunters for Sale or Hire. Branches at Maidenhead, Richmond Park and High Wycombe.

Inspection invited

W. J. SMITH, LTD.

Little Cadogan Place, Belgrave Square, S.W.

'Phone: SLOANE 8201 (3 lines)

Will you help this Baby and his 7,798 Brothers and Sisters?

For 63 years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been welcoming the orphan and destitute children of the Nation and in that time they have admitted over 107,000 needy little ones, their present family numbering nearly 8,000. But such a work is constantly in need of funds if the Charter "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission" is to be maintained.

Will you send **a Christmas Gift** of 10/- to feed one child for ten days?

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

HAMPTONS SPECIALISE IN DECORATION

Structural Alterations, Panelling, Heating, Sanitation and Electric Lighting. *ESTIMATES FREE.*

PARQUET for Dance Floors

HAMPTONS No. 1 HERRING-BONE PATTERN, laid and polished, **15s. 0d.** per square yard in London district.

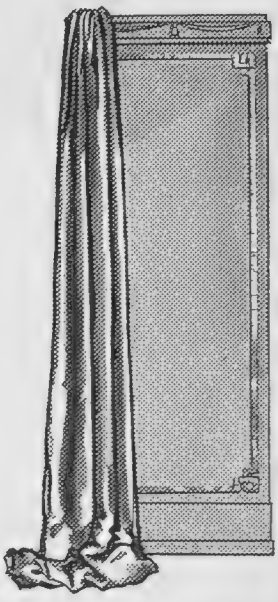
For Country work, Hamptons are always pleased to send an exact quotation on request. *See illustrations of stock designs, sent free.*

Designs prepared in Hamptons' own Studios for Interior Decoration Schemes, either Period or Modern, together with estimates —in Town or Country.

NOW ready post FREE.

HAMPTONS' NEW BOOK, C.155, illustrating, in colour, the latest productions and best values in tasteful FURNITURE, CARPETS, CURTAINS, and other HOME FURNISHINGS.

Please write for a copy.



Works and all Factories: QUEEN'S ROAD, BATTERSEA, S.W.8

Telegraphic Address: "HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.1

'Phone: GERRARD 0030

Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain

You want the worlds best

MADE FROM BEST MATERIALS BY HIGHLY SKILLED CRAFTSMEN

Onoto the Pen has the largest ink capacity, and leakage is impossible.

Obtainable in bright colours, with 18ct. Gold mounts.

25/-

LASTS A LIFETIME FROM 15/-

OF ALL STATIONERS AND STORES

it is Onoto the British Pen

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., Onoto Service Depots, 110, Bunhill Row, E.C.1, 139, High Holborn, W.C.1.

"La Naturelle" Transformation

THE SYMBOL OF PERFECTION.

Portfolio of Newest Designs sent Post Free.

PERMANENT WAVING SPECIALISTS

CONSULTATIONS AND ADVICE WITHOUT CHARGE OR OBLIGATION.

The "Times" System of payment by instalments is available.

Telephone: Victoria 5944.

Maison Georges

40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON, S.W.1

Telegrams: Toupetchic, Sowest, London.

Only address *One minute from Victoria Station.*

THE GREATEST GIFT (continued from page xvi)

"Don't be sarki, Bill. No, Bert's been and given 'im that train what was in the catalogue you had from Shrills."

"Not that ten quid train?" Bill Hughes felt his eyebrows jump.

"That's it. You see, Bert works for Shrills. I forgot to tell you. He's one of their van drivers. He got it reduced, he said, though I told him he shouldn't have; it's so extravagant. It isn't half a beautiful present, though."

Bill Hughes hardly heard her final words. So that's where he'd seen this Bert Horl, at Shrills. Even a carman might know of that private exit by the bank. Had Bert Horl done what he, Bill Hughes, had wanted to do?

"And, Bill," he heard her speak again, "there's somethin' else I got to tell you. I—I'm goin' to marry again."

"Gladys! Bert Horl?" There was almost a note of panic in his voice.

"He asked me this afternoon, Bill, when he brought the present in. I—I thought perhaps you'd guess."

Bill Hughes could find no word to say. Bert Horl, who'd stolen, stolen and won her—just as he would have stolen in the hope of winning her. Suddenly he found Gladys' hand on his own.

"I know what you're thinkin', Bill." He started; he hoped she didn't. "I only wish it might have been otherwise. But we—we can't make ourselves love, you know."

"THAT'S all right, Gladys. I'm sure I wish you the best of everything. And we'll stay friends, won't we, Gladys?"

"Why, Bill, I couldn't wish to lose you ever. You'll always be the best friend Billy and I will ever have."

"Thank you, Gladys. And—and I think I better be gettin' along to work now. See you some time."

"Why, o' course, Bill; we'll see you to-morrow. You're coming to Mother's for dinner, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot." And he thought he'd forget to-morrow as well. Bert Horl would be at that dinner. Like Miss Brans, he'd have to spend a lonely Christmas Day.

He almost stumbled into the passage, and he went down the stone stairs like a man whom age has suddenly crippled. Of course he had always known that she would marry some time, but now that the dread possibility had materialised it seemed totally unexpected. And to Bert Horl, who won her by the very means he himself had contemplated. For, of course, he'd stolen it. No van driver could pay ten pounds for a toy. He made his way to Shrills, to be abruptly awakened from the preoccupation of his thoughts by Adam, the second fireman and watchman.

"Bill, the house detective wants to see you."

Bill Hughes as he went upstairs thought he had an uncomfortably exact idea as to what the detective wanted.

"Oh, Hughes," began this gentleman, "somebody has walked off with an expensive toy from upstairs. Unfortunately it wasn't discovered until late this morning, so I don't know whether it is a case of shop-lifting or somebody on the staff." Bill Hughes swallowed on a dry throat. "Did you notice anyone lingering about in the fun fair last night? They say a carman, Bert Horl, was on the premises later than was necessary last night. He tells me he was off duty. Didn't notice anything unusual on your rounds last night?"

HE took a deep breath. "No, sir, I noticed nothing last night. As a matter of fact, sir, Bert Horl was off duty. I saw him near where I live."

"Right, Hughes, thank you. I was almost convinced it was a case of shop-lifting, though how anyone got out with a large box containing a train I don't know. Very good; that's all I wanted. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Bill Hughes went back to his box and took over duty from the departing fireman. But when the man had gone he did not at once change his coat and don his "fatigue" cap. He sat staring down at the time-sheet in front of him.

Suddenly he heard something fall on the desk. He looked up and saw Miss Brans hurrying away. On the desk was a small parcel, and on it was written: "To Mr. Hughes, with best wishes for a happy Christmas.—WINNIE BRANS."

Mr. Hughes jumped up.

"Blimey!" he cried, and with that dashed after her.

R. V.

The "NO BATTERY" TORCH

WINDS UP LIKE A WATCH

and is a valuable addition to one's kit, in any part of the World.

A clockwork driven dynamo generates electricity sufficient for a steady light of about 2½ minutes, whilst an occasional wind will produce a continuous light. Always ready for use.

Price including spare bulb

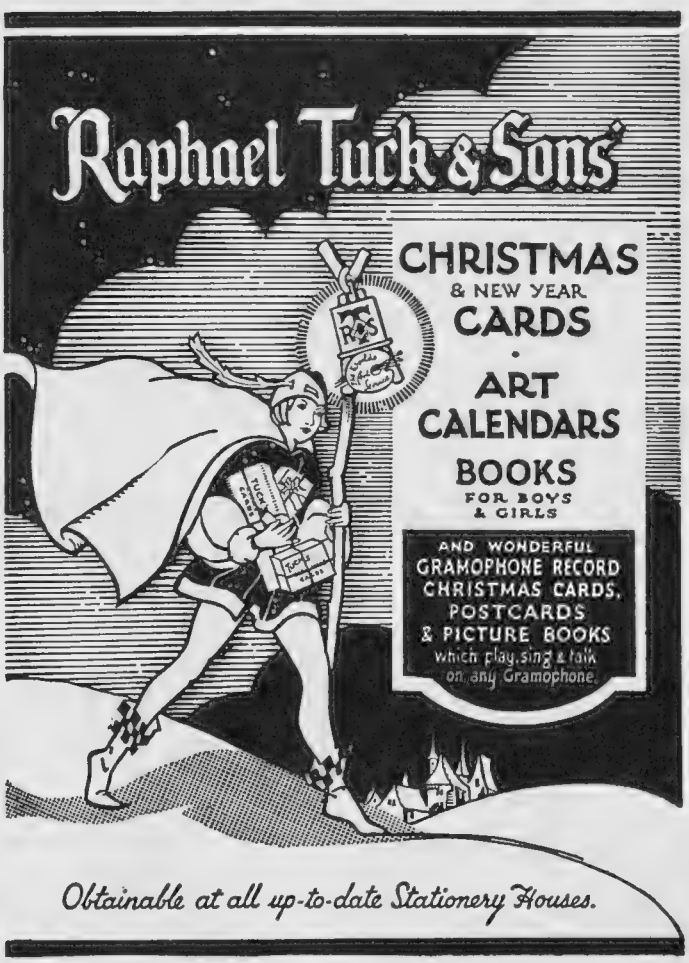
45/-

Guaranteed for 12 months.

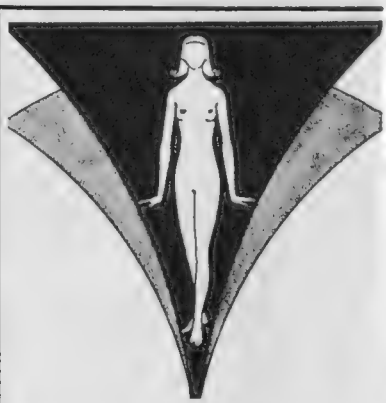
In various colours, securely packed ready for posting.

From Stores, Sports Dealers, Electrical Suppliers, Gunsmiths, etc., or direct from

Cunliffe, Hillstead, MacDonald & Co., Ltd.
6, Duke Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1.



Obtainable at all up-to-date Stationery Houses.



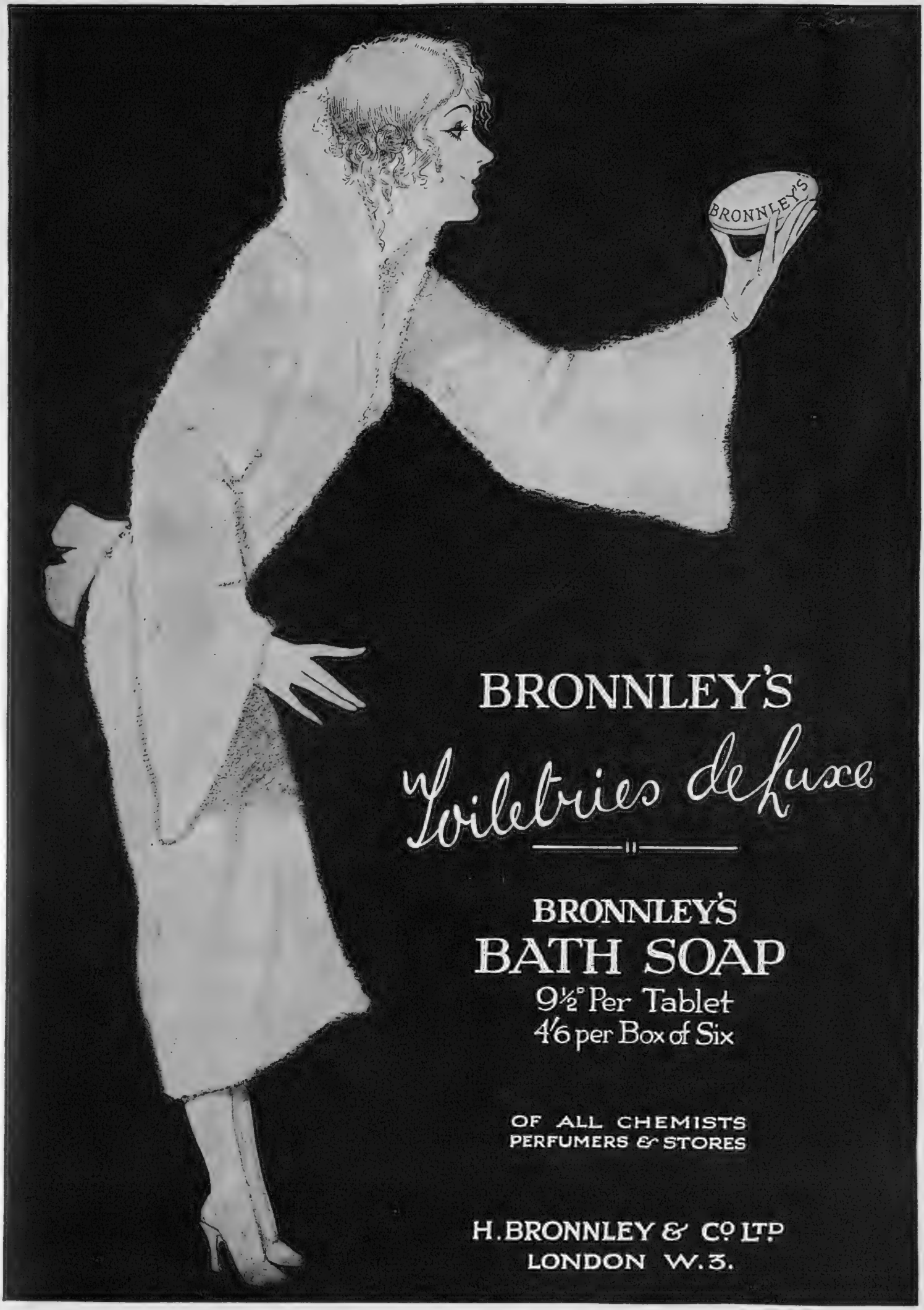
Every youthful line

restored—then enhanced until the aristocracy of a slim, trim silhouette is yours for life. This wonderful new treatment reduces weight by about 5 lbs. a week. No dieting, no tiresome routine and, definitely, no harmful after effects. Eminent physicians agree that this course is beneficial to one's health; the price is only **one guinea** a week.

Write to Lady Caillard, or call at—

SUNSHINE REMEDIES LTD.

8, West Halkin St., S.W.1



BRONNLEY'S

Toiletries de luxe

BRONNLEY'S
BATH SOAP
9½° Per Tablet
4/6 per Box of Six

OF ALL CHEMISTS
PERFUMERS & STORES

H. BRONNLEY & Co LTD
LONDON W.3.

THE GOURMET : : *Conducted by EMILIA*

A Christmas Dinner

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

CLEAR SOUP
GARNISHED WITH QUENELLES OF CHICKEN.

OYSTER PATTIES.

ROAST TURKEY
OR
ROAST GOOSE
WITH BANANA STUFFING.
CELERY AU GRATIN. POTATOES.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.
CHESTNUT CREAM.

TRUFFLES À L'ITALIENNE.

COFFEE. DESSERT.

Boiled Turkey

PLACE in boiling water, simmer slowly 1½ hours or more, according to size of the bird. Serve with a béchamel sauce poured over, and a boiled tongue.

Roast Goose with Banana Stuffing

PREPARE a banana stuffing as follows: Peel six or eight ripe bananas and chop them rather coarsely, season well with salt and pepper, and add half a breakfastcup of breadcrumbs, a beaten egg, chopped parsley and savoury herbs to taste. Mix the whole well and fill the goose with this, close both ends (sew up with thin twine), truss the bird, cover the breast with dripping or fat bacon, and cook in a good oven, allowing about twenty minutes to the pound. Baste frequently, and serve with a good gravy and apple sauce.

Christmas Pudding

MIX with 4 oz. of flour 1 lb. of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, and 1 lb. of finely chopped beef suet; add to this 1 lb. of stoned raisins, ¾ lb. of currants, ½ lb. of finely sliced candied peel, 3 oz. of demerara sugar, and 2 oz. of chopped almonds. Mix thoroughly and add ten beaten eggs and a wineglassful of brandy. Put the mixture into a pudding basin previously buttered, cover with a cloth, tie down, and boil for five hours. When wanted, boil again for two hours.

Truffles à l'Italienne

PARE some truffles as thin as possible, slice them about the size of a penny, put them into a sauté pan with a large piece of butter, some minced parsley and shallot, salt and pepper; stir them well in the pan, and cook them gently for about ten minutes. Drain off part of the butter and pour into the pan a small cupful of Espagnole sauce, the juice of a lemon, and a little cayenne pepper. Serve on neat squares of buttered toast.

"The Bystander" Christmas Number, 1929
The entire contents of this Number are copyright.

Postage Rates for THE BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS NUMBER : Great Britain, 5d. Abroad, 5d. Canada, 1½d.

MODEL RAILWAYS

BASSETT-LOWKE SCALE MODELS

are the "real" thing in miniature. Perfectly made; exquisite in finish; scientific in design. If you want to own a model to be proud of you must get a genuine "Bassett-Lowke" one.

Locomotives, rails, carriages, wagons, stations, bridges, signals and all model railway sundries.

Steam engines and boilers, fittings, dynamos, electric motors, castings, materials and designs, working models; everything, in fact, for the model or experimental engineer is illustrated, described and explained in our

COMPLETE CATALOGUE No. 63

Everything for Models. Over 300 pages, fully illustrated. Post free, **1/-**

SECTION—S/63

Model Sailing Yachts, Racing Motor Boats, Ships' Fittings and Accessories, Exhibition Ship Models, etc. S/63. Post free, **6d.**

BASSETT-LOWKE, Ltd., NORTHAMPTON

LONDON BRANCH - - 112, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.
MANCHESTER BRANCH - 28, CORPORATION STREET.
EDINBURGH BRANCH - - 5, FREDERICK STREET.

The PHIT-EESI
BANTAM WEIGHT

A featherweight Shoe of character and distinction. It gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Seems to become part of the foot. From the first moment's wear you are conscious only of a light shoeless feeling.

STOCKED IN BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER. *In three qualities.*

21/- 25/- 32/6

Postage 6d. Extra.

ABBOTT'S

44, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

(Next to the Monico)
And on sale at all Abbott's Shops.

CHILDREN'S DAINTY PARTY CLOTHES

LITTLE BOY'S SUIT for party wear, or dancing class, the knickers in French blue or green velveteen with good quality crêpe-de-Chine shirt to match.

Size for 2 yrs. .. **£4 15 6**
„ „ 3 „ .. **£5 0 0**
„ „ 4 „ .. **£5 5 0**
„ „ 5 „ .. **£5 10 6**

Can be made specially to order in larger sizes.

PRETTY IVORY SATIN DRESS, trimmed tiny lace frills, narrow rouleaux on net border the skirt.

Size for 2 yrs. 18ins. .. **59/6**
„ „ 3 „ 20 „ .. **65/9**
„ „ 4 „ 22 „ .. **69/6**
„ „ 5 „ 24 „ .. **75/–**

This frock can be made specially to order in any colour.

SMART FROCK in peach, gold chiffon taffeta, with circular skirt, fitting bodice, finished with real duchess lace collar and ball pearl buttons.

Size for 2 yrs. 18ins. .. **69/6**
„ „ 3 „ 20 „ .. **75/9**
„ „ 4 „ 22 „ .. **79/6**
„ „ 5 „ 24 „ .. **84/–**

This model can also be made in velvet.

PRETTY PARTY CAPE in selected coney skins, lined silk. In sizes for 20 to 26ins.

Prices **98/6** to **£6 19 6**

Other designs in chiffon velvet trimmed fur at various prices.

DAINTY CHIFFON FROCK in carnation pink, the skirt slightly ruched; soft taffeta slip to match; entirely hand-made.

Size for
2 yrs. 18ins. .. **£6 6 0**
3 „ 20 „ .. **£6 16 0**
4 „ 22 „ .. **£7 7 0**
5 „ 24 „ .. **£7 17 6**

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

(DEBENHAMS, LTD.)

WIGMORE STREET & WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1

E. & R. GARROULD,

150 to 162, EDGWARE RD., LONDON, W.2.

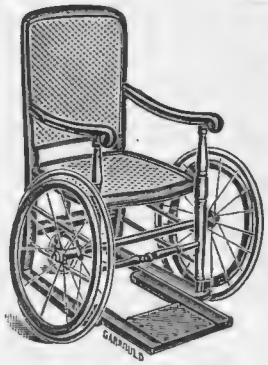
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free

Rubber Hot Water Bottles.

10" × 8" **4/11**
12 × 8 **5/3**
12 × 10 **6/3**

Carrying Chair.
£4 - 15 - 0

Nurses Uniforms.



Self-Propelling Chair.
£6 - 6 - 0

LADIES VISITING

GARROULD'S NURSES' SALOON

WILL FIND A LARGE STOCK OF UNIFORMS FOR NURSES, ALSO EVERY APPLIANCE AND NECESSITY FOR THE NURSERY AND SICK-ROOM. ELASTIC HOSIERY & ACCOUCHEMENT REQUISITES.

A SUPERB RIDING BOOT for LADIES

This ladies' model, light, strong and very durable, a superb boot for riding, tramping, etc., giving lightness and comfort with great durability. Uppers of super quality canvas and a brown golosh of the finest willow calfskin of stout selection. Best oak bark tanned soles welted on the Hand-sewn principle; in sizes and half sizes 3–7. Remember, there is no quality better than Norwell's.

Post free.
45/-
Postage abroad extra.

★ WHEN ORDERING
State size and send pencil outline of foot on paper. Your money will willingly be refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied.

C.O.D. Send us your order and pay the postman on delivery

SINGLE SAMPLE gladly sent on receipt of 6d. postage.

Norwell's
PERTH FOOTWEAR

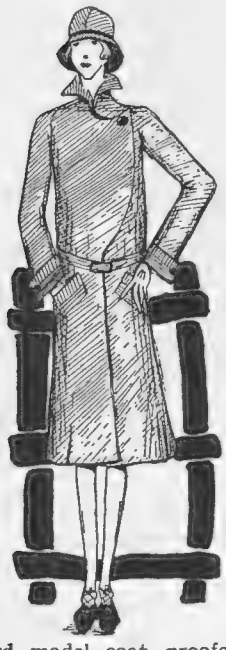
SEND FOR NORWELL'S CATALOGUE

You will find it useful and interesting. It is replete with guaranteed footwear for all occasions.

NORWELL'S - PERTH
SCOTLAND

TRUST THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOT

Crissy Bell
for
Country Clothes
and
Stockings



Bernard model coat, proofed for motoring and wet weather, silk lined throughout
9½ Guineas
(in all sizes).
Hat to match, **39/6.**
CRISSY BELL
19, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.
'Phone: Mayfair 4569.

for him...

1'6 each

Give him a present he can appreciate—a dozen Van Heusen collars. Supplied in white, colours or stripes. He will appreciate the comfort of a Van Heusen: and it is as smart as it is comfortable. Just right for every occasion. In attractive Xmas gift-boxes.

OF ALL HOSIERS & OUTFITTERS.

VAN HEUSEN

Sole Manufacturers:
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD.,
Kinnaird House, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.1

COGNAC FROMY

WEIRD STORIES

Now Ready.

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE PER COPY
2/6
(Postage 4d. extra).

Order with remittance to be sent to—
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Ltd.,
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

FURS

from

Gorringes

are

Ideal Xmas Gifts

because they are Reliable, Beautiful, Endurable!

There are Fur Coats and small Furs to suit all tastes and all pockets. All are of the Gorringe - - standard of value. - -

The Coat is of Persian Lamb and Sable Squirrel, both of the finest quality **149 Gns.**

A Scarf of Natural Brown Musquash, finest quality winter skins. About 70" long **98/6 & 5½ Gns.**

A Scarf of Blended Stone Marten in a rich Russian Sable shade. Three selected skins. **21½ Gns.**

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

Frederick Gorringe Ltd.

Telephones: Victoria 8600 (direct to all Depts.)

Where the Quality is Higher than the Price

Sands'

EXCLUSIVE AND SMART MODELS FOR

MATERNITY WEAR

Ready to Wear or Made to Measure.

Large range of NEW MODELS.

M/209. Attractive Georgette Dress adapted from a French Model Gown. Made in all colours.

Prices from

10½ gns.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL

Illustrated Price List on request.

Richard Sands & Co.,
187a, 188a, 189a, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1
Telephone: Sloane 5134 and 5135

FOOT'S

ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIRS

168, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

Simply press a button and the back declines, or automatically rises, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is locked.

The Arms open outwards, affording easy access and exit.

The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and can be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

The Front Table, Reading Desk, and Side Tray are adjustable and removable.

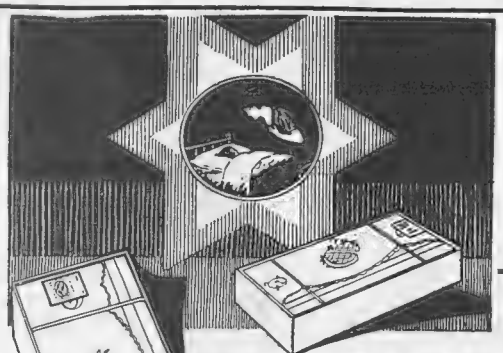
The only chair combining these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted.

Catalogue C22 of Adjustable Chairs Free.

'Phone: Museum 9747.

Automatic Adjustable Back

"THE BURLINGTON"
(Patented)



WHAT LOVELIER OR MORE USEFUL GIFT

than snowy white Hercules Sheets, Pillowcases, or Embroidered American Sets—or colourful Hercules Overalls which last so long? You will be giving them something attractive *and* useful.
Ask to see them at your Drapers. You will realise they are presents that are sure to be appreciated—for years and years to come.

STOCKED BY DRAPERS EVERYWHERE.

Hercules
WASH & WEAR WELL

SHEETS, PILLOWCASES, OVERALLS & EMBROIDERED AMERICAN SETS

If any difficulty write to—

JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS Ltd.
50, PICCADILLY MANCHESTER

GLORIA ANCIENT GRECIAN GREEN CREAM

For Wrinkles, Blemishes, etc., 4/6, 7/6, & 12/6
Sample, 1/-

Under Royal Patronage.

COMPLETE REJUVENATION BY PLASTIC SURGERY

Wrinkles, Crowsfeet and other Blemishes removed without discomfort. American Beauty Treatments, etc.

Large Noses corrected. Small Eyes made larger. Beautiful Permanent Waving (Shingled Head), 35/-. Hair Tinting. Eyelashes Permanently Dyed, (9/6), etc., etc.

GLORIA FACE LIFTING and perfect CHIN STRAP to prevent sagging muscles, etc., 35/6.

Free consultations on every subject pertaining to health, beauty and malformations. Send for list of Gloria Vegetable Beauty Preparations and Brochure.

ARLINE (Court Hairdresser, Beauty Specialist & Plastic Surgeon) **6, Basil St., S.W.3**

2 doors from Knightsbridge Tube Station. *Sloane 5441.*

For the Feast of Christmas

PAN YAN PICKLE

The cold turkey or the cold goose or the cold round of beef all taste a little flat after Christmas Day: and this is where Pan Yan comes in!

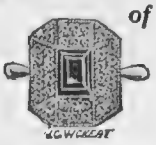
* * *
* * *
*

Maconochies make it and every Grocer sells it.

Select Your Xmas Gifts at Vickery's

The most charming and varied collection of Novelties in London.

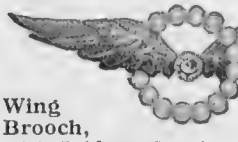
Fine Diamond and 18ct. White Gold and Platinum Wrist Watch, £18 18 0



Fine Diamonds and Emerald, £50
Smaller, £35

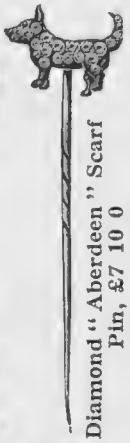
Diamond Bow Brooch £15 15 0

Solid Gold Cigarette Case, 3¼ × 2¾", only £8 8 0



Wing Brooch, 15ct. Gold, set Pearls and Sapphires, £4 10 0

Vanity Case in Beige, Blue or Green Leather. Fitted Silver Gilt Brush, Mirror and Comb 7 × 4¾ £2 10 0



Diamond "Aberdeen" Scarf Pin, £7 10 0
Any Dog to order.

Engine Turned Solid Silver Toilet Set of 6 pieces in case, Only £7 17 6

Lovely Amber or Blue Glass Spirit Barrel on Silver Plated Stand, with measure, £4 18 6

J·C VICKERY
145 & 147 REGENT ST. LONDON. W·1·
By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

Worrall Printed VELVET
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

You will be wanting a Rayon Velvet costume, gown or coatee this season. Such lovely designs and colourings are available, but the dye and finish must be the best if satisfaction is to be assured. "Worrall" on the selvedge is your guarantee.

Ask your draper to show you Worrall Printed Rayon Velvets. J.&J.M. Worrall, Ltd., Manchester, will be pleased to send names of suppliers, if necessary.

J.&J.M. WORRALL Ltd
MANCHESTER

Not a heater only, but a *lamp* with "101" uses, absolutely safe in all.

The Gift for MOTORISTS

You cannot think of a Gift for your motoring friends that will give more pleasure than a

'PROTECTOR'
Patent
GARAGE SAFETY LAMP

—Approved by the leading Insurance Companies and used by H.M. Government—

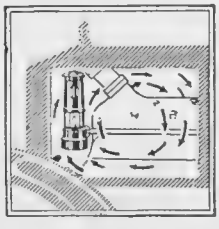
In cold and frosty weather it will save them endless engine trouble for, put in the bonnet of the car overnight, it keeps warm air circulating around the engine. This ensures an easier start-up in the morning, prevents a freeze-up, cracked cylinders and jackets, and makes it quite unnecessary to drain the radiator.

Then out on the roads at night. If there's a breakdown in a gale of wind and an inspection is necessary, the "Protector" will burn undisturbed, for the strongest wind cannot put it out.

The "Protector" Patent Garage Safety Lamp has 101 uses and is absolutely safe in all. Spill petrol or benzine on a lighted "Protector" and it will only extinguish the flame. Take it into an atmosphere heavily charged with volatile vapour or gas and it will only extinguish the flame. Knock it over and it will only extinguish the flame.

It is a sheer impossibility to have an accidental fire or explosion with a "Protector," the only lamp of its kind which is foolproof and absolutely safe under all conditions.

You must add a "Protector" to your list of Gifts.



Placing lamp in bonnet overnight ensures easier starting in the morning.

The "Protector" burns Petrol, 30 hours one filling for less than ½d. Gives 1 C.P. Light, (adequate for inspection purposes, also adequate warmth for the engine) is clean, free from smell. Turned in Solid Brass it is beautifully made and finished. Weighs 3½ lbs, measures 10 in. × 3½ in.

20/-
Carr. Paid in U.K.

Sold by Garages and direct by the Sole Makers.

The new 1929 model, fitted with self-contained Flint Igniter. 25/-

PROTECTOR CO. LTD., ECCLES, MANCHESTER

A
GIFT FOR ANIMALS
A DONATION TO
THE
R.S.P.C.A.
105, JERMYN STREET,
LONDON,
S.W.1.

The Best Christmas

Deserving Causes which Ask for

Soon—perhaps even now—people will have begun the daily round of the shops. Their faces will carry a slightly worried look—the result of thinking what they can buy for their friends and relatives. There are, however, some presents which never need vary, and are always sure to be received with gratitude; the only difficulty is to select a suitable recipient. The cheque or gift in kind which goes to charity can bring untold joy, but with so many appeals it is difficult to choose between them. To assist in their choice, we draw your attention to some particularly deserving causes.

Miss Smallwood's Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances is appealing for donations, subscriptions, and very specially for legacies. It aims at helping ladies to support themselves by giving them orders for needlework, which is sold by the Society, and it grants money in monthly gifts to the helpless, the sick, and the aged. Money is also given for coal and holidays or trips into the country for those who cannot get away, and for doctors' bills. The Society is glad of orders for needlework. Handkerchief-making is a speciality, and boxes of goods can be sent on approval for Christmas gifts.

The Church Army, always diligently at work, has, at this time of year, its work intensified. The Army, continually fighting misery, is now faced with the distressing prospect of seeing countless poor families going without the necessities of life, let alone some of its comforts. Money is urgently needed by the Army in their battle with distressing poverty.

For forty-five years the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been making life easier for children. This is a magnificent record, but such records can only be made and upheld by constant financial support. This Society is always in need of funds to enable it to carry on with its great work, and specially at the Christmas season.

"All the days, in a hundred ports, in a thousand ways

Serving a population of a million people

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE
PLEASE REMEMBER THE

Over 700 out-patient attendances daily. (400 beds.)

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

A Special Christmas and New Year Appeal.
A Great Work with a Great Object.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Over 28,000 poor boys and girls have been given a chance in life and have been trained to become good and useful sons and daughters of the Empire.
1,100 children are always being maintained.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED
to prevent curtailment of any Branch of the Society's Work.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING and QUEEN.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.
FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Chairman and Treasurer: FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq.
Deputy Chairman: LORD DARYNGTON.
Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee: HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq.
Secretary: F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.
The Society pleads for Legacies and Bequests.

Will you remember

to send a Christmas Gift for
THE ILL-TREATED CHILD?

In all parts of the country the Children's Guardian is defending and protecting suffering children. During last year no less than 100,958 of these little ones were brought under the protecting arm of the Society and their young lives made happier.

The N.S.P.C.C.
needs your help

Donations and Gifts of Worn Clothing will be gratefully received by WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT, Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Present of Them All

Your Help at this Season

in service for the sailor," is how the British Sailors' Society describes its activities. Its mission is to help in any way it can our merchant seamen by visiting them and providing them with those little comforts which otherwise might have been forgotten. While these seamen are away their families, who may be suffering owing to their absence, are cared for by the Society, whilst the "Royal Alfred" Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution, which is doing invaluable work caring for those who can no longer care for themselves, is urgently in need of funds.

The Shaftesbury Homes and Arethusa Training Ship are making a special appeal to your charity. Since their foundation in 1843, over 25,000 children have passed through the hands of these splendid institutions and have been given a real chance in life which they otherwise might not have had. Few Christmas gifts could be so well applied as in helping this cause.

Another old and most worthy institution is Dr. Barnardo's Homes. If one thought for a moment how many orphan and destitute children there must be, it would not be surprising to know that their large family numbers nearly 8,000. These small children are properly nourished and cared for and given a healthy entry into the world.

Again, the great work performed by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should not be forgotten. The Society, to whom the sole care of our dumb friends is entrusted, have to keep up a vast establishment, and money is urgently sought for.

And, lastly, the hospitals. All would gladly welcome your support, but if any particular choice is needed we commend to your notice the Royal Northern Hospital at Holloway, and the Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road. To enlarge upon their work is unnecessary, but both are in urgent need of funds.

Remember, there is no greater joy than helping others, so let this joy be yours this Christmastide.

A Happy Xmas AT HOME for the poor

The Church Army's Aim

CHRISTMAS is the Home Festival and the Church Army is endeavouring to give hundreds of poor families a HAPPY Christmas *in their own homes.*

Parcels of good fare sufficient to tide an average poor family over the Christmas period will be distributed to recommended homes.

£5 will provide for ten families.

10/- will buy one parcel.

Bought in large quantities each parcel costs 10/-, but the retail value is nearly 15/-.

SYSTEMATIC COAL DISTRIBUTION During cold snaps the Church Army is enabled, through special arrangements, to provide coal to thousands of otherwise fireless homes.

Please send a gift to-day to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1. Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclays a/c Church Army."

THE CHURCH ARMY

"For those in peril—"

The veterans of the Merchant Navy rely upon the

ROYAL ALFRED

AGED MERCHANT SEAMEN'S INSTITUTION

for a Home when incurably afflicted or homeless and friendless in old age. Others, and widows, dependants and incapacitated sailors helped by out-pensions or special grants.

1,762 kept above the poverty line during 1928, 3,520 applied.

You owe much to the merchant Sailor. Please help this National Charity which depends on voluntary contributions.

Patron:
H.M. THE KING.

ESTABLISHED 1867

Central Office—
58B, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3

MISS SMALLWOOD'S

Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances.

Under Royal Patronage.

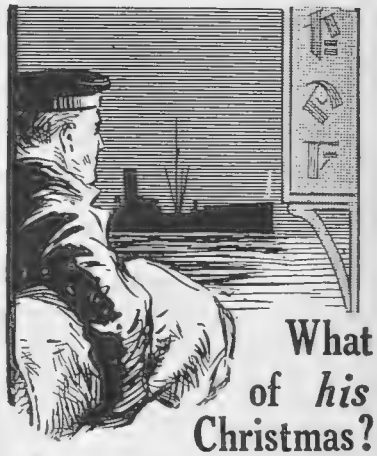
WANTED— MONEY FOR COALS & CHRISTMAS GIFTS

In the approaching Festive Season of generous good will, when purse strings are loosened and hearts beat warm, will you please remember our poor ladies—over 200 of them?

Extra money and extra comforts are urgently needed to make this a very happy and cheerful Xmas for the aged, the sick, and the lonely.

Please make cheques and orders payable to:

Miss Smallwood's Society, Lancaster House, Malvern.



What of *his* Christmas?

IT is a hard fact that many seamen cannot be home for the festivities towards which they contribute so much. At more than 100 Homes of the British Sailors' Society special efforts are being made to entertain those who cannot be by their own firesides. WIDOWS and ORPHANS, too, will share. LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS and LIGHTSHIP CREWS will be included.

None will be forgotten by

THE BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

—but YOUR HELP is *urgently* needed. Please send a Christmas gift TO-DAY to

SIR ERNEST W. GLOVER, BART., Hon. Treasurer,
680, Commercial Rd., London, E.14.
HERBERT E. BARKER, *Gen. Sec.*

SUN RAY CRUISES

THEY WILL THINK OF *THIS* CHRISTMAS GIFT FOUR WEEKS LATER

which will be when they start enjoying it—a Canadian Pacific SUN RAY CRUISE. And they will keep on enjoying it for Six Weeks—and the memory of it will never fade during their lives!

ISLES OF THE BLEST
AND WEST AFRICA

Tropic Isles—strange sights—primitive peoples from the mysterious hinterland of the Dark Continent—you see these on this splendidly leisured Winter Cruise. Beautiful Madeira, with its blazing flowers—Dakar, in Senegal, and Takoradi, where you see huge ebony-skinned tribesmen from the interior and hear the tom-tom at nights—Victoria, in the Cameroons, once German possessions—Freetown, in Sierra Leone, Porto Praia Island, with its turtles and amber—Teneriffe (where Nelson lost his arm) and Grand Canary—Casablanca, and Tangier, in Morocco where desert caravans come out—Gibraltar, symbol of Britain's greatness—and home by Lisbon. Sailing from Liverpool, January 25 by the DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

WEST INDIES
PANAMA AND VENEZUELA

Sun-kissed seas—the beauty of coral isles—the pirate-haunted history of the "Spanish Main"—these are yours on this splendidly leisured cruise. You see Bermuda and the Bahamas, with their gleaming white coral houses—Havana, with its magnificent Prado—Jamaica, old-time head-quarters of bold, bad buccaneers—Panama, with its famous canal—the sky nestling republic of Venezuela—Trinidad, land of humming birds—Barbados, home of the flying fish—Porto Rico, that lovely tropical island—and then home, via beautiful Madeira. Sailing from Liverpool January 21 (from Bristol, January 22) by the DUCHESS OF ATHOLL.

THE STEAMSHIPS

The "Duchess of Richmond" and the "Duchess of Atholl" are the newest cruising Steamships of the world. Each is 20,000 tons, and oil burning. Each Cruise takes six weeks, and not a rush from port to port, but—splendid leisure. Fares from £95.

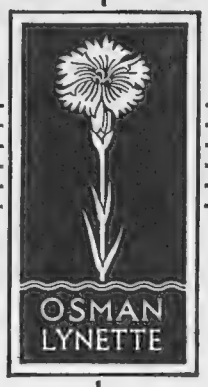
Canadian Pacific Management Aboard & Ashore.

Full information is in our Booklet No 72 or we will gladly send a personal representative. Write to-day to

THE CRUISE DEPARTMENT

CANADIAN PACIFIC
World's Greatest Travel System

62, Charing Cross (Trafalgar Square), London, S.W.1; also at Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, Birmingham, Belfast, Manchester, Southampton, Paris, etc.



AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

ONE PAIR OSMAN LYNETTE HEMSTITCHED SHEETS WITH PILLOW CASES TO MATCH

OBTAINABLE AT ALL GOOD CLASS DRAPERS & STORES

IN CASE OF DIFFICULTY WRITE TO OSMAN HOUSE, MANCHESTER

For Stiff Beards & Tender Skins use—

ECLIPSE
SAFETY RAZOR
BLADES

BRITISH FROM START TO FINISH

The "ECLIPSE" Guarantee

Buy a packet of 5 "Eclipse" Blades. If, after using two, you are not entirely satisfied, return the 5 blades direct to us and your 1/8 will be refunded.

Made by
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.,
Crucible Steel Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

5 for 1/8
10 for 3/4

Obtainable from usual suppliers.

Current Modes demand a Belt by Roussel

A typical new Parisian Evening gown. This model was carried out in charmeuse with the new sheath-like corsage and graceful flared skirt.

British Patent No. 258561

In this delightful garment, brassiere and belt are in one seamless elastic weave, giving upright support with glorious comfort. The brassiere is sewn with exquisite hand-made lace, while the belt can be obtained in pure silk or in thread and silk.

THE new gowns are so alluring! Form-fitting, cut to enhance the gracious, feminine silhouette. Under these revealing frocks, the outline must be perfect. The Roussel Belt is styled to persuade your figure to just the correct contours, gently yielding to soft curves, yet firmly massaging away too-generous lines. Each belt is as carefully designed and fitted as a model gown, so that your slimmest frocks shall hang gracefully over a smooth, unobtrusive foundation.

POST ORDERS

You can order confidently by post. Give size of bust, waist, hips (stripped) and total height. Correct fitting guaranteed or money refunded. Prices: Long Belt in thread and silk £5.15.0. In pure silk and lace £9.9.0. Abroad 2/6 extra. Other models to fit your figure from £2.2.0 upwards.

On Sale only at J. Roussel of Paris 177 Regent St. W.1.

and 8a, Thurloe Place, Opposite Brompton Oratory, S.W.7

PARIS 83, Boul Malesherbes · THE HAGUE 21, Noordeinde · AMSTERDAM 14, Leidschestraat · ROTTERDAM 57c, Coolsingel · BRUSSELS 144, rue Neuve · LIEGE 13, rue Vinâve d'Ile · ANTWERP 1, rue Quellin · CONSTANTINOPLE PERA, Place du Tunnel

R 10

Young's
FAMOUS WHISKIES

YOUNG'S
MOUNTAIN DEW
The Real and Original

YOUNG'S
DIRECTORS' SPECIAL
The Scotch Whisky De Luxe.

QUALITY FIRST SINCE
1797

EDWARD YOUNG & Co., Ltd.
Glasgow, Liverpool, London,
Glenugie Distillery,
Aberdeenshire.

XMAS
1929
GIVE A "LUVISCA" GARMENT.

"Luvisca" Reg.
SHIRTS
PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

Real Comfort Wear for Men.

"LUVISCA" PYJAMAS are cut and made so that they give the utmost comfort and repose in night attire. "LUVISCA" SHIRTS and SOFT COLLARS, equally comfortable in wear, have style and tastefulness that will do you credit in business and social affairs.

LOOK FOR THE NEW REGISTERED TAB
Luvisca COURTAULDS

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds, Ltd. (Dept. 8M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of your nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

MARTINI

ITALIAN
Vermouth

The Vermouth from which the "Martini Cocktail" derives its name.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
Brand

From all Wine Merchants

The First Cocktail—
The MARTINI
⅔ Martini Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
1 Dash Orange Bitter
Squeeze of Lemon peel

MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO - - ITALY

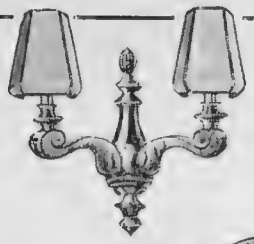
TROUT
BRONZE BY GUSTAVE MARCHEGAY
Price £5.5.0

This engaging example of MARCHEGAY's studies of fish in bronze is 4½ inches high at the tail and 5½ inches from nose to tail. It makes a singularly appropriate gift for every fisherman.

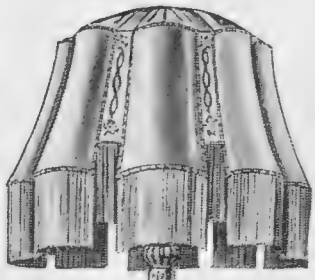
An example can be seen at The Sporting Gallery.

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, by whom orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £5.5.0: packing and postage (Inland) 5/- extra.

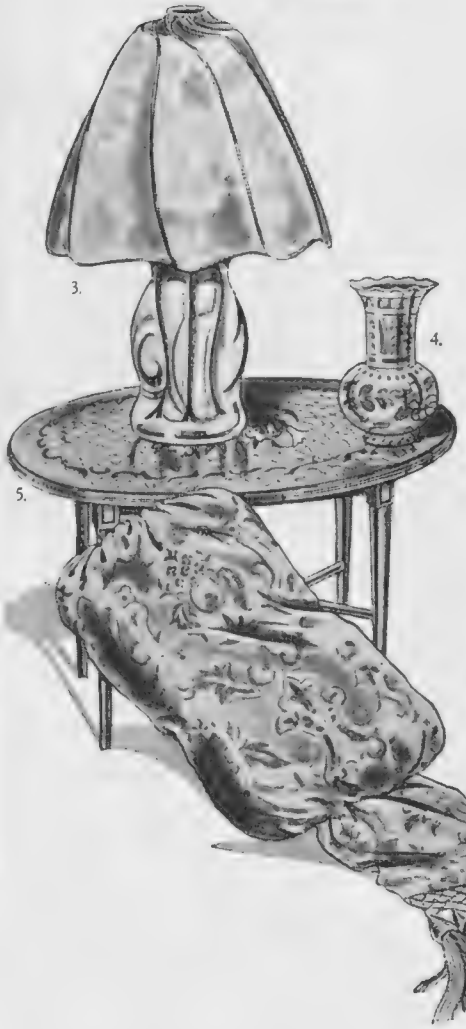
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2.

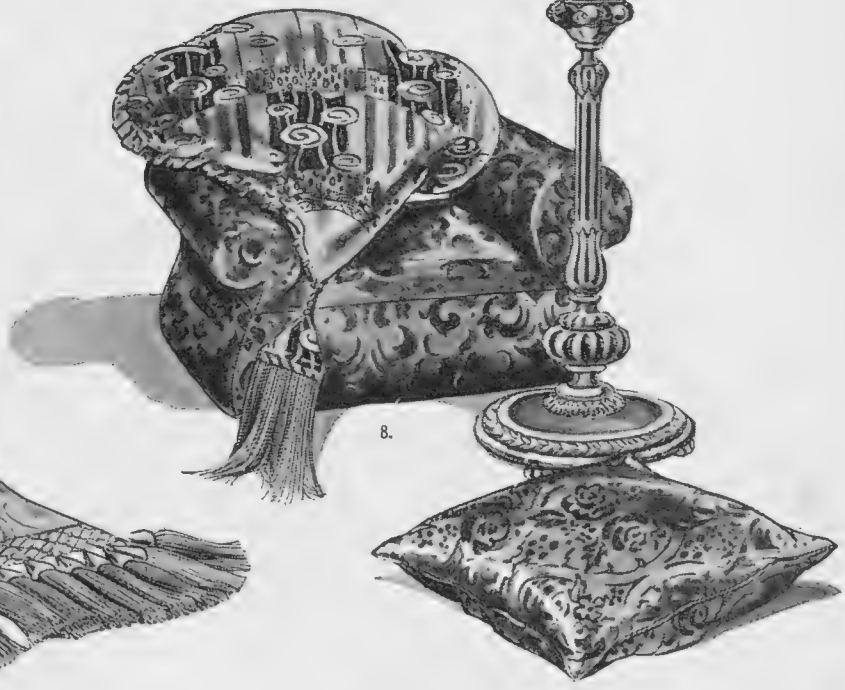


LAMPSHADES & CUSHIONS AS ACCEPTABLE YULE-TIDE GIFTS



Model Cushions from **49/6**





1. — Hand carved double WALL BRACKET. Gold leaf finish. Shades extra. **PRICE 69/6**

2. — OVAL MIRROR in untarnishable silver or gold, size 16″ × 22½″. Made for hanging or standing. **PRICE 39/6**

3. — Attractive GLASS LAMP with exclusive antelope skin shade. In various colours. **PRICE complete £5 19 6**

4. — Grathite Pottery VASE. Height 11″. **PRICE 14/9**

5. — English made hand decorated COFFEE TABLE in all soft colourings. **PRICE 79/6**

6. — Unusual Ninon over Taffeta LAMPSHADE with heavy silk fringe to tone. **PRICE £6 19 6**

7. — Well weighted Italian Gilt FLOOR STANDARD with blue flutings. **PRICE 5 Gns.**

8. — Useful fireside OTTOMAN made in heavy furnishing damask. **PRICE 5½ Gns.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(*Debenham's, Ltd.*)

VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Cécile

Photo by Peter North

Speed Hats!

Made and fitted in 1½ hours for 1 Guinea, in black, navy, beige and brown felt.

63, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1
(First Floor).

GREY HAIR

A HINT of greyness hints at age. Banish your grey hair with Inecto; bring back its exact original colour with this reliable and permanent recolourative.

Inecto recolours perfectly in half an hour, though its use affects neither the natural silkiness nor the texture of the hair, however delicate it may be

Hairdressers expert in recolouration will gladly apply Inecto, or further particulars may be had on request.

INECTO

SALONS:
32, Dover Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: Regent 7931.

JAMES £8/5/- PATENT TWO-SPEED
RUSTLESS STAINLESS
The Famous JAMES

200cc. SPORTS. VILLIERS ENGINE

40 MILES AN HOUR £29/10/- LIGHTING SET 30/- EXTRA OVER 100 MILES PER GALLON

AUTOMATIC LUBRICATION
3 SPEED GEAR BOX. FRONT & REAR BRAKES. TERRY SPRING SADDLE. DUNLOP CORD TYRES HANS RENOLD CHAIN. SADDLE TANK

3½ H.P. SPORTS 65 MILES P.H.

KING OF MOTORS & CYCLES
True Test of Quality
3½ h.p. Sports Twins
PREMIER HONOURS IN THE ENGLISH, SCOTTISH & INTERNATIONAL 6 DAYS 1000 MILE RELIABILITY TRIALS. 4 YEARS IN SUCCESSION
SPECIALLY MANUFACTURED FOR RELIABILITY, SPEED AND SILENT RUNNING
Distinctive in Design Dependable in Service
WRITE FOR NEW ART CATALOGUE TO
THE JAMES CYCLE CO. LTD. Birmingham
KINDLY INSPECT ALL LATEST MODELS AT OUR LONDON SHOWROOMS
21 & 22, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.1
CYCLE AGENTS GIVE IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Bedford Riding Breeches Co
E. TURNER LTD.

CAN SAVE YOU A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT ON YOUR RIDING KIT

A Customer writes from Lincoln:
"Riding Jacket and Breeches safely to hand. They are excellent in fit and style and your charges so very reasonable."

CALL AND SEE—OR SEND FOR PATTERNS

We have a splendid range of all kinds of materials.

RIDING BREECHES .. from 21/-
LADIES' RIDING JACKET AND BREECHES .. .. from 83/6
GENTS' RIDING SUIT .. from 84/-

Every garment cut to your special individual measurements.

ONLY ADDRESS: Dept. 21,
19, NEW QUEBEC STREET, MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1.

"TWO-YEAR-OLD AT A CANTER"
BRONZE BY RENÉ PARIS
Price £21 . 0 . 0

The life and movement in this study of a two-year-old in action are characteristic of the nervous force which marks the work of the brilliant French sculptor RENÉ PARIS. The extreme height of this bronze is 7¼ inches, and it is mounted on a marble base measuring 10 inches long. A work of art for every sportsman.

An example of this and other sporting bronzes can be seen at The Sporting Gallery.

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, by whom orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £21 . 0 . 0; packing and postage (Inland) 5/- extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHS.
High-grade photographic prints of models of all ages. We offer these valuable prints to artists and students as an aid to their work in figure construction, composition and design.
Catalogue gratis to those stating full particulars of Business or Profession and Age.
B.R.LEON PUBLISHING COMPANY
6, Norton Street, Liverpool

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men and women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength, and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd., Leicester (Box 3).

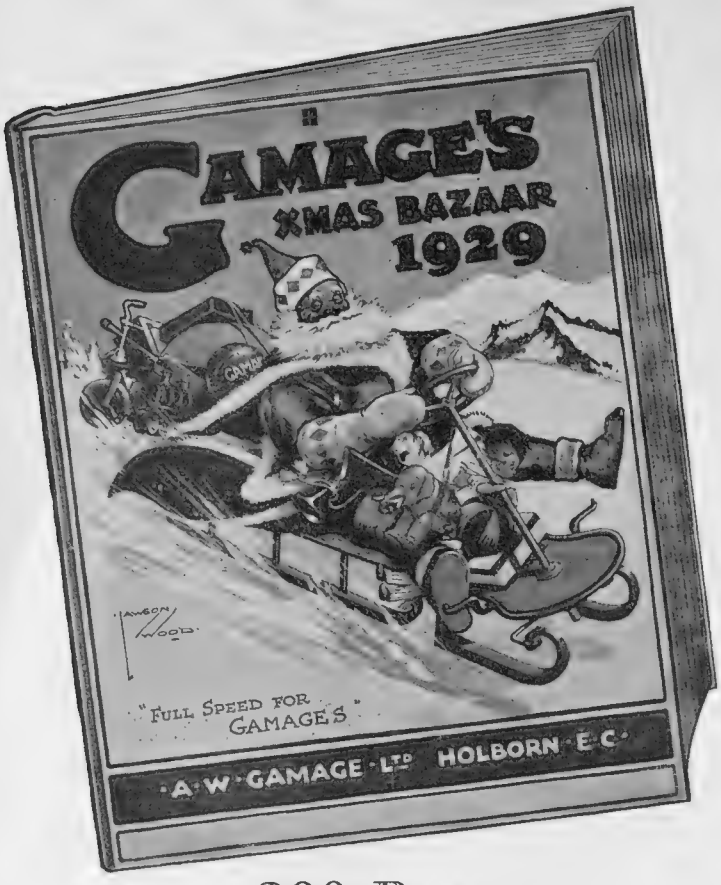
MONEY WON'T BUY HEALTH
DRINK MORE WATER
BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Christmas time is "Carnival" time —
Mackintosh's
"Carnival" Assortment de Luxe
Mackintosh's
TOFFEE DE LUXE



Choose your Gifts from

GAMAGES

MAMMOTH XMAS LIST

For years our famous Christmas List has been recognised as the leading medium from which to select Christmas Gifts. This year there are 200 pages graphically and artistically arranged with Gifts for every age and taste. The whole book captures the spirit of Christmas so delightfully that its pages are intensely interesting to everybody. Write for your copy now, as the issue is strictly limited.

200 Pages *Issued in Two Sections—152 pages of Toys and Children's Gifts; 48 pages of Adult Gifts.*

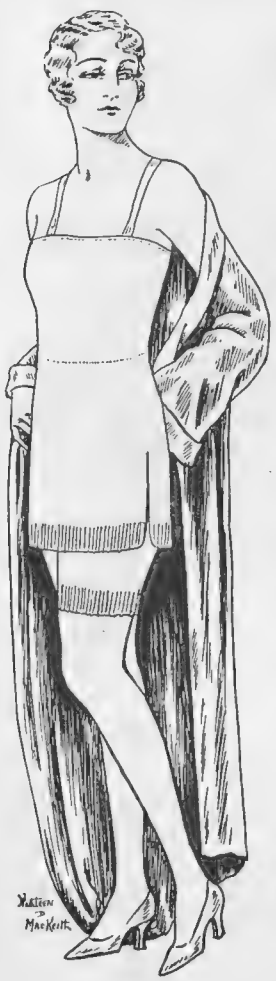
Don't Miss GAMAGES Great

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

It is one of London's Greatest Christmas Attractions and a Wonderful Show for the Children.

GAMAGES, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Telephone: Holborn 8484.



WOVEN UNDERWEAR

THE IDEAL GIFT

WINTER-WEIGHT

"PET-A-COMS"

(Registered)

COMBINATIONS

MADE IN HAWICK, SCOTLAND.

Ladies who suffer from Rheumatism, Neuritis, and kindred troubles, and who need comfort combined with protection find "Pet-à-Com" the ideal in Underwear. The whole garment, being woven in one piece, is free from gores, bands, or movable belts; there is not, in fact, any waist fullness to disturb the figure, while the becoming appearance of the Garment in the dressing-room is much esteemed by ladies who object to the nude aspect of ordinary Combinations. This delightful Garment has been much improved and is now stocked in no less than seven styles and in a variety of weights and qualities.

From **22/-** per Set.

Fully Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns sent on request.

When ordering it is important to state quality, size and shape.

DESIGN 120.—Fine White Llama (Pure Wool), Brassiere-fitting, Opera Top, Trunk Legs.

	QUALITY D.		
Slender Women's	Women's	Outsize.	Extra Outsize.
22/-	22/-	23/-	24/-

McDONALDS LIMITED

21-31, Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

Also at

10, 12 & 14 James St., HARROGATE.

"REGENT'S OWN"** HAND-MADE **CIGARETTES

FINEST VIRGINIA GROWN and TURKISH TOBACCOS USED

	25	50	100	
VIRGINIA	2/4	4/6	8/9	POST FREE Same Rate.
TURKISH or EGYPTIAN BLEND	2/10	5/6	10/9	

PERFECT in QUALITY and SIZE

Only from **W. J. BLOCK, Brown's Arcade, 92, Regent Street, London, W.1.**

THE GOLFERS' PARADISE.

HYÈRES GOLF HOTEL

on the Links, entirely relaid in 1928. 4 Tennis — 6 Croquet Courts

200 Rooms 100 Baths. Moderate Terms. Restaurant, Bar, Orchestra.

Don't Forget the Children.

The Famous JAMES

'HURRAH' FOR CHRISTMAS!

BROWNIE AND PIXIE BICYCLES & TRICYCLES

For Boys and Girls of all ages.

Finest English Manufacture.

Write for Art Catalogue free.

The JAMES CYCLE Co. Ltd., BIRMINGHAM.

GRAND XMAS DISPLAY

of all Models on view at our London Showrooms:

21 & 22, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

Kindly call to inspect.

All Cycle Agents and Stores will supply.

G. P.
Estab. 1851

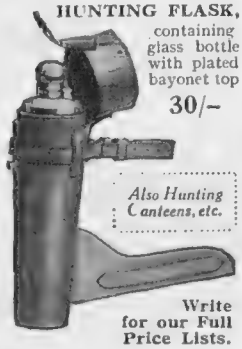
XMAS PRESENTS
FOR HUNTING FRIENDS

What more welcome present can there be for a friend who hunts than something which will be useful to him or her on every hunting day? A whip—a flask—a handsome, strongly made canteen in leather case?

Ladies' & Gent's Whips.

No.
10 Hunting Whip, Gent's, best Whalebone, with plaited Kangaroo handpart, two stout silver collars with thong - - - - - - 63/-
11 Hunting Whip, Gent's, Whalebone, braided gut, pigskin leather handpart, two silver collars with thong - - - - - - 50 -
12 (as illus.) Hunting Whip, Gent's, covered hogskin with silver mount and thong - - - - - - 35/-
13 (as illus.) Ditto, Plaited Kangaroo hide, with silver mounts and thong - - 35/-
14 Ditto, plated mounts and thong - - - - - - 30/-

Flasks.



HUNTING FLASK, containing glass bottle with plated bayonet top **30/-**

Also Hunting Canteens, etc.

Write for our Full Price Lists.

Leather Bags and Trunks of the highest quality are also included in our 1929 Winter Price Lists, which embrace every requirement of field and stable — saddlery by all London makers, Super Horse-Clothing, all Stable Utensils, etc., etc.

GEO. PARKER & SONS

ONLY ADDRESS: (SADDLERS) LTD.

17, 18, 19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: **Temple Bar 1164.** *Telegrams:* **"Cavesson, London."**

RADIUM *v.* GREY HAIR

65—and never a Grey Hair!

Write for Hair Book.

No longer is there any need for Greyness, no longer is there any excuse. Whatever the cause—ill-health, anxiety, age, constitution—your Grey Hair can be restored to its original colour, lustre and beauty.

'Caradium' is not a Dye or Stain. The secret of its wonderful power rests in the Radio-active water with which it is prepared, and its results look natural because they are natural. 'Caradium' will positively cure the severest case of Greyness in two or three short weeks, will stop your HAIR FALLING AND REMOVE EVERY TRACE OF DANDRUFF.

'Caradium' is NOT A DYE

'Caradium' Hair Restorer is no new untried remedy. For years it has been a boon and a blessing to tens of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is the proved finest preparation for the hair. IT NEVER FAILS.

Dandruff quickly cured. If you are not grey 'CARADIUM' used twice weekly will prevent your going grey.

Olive oil Shampoo powders. The finest in the world for producing Soft and Glossy hair, 6d. each. Packets of 12 5/-

WARNING.—**Do not accept Restorers offered "Just as good," as no substitute will give 'Caradium' results.**

Caradium REGD.

Hundreds of original testimonials from delighted clients from all parts of the world can be seen at the 'House of Caradium.' Here is an example:—

"I FEEL SO GRATEFUL!"

"I cannot overstate the Efficiency of 'Caradium' Hair Restorer. My hair looks as well as it did when I was 20, and I am now over 50. It is lustrous and silky in appearance and never looks harsh or dry as dyed hair so often looks. I am SO grateful."

'Caradium' Hair Restorer is obtainable of Harrods, Whiteleys, Barkers, Selfridges (Hairdressing), Army and Navy Stores, Boots, etc., or direct from the proprietors in plain packages (postage 6d. extra).

7/6

'CARADIUM' (Regd.), 38, Gt. Smith St., Westminster, London.

MADAME Bremner

CORSETIERE

This corset for evening wear with low back is made without bones in crêpe de Chine and gives the correct line for the new gowns.

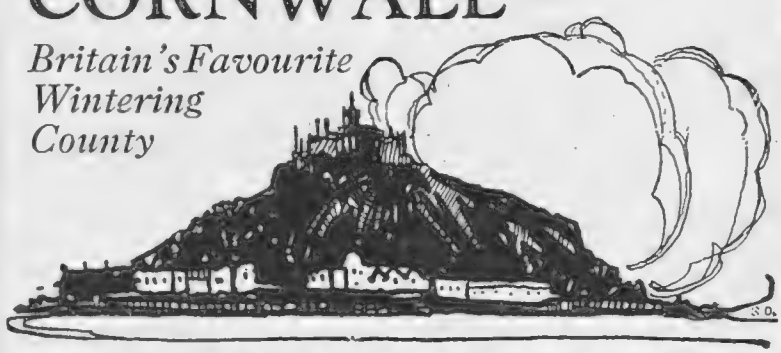
22 TEL. MAYFAIR 1857

BRUTON ST.

BOND ST. LONDON W.1.

CORNWALL—

Britain's Favourite Wintering County



ALL Seasons afford Cornwall opportunities of demonstrating the possession of some attractive feature which it either enjoys alone, or to a more remarkable degree than other parts of Great Britain, but the benefits the county confers are more noticeable in the Autumn and Winter.

When other parts of the country are experiencing severe weather, the visitor to Cornwall frequently enjoys mild and balmy air many degrees warmer. Moreover, there is not the great differences in night and day temperatures so evident elsewhere, and there is the very great advantage that the visitor is within easy access of London and the principal centres should unexpected business arise.

Intending visitors should obtain S. P. B. Mais' book "The Cornish Riviera" (price 1/- paper, 2/6 cloth) together with train service and other information from The Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W.2.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, PADDINGTON, W.2

JAMES MILNE, General Manager

BREAST SUPPORTER

invaluable for all purposes.

Not only improves figure and keeps appearance **Youthful**, but **Guards** against **Cancer, Tumour, Mastitis, Pain** and the many evils arising from neglected breasts, which happens when tightened by wearing substitute bodices.

JOUJOU CORSETS, BELTS, etc

Only JOUJOU can give this correct improvement, as the illustration below shows; JOUJOU is a necessity for all Women to wear, day and night.

(Regd. Design) *(Copyright Reserved)*

"JOUJOU"

32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Without, and With

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free illustrated Circular. If not satisfactory, money refunded in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.

White, fine material, **15/6**

For Bathing or during maternity, rubber or waterproof, from **25/6**

Small Figures only.

Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps. **47/6**

White Silk Material **32/6**

For Heavy, Full, Loose Figures or Maternity.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements

Post free only in U.K. Obtainable only from—

"JOUJOU" Co. Dept. B 1311 Xmas

32, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.

The Unique Gift of the Year

The Harwood SELF-WINDING Wrist Watch

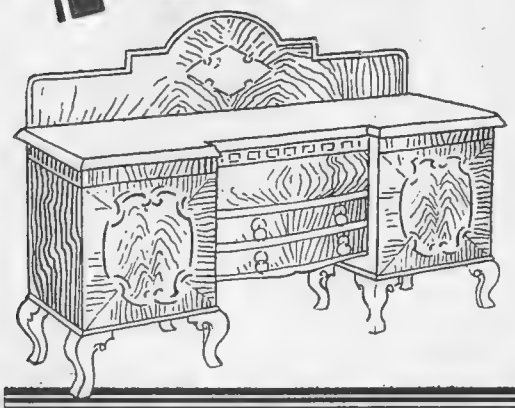
Wearing Winds it!

The Harwood automatically winds itself by the simple ordinary movements of the wearer's arm. Upon the wrist it never stops. Off the wrist it will keep going for 34 hours. The Harwood is Dust-proof, Damp-proof and Cannot Overwind. It is the greatest refinement in watch-making and the latest thing in Christmas Gifts. This year the *original* donor will give a Harwood Self-winding Watch!

Fully Guaranteed and Serviced by
THE HARWOOD SELF-WINDING WATCH CO., LTD.,
252-260, Regent Street, London, W.1.

OF ALL JEWELLERS PRICES FROM 5½ GNS

JELKS' HIGH GRADE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE



Jelks is the place where those who appreciate the solid advantages of buying good well-made second-hand furniture have a great opportunity. Money laid out on superior, carefully selected, perfectly sound second-hand furniture such as you will see in W. Jelks' & Sons Showrooms and in "Jelks' Monthly Bargain List" is money well spent. W. Jelks & Sons picked high-grade second-hand furniture will outlast three or more lots of cheap new goods.

£100,000 WORTH OF STOCK. 800,000 SQUARE FEET OF SHOWROOMS.

Write or Call to-day for the new monthly Bargain Booklet.

CASH or EASY TERMS

W. JELKS & SONS

263 · 265 · 267 · 269 · 271 · 273 · 275 HOLLOWAY ROAD · LONDON · N.7

(Established over 50 years.) (Ten minutes by Tube from Piccadilly.) Depositories: 2 to 16, Eden Grove (adjoining).

Telephones: North 2598, 2599, 1915 and 5655. Telegrams; "Jellico, Phone, London." Removals by Motor Pantechnicons to all parts of the country Estimates gladly furnished.

Have you tasted the delicious flavour of Bermaline Bread? Buy a loaf to-day and know how good really good Bread can be.

Bermaline

IDEAL WHEATEN MALT **Bread**

BAKED BY GOOD BAKERS

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it: its admirable effects upon the **general health and condition of the hair,** *and so on: but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' is nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise . . . **I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."**—HYGEIA (*Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty."*)

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the **FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 95), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this: when the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair and not a dye or stain.

IMPROVES HAIR HEALTH & BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the **FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 95), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dye or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

The Gift of a lifetime... for EVERY *day use*

A real man's gift is this real man's razor—hollow ground and made from the famous Wilkinson steel. Here is a present which will bring renewed gratitude every morning of the recipient's life . . .

Standard Set No. 121. *Complete with seven full Hollow Ground Blades, and improved Honing and Stropping Machine in handsome polished Oak case,* **2 gns.**

Set as above with three and one blades, **27/6** *and* **21/-** *respectively.*

Also **Travelling Sets** *with improved Honing and Stropping Machine, Badger Shaving Brush, three blades,* **37/6**; *with one blade,* **30/-**

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WILKINSON

SAFETY RAZOR

Manufactured by
THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD., 53, PALL MALL, S.W.1.
Gun, Sword, and Razor Makers. Factory: Acton, London, W.
T. H. Randolph, Managing Director.

Richness should never become assertive. The 20.9 Crossley Super-Six is a perfect example of plutocratic luxury expressed with artistic restraint.

CROSSLEY

15.7 SIX 20.9

London Distributors: HENLYS, Henly House, 385-387 Euston Road, N.W.1 and Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.
CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD., MANCHESTER and 20 Conduit Street, London, W.

MEN ENTHUSIASTICALLY WELCOME THIS THOUGHTFUL GIFT

50

finely-tempered double-edged blades in a velvet-lined case

Year after year that old problem — what to give your men-folk for Christmas — how to choose something they really want!

But this Christmas the New Fifty Box of Gillette blades solves your problem for you — a handsome and compact coloured box containing fifty finely-tempered double-edged Gillette blades, each one sealed in waxed paper to keep it fresh for use.

This is a present that a man will be truly grateful for! Morning after morning when Christmas has long since come and gone, they will give him a smooth, refreshing, satisfying shave.

Gillette blades are manufactured from Sheffield steel, with the finest edge that steel will take. And every blade is perfect. For out of every nine Gillette employees at the blade factory, four spend their entire time inspecting blades.

Responsive to every turn of the holder, these fifty keen, reliable blades will shave a man closely and evenly for many months to come. And when the blades are finished he will keep the handsome box itself — the very thing for his studs and cuff-links.

All chemists, hairdressers, and departmental stores stock the New Fifty Box. Ask to see one today. Price one guinea. Gillette Safety Razor Limited. 184-8, Great Portland St., London, W.1.

A gift that will delight your men-folk — the attractive New Fifty Box

Gillette
BLADES
Gillette

ENGLISH SILK TIES

Cut from the Best Quality English Silk Squares. Renowned all over the world for durability and exclusive designs.

They retain both shape and appearance and recover from the effects of creasing as no other silks will do.

PRICES.

Size 1 7/6 each ($\frac{1}{4}$ square)
,, 2 9/6 ,, ($\frac{1}{3}$,,)
,, 3 13/6 ,, ($\frac{1}{2}$,,)

POST FREE within the confines of the British Empire at consignee's risk.

STATE "COLOURINGS" DESIRED WHEN ORDERING.

T.M.Lewin

Established 1898.

T. M. LEWIN
T. LEWIN } SONS
G. J. LEWIN

39, PANTON ST.,
LONDON, S.W.1.
(only Address)

DECEMBER

So, the year's done with! . . .
Now snow falls around me,
Quenching June's fever—
(Love me for ever!)

—BROWNING.

. Another year that has slipped by, almost unnoticed. One year, two years, three, four . . . . three score years and ten. Another lifetime that has moved imperceptibly and inexorably from the fever of youth to the frosts and snows of age.

These thoughts rise in our minds as we read Browning's lines. But the poem strikes no chord of sadness. Its dominant note is 'Love me for Ever." What is life for but to be lived? Of what use time if not to pass? What better epitome to life than love that has endured to the end?

There is no richer, finer, and more enduring love than that which inspires us to provide for our dear ones. There is no provision so good as an Insurance Policy, and there is no finer assurance company than the Standard.

Write to-day for prospectus " Y. 13."

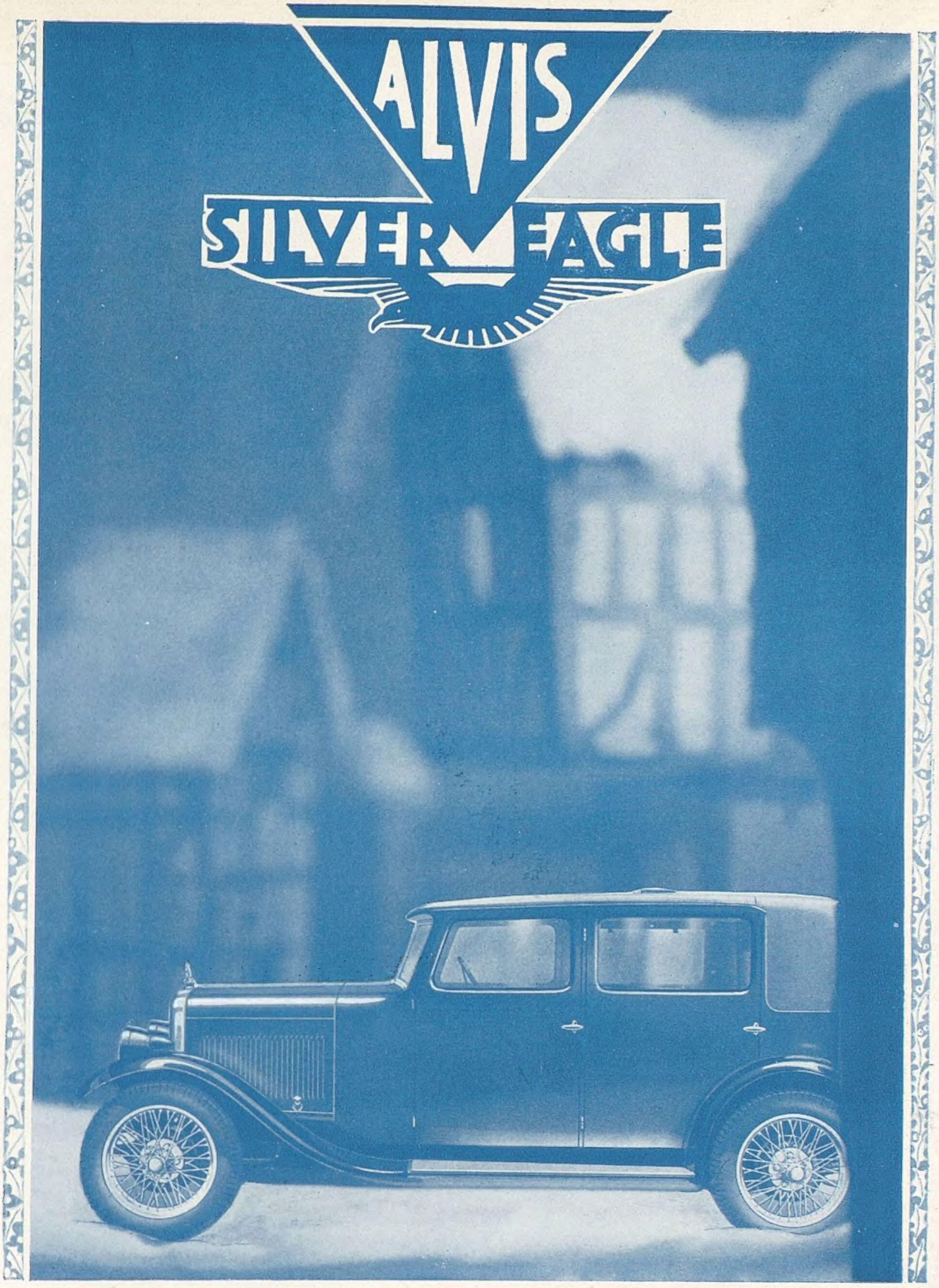
The STANDARD LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON
46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. EC4
15a PALL MALL SW1

ESTABLISHED 1825

DUBLIN
59 DAWSON STREET

HEAD OFFICE - 3 GEORGE STREET
EDINBURGH

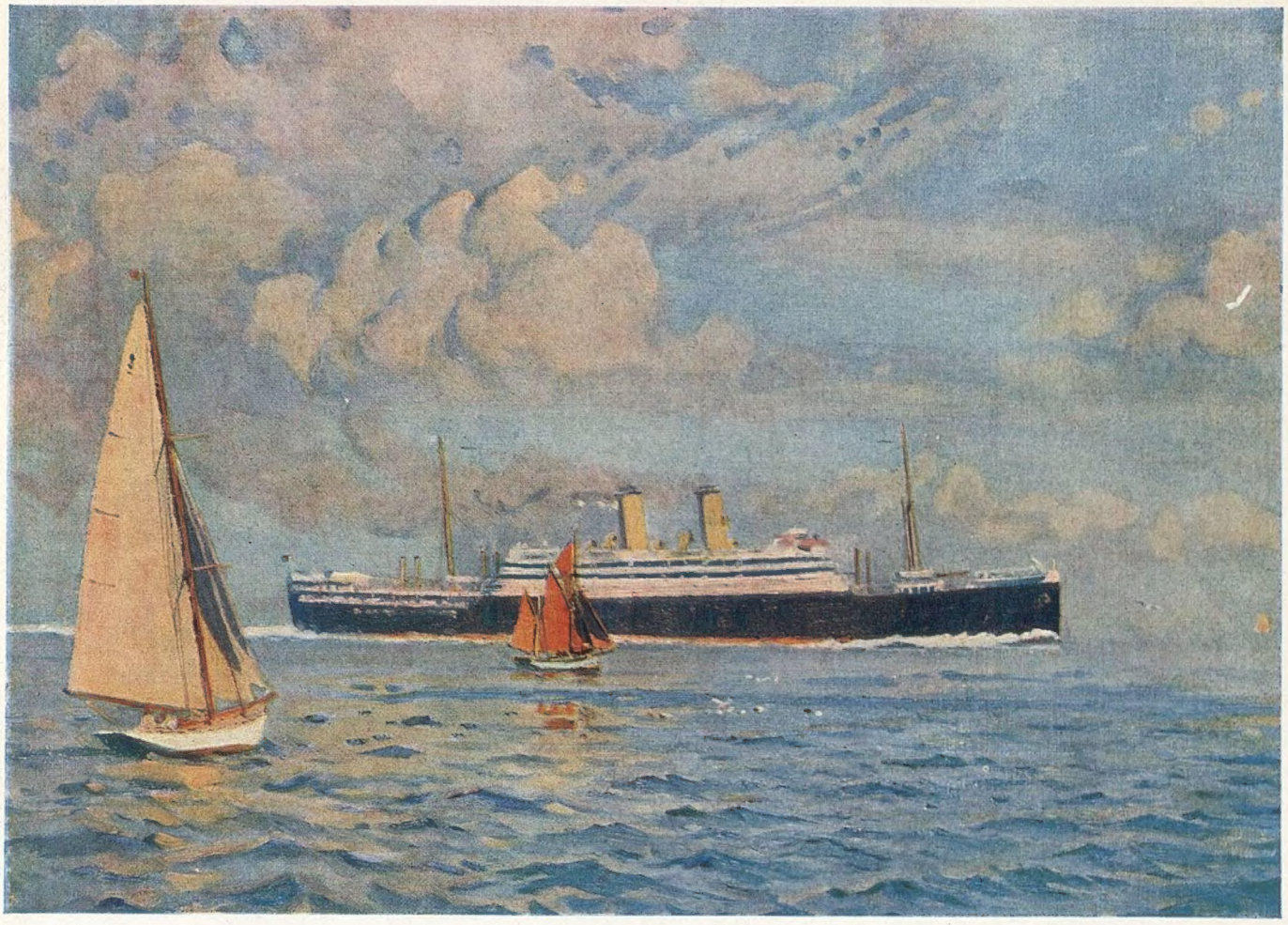


CHRISTMAS Meetings . . . and Christmas Greetings . . . these are joys of this festive season. . . . And even the final partings are the happier when they precede a journey home in the exquisite comfort, the care-free certainty of an Alvis Silver Eagle. ¶ Every Alvis owner is enthusiastic about the masterly performance and brilliant qualities of the Alvis, and the 1930 Silver Eagle is even better than its famous forerunners!

ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO. LIMITED, COVENTRY.

London Distributors: Henlys Ltd., Henly House, Euston Road.

A114



ORIENT LINE
TO AUSTRALIA

VIA GIBRALTAR, SOUTH OF FRANCE
ITALY, EGYPT & CEYLON

CRUISES TO MEDITERRANEAN
CANARY ISLANDS, PALESTINE
NORWAY, ETC.

BY 20 000 TON STEAMERS

MANAGERS: ANDERSON GREEN & COMPANY LIMITED
5, FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. 3.
Branch Offices: 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W. 1. AND No. 1, AUSTRALIA HOUSE, STRAND, W.C. 2.

Hot Water Instantly Night or Day

EWART'S "LIGHTNING GEYSER

FOR GAS OIL OR FUEL

List of New Pattern Baths & Geysers Post Free by request

Call and see in action

EWART & SON LTD 346 350 EUSTON ROAD LONDON N.W.1

ESTABLISHED 1834 'PHONE: MUSEUM 2570

"LUCKY GIRLS"—said Mr YORK

Rowntree's — Rowntree's — Rowntree's.

What a lot of lovely boxes to choose from — every one containing delicious chocolates — chocolates of guaranteed quality. What more can a girl want?

And all weight-marked fancy boxes of Rowntree's York Chocolates of 1-lb. or over are sold at the price of the chocolates inside (4/- per lb.) — you pay nothing extra for the box.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—November 29, 1929.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited